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The Present-Day Tammany

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Tammany Hall is one of the most vital, if unofficial, issues in the interesting Presidential campaign just drawing to a close. What is Governor Smith's relation to Tammany? Is Tammany the foe of reform? Has it been disloyal to the Democratic Party? We have asked Judge Olvany to give his answer. He has done so.

In the last three generations—since the close of the Civil War—the Democratic party has named eleven men for the presidency. Six of them —Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Parker, and Smith—were New Yorkers. Three of the six—Seymour, Tilden, and Smith—have been conspicuous members of Tammany Hall.

Horatio Seymour was defeated by Ulysses S. Grant, who had a plurality of only 305,456 votes of the total vote of 5,724,688. Seymour carried New York, New Jersey, Oregon, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Maryland. The election of Grant was inevitable, for Grant sympathisers dominated the election in the Southern States where voting was permitted. The votes of Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, all concededly Seymour States, by special act of Congress were not counted. The electors of Florida, also by act of a Republican "reconstruction" Congress, were chosen by the Federal-controlled State legislatures.

Samuel J. Tilden had a clear majority of the popular vote cast in 1876, and a majority of the electoral vote until the honest result was nullified by the infamous report made by a "returning board" manipulated by the Republican national administration.

Alfred E. Smith, from present indications, will receive a clear majority of both the popular and the electoral votes to be cast this fall. No such jugglery as followed and set aside the elections of 1868 and 1876 can prevail in 1928. The Democratic party is thoroughly united to-day, as it was for the campaigns of Seymour, Tilden, Cleveland, and Wilson. Reaction and radicalism have disappeared.

The convention that nominated Alfred E. Smith was noteworthy for the harmony that marked its sessions and its councils. Every delegate had his say and voted as he willed. No one dictated and no one was silenced. A policy of liberal conservatism that sought to guarantee personal liberty and collective prosperity prevailed throughout. That aim was accomplished without

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domination by any individual or clique of individuals.

In selecting the outstanding leader of the party the Democratic convention did the obvious and proper thing. His selection required no secret conferences, no trades, no deals, no manipulations. The will of the majority of the States and the majority of the party voters was carried out. That will had been expressed in party caucus and in local and State primaries. The strength of every candidate was tested by vote on the convention floor. The man who had received the greatest ovations in the party conventions of 1920 and 1924 was named on the first ballot this year. The choice of the convention has come up from the ranks. Unsullied, unafraid, and unpledged, he had by ability, character, and fitness forged to the front in city, State, and nation.

As the associate of the presidential candidate the convention selected for second place on the party ticket its leader in the United States Senate. It could not have done better. No one questions the ability, the honesty, the safety, the courage, or the Democracy of Joe T. Robinson. Other States had favorite sons for the place, but the overwhelming demand was for Robinson, and his selection left no heartburnings and has caused no regrets.

Four times Alfred E. Smith has been selected governor of the most populous and progressive State in the nation. No party owns it. While its residents are not radical there is no reactionary majority. The candidate of "isms" and wildcat nostrums gets scant consideration, but intrusions upon personal liberty and suggestions of paternalism in government are equally resented, the popular vote indicates.

How wholly unwarranted any assertion that the candidate of the Democratic party this year was forced upon the convention, or had to be accepted by the 1,100 delegates merely because this or that delegation or group of delegates from a single State favored the candidate, is disclosed by an examination of the facts. New York is the most populous State in the Union; has the most delegates at national conventions. In the Democratic convention this year New York had, as for some years past, 90 of the 1,100 votes in the convention. This is a trifle more than 8 per cent of the required total of 66 per cent of the vote for a nomination. Of the 90 votes allotted to the State of New York the Tammany delegates, representing New York County in the convention, numbered only 23. Twenty-three delegates are but 2 per cent of the voting strength of the convention. No thinking, unprejudiced voter in any political party would assert with any possibility of belief that 2 per cent of the delegates to a great national gathering of representative citizens can hope to "dictate" to the other 98 per cent. In the face of this actual condition assertions are made that the Tammany delegates—2 per cent of the voting strength of the convention—dictated the nomination of Governor Smith.

Any declaration that convention delegates were "overwhelmed" by unofficial visitors in the convention city is equally untenable. The total number of New Yorkers, including delegates, alternates, and non-delegates, so far as records kept by the New York delegation disclose, in Houston at convention time did not exceed 700. All told, they numbered less than 5 per cent of the total average attendance during the convention sessions.

In face of all the facts, the utter lack

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of candor of declarations that the "New York machine" or "representatives of Tammany" brought about the nomination of Alfred E. Smith must be evident to any man or woman who undertakes a thoughtful analysis of the nomination of Smith and Robinson.

There is no merit in assertions that, because Governor Smith is a member in good standing in the party organization of the city in which he was born, other Democrats should oppose him. The inference that a party candidate should not be a member of the party organization is undemocratic. Governor Smith certainly deserves better at the hands of his party because of being identified with it than if he were either hostile to it or aloof and not identified with it.

The Democratic party in New York has been militant and progressive for one hundred years. Its representatives have held the most important offices in the gift of the people of the State. Its record is one of which its leaders and enrolled members are justly proud. The Democratic party in New York City is giving the most efficient administration the city has ever known. In the last thirty years Democratic candidates have been successful in five of the seven city-wide elections. Since legislative enlargement of the area of the city in 1898 Democratic administrations have controlled during twenty-five years. Democratic majorities have increased in the city and in the State.

There is no section of the United States where political organizations and elections are more closely supervised, or more minutely directed and controlled by law, than in New York. Official ballots prepared and issued under acts of the State legislature have been provided since 1890. Since 1896 party organizations and their committees have been subject to every possible legal supervision, safety, and equality. The county or city is the organization unit. No voter enrolled in a party under provisions of law can be excluded from participation in party meetings, primaries, or elections. No party voter can be prevented from enrolment.

Membership in party committees in New York can be secured or denied only under strict, legally defined conditions. Nominations for party or public offices are likewise legally safeguarded. Official ballots, official voting-lists and voting-booths prepared at public expense by sworn officials, are provided in order to assure compliance with law and guarantee secret and honest balloting.

All polling-places are presided over by bipartisan boards whose members supervise registration and enrolment preceding elections, as well as the casting of votes on primary and election days. At all polling-places provision is made for watchers and challengers of opposition parties, whose rights are guaranteed and defined by law. These watchers are authorized to challenge any person whose right to the suffrage they consider questionable.

Since the State took over the supervision of political parties and candidates in 1890 there have been a score of amendments to the Ballot Reform Act. These amendments strengthen the articles dealing with party organization and enrolment, party nominations, primary elections, and official boards and ballots. The Democratic organization of New York County, generally known as Tammany Hall, has actively advocated ballot-reform. Its representatives in the legislature brought about equal suffrage for men and women.

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It has been since elections and election machinery have come under strict legal supervision that Tammany has scored its greatest successes and won the most pronounced evidences of public confidence. It has triumphed over "fusions" of party and factional adversaries, and has increased its representation in Congress, in the State legislature, and in county and city offices.

The most striking and convincing refutation of the charge that Tammany wins at the polls by fraud has occurred within the recollection of most present-day voters. After George B. McClellan had been elected mayor in 1904 by a large majority it was asserted that his re-election two years later was by manipulation and fraud. His adversary was backed by a well-financed combination of so-called independent voters. Every accusation that had registered against Tammany for a century and every new one that invention could devise was lodged against the mayor and Tammany.

Charles E. Hughes, late Republican candidate for President, was governor. He was appealed to by the anti-Tammany forces, and suits were started in every court that had any semblance of jurisdiction. About every expedient possible to "expose" Tammany was resorted to and advertised.

After innumerable manœuvres the case came up for trial before Judge John S. Lambert, a Republican Supreme Court judge, one of the ablest jurists in the State of New York. A special jury was chosen, the impanelling of which took three weeks, and hundreds of witnesses were examined. By order of the court all the ballot-boxes were opened and the contents examined by representatives of all shades of public opinion and indisputable evidence proved that the election had been absolutely fair. No fraud or corruption was revealed, and the charges against Tammany that there had been a fraudulent election were absolutely shattered.

Legislative investigations of Tammany officials and of New York City Democratic administrations have been frequent, both before and after the McClellan election contest. Extravagant charges of waste of public funds, corruption, and general irregularity, all fostered by political enemies and disappointed self-seekers who have hired professional reformers and beaters of the "tom-toms" of reaction, special privilege, and bigotry have preceded all important elections.

For a time these unwarranted charges attracted attention. Of recent years, however, the New York public has not only refused to believe these slanders but has resented them. Political muck-raking investigations have strengthened Tammany and reacted against the slanderers and muck-rakers.

In this day and generation it is generally taken for granted in New York that assaults upon and fabrications about Tammany are intended for political capital in other sections of the country, where the present-day Tammany is unknown, and where the traditions of what happened half a century ago may pass current as of to-day.

The fact that the present-day Tammany has advocated election reforms, fought for woman suffrage, enacted the most progressive social-service and public-welfare laws in the world, and that these laws and the Tammany-made industrial code for the protection of wage-earners of both sexes have been copied by most of the States of the Union and by foreign governments is never stressed by the leather-lunged hirelings of

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so-called "reform movements" that sprout, attain rank growth, and wither all within a few years.

Tammany's constructive work has been the result of constructive leadership. For the thirty years that the present generation can envision, the leaders of Tammany have been men who have withstood and disproved the libels and lies that have been levelled at them, and at the same time have been training in and for public service young men of keen intellects, vision, and honesty of purpose that have brought one of them to be a presidential candidate, another a United States senator, still another to be mayor of the greatest city in the world, and scores to be judges, legislators, and directing forces in great financial, industrial, and manufacturing enterprises.

When Alfred E. Smith was first elected governor, ten years ago, his plurality in the State was 15,108 votes over the then Republican governor. When a candidate in the Republican landslide of 1920 he was defeated by 74,000 votes. He ran ahead of the Democratic presidential candidate by 1,017,000 votes in the sixty-two counties of the State. In order that the record may not be distorted in accounting for the great discrepancy between the Democratic vote cast for governor and that cast for President, it is well to note that in New York County, the home of the governor, his vote exceeded that of the presidential candidate by 133,000. The record shows that throughout the State nearly 500,000 citizens who voted the Republican national ticket voted for the Democratic candidate for governor.

In the election of 1922 Governor Smith won by a plurality of 285,945, a popular plurality never before attained in New York by any candidate for State or local office. His adversary that year was Nathan L. Miller, who had defeated him in the presidential landslide of 1920. In 1924—another presidential year—Governor Smith was elected by a plurality of 108,595. He was the only Democrat elected on the State ticket. The Republican candidate was Theodore Roosevelt. In 1926 Governor Smith was re-elected by a plurality of 247,676. The Republican organization of the State marshalled its full strength against him, but his total vote was 130,000 more than that cast for him in 1922, when he rolled up his record plurality. Despite the fact that the Republicans rallied their full presidential-time vote against Governor Smith and Robert F. Wagner, Democratic candidate for United States senator, both were victorious, and for the first time in more than a generation New York State had two Democrats (Methodists) in the United States Senate as well as a Democratic governor.

With this record of achievement to the credit of Governor Smith and the Democratic organization of New York City, there can be no just or truthful ground for attack upon the Democracy of the governor or of the organization of which he has been for twenty-five years a conspicuous member.

Because the Democratic organization committees of New York County meet in the building of the Tammany Society, the New York County Democratic organization has been known for a century past as Tammany Hall.

The Tammany Society came into being in 1786, and has been conspicuous in public affairs since the birth of the Democratic party. The society has kept alight the fires of democracy. It is more respected, more militant, and more ac-

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tive to-day than it has ever been. It occupies an unique place in American history. It has been since its incorporation a patriotic and fraternal institution. Its membership has included Presidents, governors, cabinet officers, United States senators, ambassadors, jurists, bankers, university leaders, and men in all walks of life down to laborers for a daily wage.

The Tammany Society, although officially wholly apart from politics, espoused the cause of democracy from the foundation of the present national form of government. It has been for democratic and liberal principles, as Thomas Jefferson enunciated them, since Jefferson challenged the aristocratic and undemocratic principles laid down by Alexander Hamilton and his Federal party associates at the beginning of the life of the nation.

Jefferson found in the "Liberty Boys" of Revolutionary days, and in the Tammany Society, which succeeded the Liberty Boys at the close of the Revolution, advocates of manhood suffrage, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, upon which the Democratic party was founded. The New York Tammany Society's espousal of Jeffersonian Democratic principles was taken up by Tammany societies in Philadelphia, Ohio, Kentucky, and New Jersey. After Jefferson had vanquished the Federalist party the Tammany societies, except that in New York, dwindled, and because of lack of activity ceased to exist everywhere except in New York City. The Tammany Society of New York has had a home of its own since 1790. Its first home was called a wigwam and museum. The society has since then had a permanent meeting-place, and since 1817 the meeting-place of the society has also been the meeting-place of the Democratic party committees in New York County.

In the one hundred and forty-two years of its active existence the Tammany Society, as has been the case with practically every active organization, whether it be political, social, or other, has not been able to keep some scamps from membership. The Tammany Society and the Democratic organization in New York City, however, promptly proscribed, prosecuted, and punished every evil-doer found in its ranks. In the days following the Civil War a clique of local office-holders was proven faithless. The leaders of the party promptly disowned and prosecuted them. It was these loyal leaders who came into power in Tammany following the party house-cleaning. Charles O'Conor and Samuel J. Tilden, conspicuous members of the society, and Horatio Seymour, a Sachem of the society, were all honored by Tammany and the Democracy of New York for their activity in ridding the Democratic party and the society of the evil faction that for a short time fastened itself on the membership. Tilden, Seymour, and O'Conor were all nominated for the presidency. The latter, however, declined to run.

The Tammany Society, from its earliest days, prospered by reason of its tolerance, liberalism, and democracy. Its principles were largely in opposition to those of the Society of the Cincinnati, which stood in the popular mind for aristocracy, and had the backing of the Federalist group led by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. The Society of the Cincinnati was made up largely of large landholders, bankers and the like who had been officers of the Revolutionary period, who were either sceptical about entering upon the "experi-

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ment" of popular government or who believed that there should be a class distinction, in which the "men of affairs" should receive titles and be rulers and hereditary nobles of the new nation. The Tammany Society, on the other hand, was for the exact equality of all, rabidly republican, resentful of the disfranchisement of the Revolutionary soldiers, and sympathetic with the revolutionists in France. The rival rallies and parades of the partisans of the two societies roused the populace, and after the supporters of Thomas Jefferson had sided with the Society of Tammany, the standing of that organization in the popular mind in New York City was well established. Alexander Hamilton characterized the processions of the Society of Tammany as grotesque spectacles. The Federalists and former Tories, following his lead, derided and vilified Tammany.

Since Hamilton's time, at the end of the eighteenth century, attacks upon Tammany, chiefly by the reactionary elements of the community, have been continuous. They had their inception in the espousal by Tammany of the principles of Jeffersonian democracy, and have been largely directed against Jeffersonian tenets. Those who distrust the common people and are apologetic in discussing those guarantees of liberty and equality which Jefferson had written into the Constitution, lead in attacks upon Tammany and its principles.

Tammany has always championed law and order. Its sons and daughters have been in the forefront in battles for the preservation of the Constitution and of the nation. In times of strife it has raised and equipped regiments of soldiers, and its members have volunteered for service in defense of the republic, in suppression of lawlessness, and in alleviation of suffering and want. Its aims and accomplishments have attracted not only the native sons of New York but thousands of those who, born in other sections of the country, have become New Yorkers.

In troublous days following the close of the Civil War it was to New York and Tammany that the leaders of the distressed and almost prostrate South looked for sympathetic guidance. The first Democratic national convention following the struggle between the North and the South was held in Tammany Hall. At that time leaders of the Southern cause were still being harassed and persecuted. A distinguished leader of Tammany, Charles O'Conor, had been the leading counsel in the defense of the President of the Confederate States. Congress had enacted several measures for the punishment of the South, and Republican members of both the Senate and House of Representatives were still bringing forward new proposals of oppression.

When the Democratic convention met in Tammany Hall one of the bills under debate in Congress was to determine what further measures were to be enacted "against those who endeavored in the late conflict to dismember this republic." A similar Republican measure was entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," providing that Southern States should be divided into five zones, each under a military form of government to be operated under authority of presidential appointees.

It was to Tammany Democrats of New York that Southern delegates looked for sympathy and friendship. August Belmont, a Tammany Sachem who had been a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1860 and

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chairman of the Democratic national committee from 1864 to 1872, cordially welcomed the Democratic hosts, particularly the Southern delegates, "to the home of the Society of Tammany and to the temple erected to the goddess of liberty by her stanchest defenders and most fervent worshippers." The convention was marked by a resumption of cordial relations by delegates from all sections of the country, many of whom, for years prior to the gathering, had been on opposing sides. The Southern delegates joined heartily in the selection of Horatio Seymour, chairman of the convention, Tammany Sachem and Democratic governor, as the candidate for President. Tammany and the New York Democracy made a gallant fight in the national campaign, and the electoral vote of New York was cast for Seymour.

Tammany representatives in Congress, for years following the convention of 1868, championed the South in the congressional struggle incidental to the reconstruction period. Every effort to visit punishment upon the Southern States was resented by the representatives of the New York Democracy, and in most cases their efforts were successful. This championship of the South continued while a helping hand or sympathetic support was needed. It was never more effective than in the defeat of the final effort of the Republican reactionaries made in the year 1900, when the Lodge Force Bill was stricken from the list of Congressional measures.

While efforts to oppress and "reconstruct" the South are no longer attempted, measures for the "regulation," investigation, and obliteration of Tammany Hall are constantly being brought forward. These measures no longer attract much attention in the Eastern States, for they are recognized as thinly disguised political attacks, manipulated as propaganda, of the opponents of Democracy, having for their purpose the making of opportunities for slanderous and legally unjustifiable assaults upon a militant, well-ordered, active Democratic organization. Charges without justification, attacks that ordinarily would be punishable in courts of justice, reckless untruths conjured up by irresponsible seekers after publicity, are all given circulation in these partisan political investigation periods. It is upon these usually unwarranted and unfounded charges that the residents of communities far removed from Tammany's influence and activities are fed. At home these slanderous and libellous assertions are answered at the polls by Democratic victories.

The Tammany Society is governed to-day, as it was one hundred and forty years ago, by a board of trustees who are designated as Sachems. This board is made up of men of standing, who have the confidence of the community in which the society is doing its work. The chairman of this board, at the present time, is the official head of a non-partisan board of elections. He is now in his one hundredth year and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. He has been Grand Sachem for seventeen years, and has the respect of millions of men and women who know of his life and deeds. Surely no thinking man or woman in this republic believes that a man who has reached the age of the Grand Sachem of Tammany would be a participant in or give sanction to misrule or chicanery on the part of any organization with which, in the evening of his life, he was conspicuously identified. Tammany and the New York

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Democratic organization are doing today, with the approval of a great majority of the men and women within the scope of their activity, what they have been doing for more than one hundred years. They are working for the welfare and betterment of the most conglomerate population in the world. They are distinctly New York organizations, and have their aspirations for widening the field of their activities. Many of their conspicuous members have rendered such outstanding public service as to win the respect and admiration of the rest of the country. Tammany rejoices in such membership. Tammany has always realized that for any organization to be a success it must be on the side of the right-thinking, law-abiding, self-respecting people.

It is the human element in Tammany that has given it strength. The people of New York are the largest-hearted in the world, and when they put their stamp of approval upon an organization it is because that organization is entitled to approval.

The service rendered by Tammany is well described by Charles A. Beard, a leading authority on political affairs in the United States and a long-time director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, which has been one of the most aggressive and unrelenting critics of Tammany and its policies. Mr. Beard, in a review of Tammany, said: "Tammany is our greatest social-service agency, and it holds its power because it understands sympathetically the needs and trials of the masses. Its leaders visit those who are sick and in distress. . . . Tammany asks no questions and fills out no pink and green cards. Its office hours are not from ten to four, but continuous. . . . Its virtue is its humanity, its understanding of the human needs of the common man. . . . Under Tammany mayors the Health Department of New York was transformed into the greatest single service of its kind in the world."

Tammany, since its inception, has maintained and will continue to maintain the principles of democracy laid down by Thomas Jefferson. They are:

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political;

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none;

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad;

The support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies;

The diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason;

Freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected; freedom of religion and freedom of the press;

The supremacy of the civil over the military authority; a well-disciplined militia—our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them;

Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid;

Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened;

The honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith;

A jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword where peaceable remedies are unprovided;

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.

With these principles for guidance, Tammany has no misgivings as to past, present, or future.

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A Laboratory for the Investigation of Early Man

BY JAMES HENRY BREASTED
Author of "A History of Egypt," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The noted orientalist and historian gives an authoritative account of the achievements of the Oriental Institute, some of the results of its research and what they are telling us of early man.

THE age-long development of the natural world, disclosing stage after stage of that purely physical and material evolution which produced our globe and transformed it from lifelessness into a scene of unfolding life, has long been accessible to the modern educated reader in authoritative books written by scientists of recognized ability. The investigations which have made such books possible have been carried on for generations in laboratories of astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, zoology, and paleontology. The evolution of the physical background out of which man and human society have emerged has thus been studied in highly specialized laboratories which have been for a long time enjoying large financial support.

On the contrary, there has never been a laboratory for the investigation of the development of early man who emerged from this background as the highest form of life which has yet appeared in the universe, in so far as its life is known to us. There has never been a home for the systematic study of the earliest known stages of human life, especially since man became the first, and thus far the only, tool-making creature on the globe. Neither have elaborate investigations comparable with those in natural science, ever been devoted to the special purpose of correlating the two great stages of ancient human development; viz., early historic and prehistoric man. Vast bodies of evidence lie perishing, untouched or only slightly and superficially examined. The books which sketch what has already been done have perhaps been able to suggest a line of piers, but the piers remain unbuilt and no complete bridge has ever been thrown across them to connect the earliest known *prehistoric* developments in the ancient Near East with the shores of *historic* Europe.

The traditional orientalists, usually involved in university teaching of ancient oriental languages, have accepted early man as a civilized creature already possessed of writing and the material basis of civilization in agriculture, cattle-breeding, industry, and commerce. Such scholars have unavoidably been absorbed in language study, and the consequent duties of the classroom and the lecture hall. Traditional university organization has given them neither the time nor the financial resources to grat-

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ify any wider or more far-reaching interests. The customary "sabbatical year," which permitted the orientalist a few brief months of wandering in the Orient with a pocket note-book in his hand would have been ludicrous had it not also been so pathetically futile.

Nor has it been very much better when some more energetic colleague has succeeded in arousing interest and securing a temporary fund for an "expedition." How many ancient city-mounds of the old lands around the eastern Mediterranean now lie open and exposed to plundering at the hands of modern vandal natives! And have remained so ever since the funds of such an "expedition" gave out and the work was never completed because no further funds could be found to support it.

Such a scientific situation of unparalleled need and opportunity can only be met by a *permanent* research organization especially manned and financed both to salvage the vast body of perishing evidence scattered through the ancient lands of the Near East, and also to study and digest this evidence and to make it accessible to science and eventually to educated people everywhere. The creation of such a permanent institution has been made possible at the University of Chicago in the form of an Oriental Institute through the enlightened generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the subsequent growth of the Institute has likewise been due largely to the same generous donor, but also to several appropriations by the General Education Board and gifts by Mr. Julius Rosenwald and others.

The establishment of the Institute has made it possible to transform a university Department of Oriental Languages into an investigative body,—a research group to whose ranks have been added other specialized groups of investigators having no teaching duties and appointed solely to carry on a series of related research projects in the vast field of early human development upon which modern life has been built up. The purpose of the Oriental Institute is to contribute to the understanding of human life by furnishing fuller knowledge of the stages and processes of the long development by which we have become what we are. This purpose involves us primarily in the task of recovering a whole group of lost civilizations in the Near East, where the civilization which we of the West have inherited arose.

The understanding of the surviving records of these ancient peoples began a little over a century, about three generations, ago, with the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphic in 1822, followed by that of Old Persian and Assyrian a generation later. The process of decipherment is, however, not yet completed. We are just beginning to read the mysterious "Hittite" cuneiform records, but other systems of ancient writing like Cretan, or Hittite hieroglyphic, are still to be deciphered. The creation of the necessary handbooks and books of reference on all these languages and civilizations is still going on. Along with such studies must go also the analysis, translation, indexing, and organization of all the written records.

Such work is carried on at the American headquarters in Chicago; but the huge bodies of evidence in the field which have not yet been salvaged or studied demand that the Oriental Institute should therefore maintain a series of field expeditions in the Near East. The headquarters building of the

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Institute in Egypt is at Luxor (see Fig. 2), while its headquarters building in western Asia is at Megiddo (Armageddon) in Palestine (see Figs. 4 and 6).

It should be understood that notwithstanding the highly varied nature of such far-reaching investigations, they are all historical in purpose. For the ultimate result of such researches as these should be a new account of human beginnings leading to a history of the origins of civilization and of the earliest civilized societies, based on a fuller knowledge than has been available before. A brief survey of the various research projects of the Institute, with some indication of the results attained or still to be expected, will make clearer their character and final purpose.

As philologists dealing with an extensive group of lost languages, the orientalists have had little inclination to study the human developments which preceded writing. The rise of writing itself, the conquest of metals, the domestication of the once wild animals as burden-bearers and as a constant source of food, the domestication of the wild grasses to become our food grains, the appearance of pottery, and the successive improvements in stone tool-making, all form stages of human advance which, as every one knows, long preceded writing and the rise of written records.

Moreover, such researches into the *earliest* stages of man's life can be carried on only by scientists having a good knowledge of surface geology. The Oriental Institute has therefore organized a "Prehistoric Survey" manned by experienced geologists, under the leadership of Doctor K. S. Sandford of Oxford, as Field Director. The investigations of this survey are planned to cover northeast Africa and western Asia. In method we can no longer be satisfied as formerly to make such a survey by merely picking up early flint implements found lying *on the surface,* but we must examine exposed geological cross-sections and find the human artifacts *embedded in the natural formations,* which unmistakably date the flint tools to the age that produced the geological formation, as truly as they date the accompanying fossil remains of lowlier life.

During the past two seasons (1926–28) the Survey has covered much of the ground between the First Nile Cataract and the Delta, and has recovered a series of fundamentally important facts in the geology and prehistory of the northern Nile valley. They have discovered the heretofore unplaced southern head of the long narrow Nile estuary, an arm of the sea which extended as far south as Esneh, above Luxor, and now some seven hundred miles from the sea. They have demonstrated that when the sea-water, owing to changes of level, retreated from this long narrow inlet, now the valley of the lower Nile, there were plentiful rains throughout northern Africa. The river was therefore draining a large area and carrying off a great volume of water. In successive pluvial periods, which may coincide with the changes in precipitation which produced the successive southern advances of the ice in Glacial Europe, a vast Nile deposited one river terrace after another along its prehistoric banks. These terraces are five in number, with the oldest at the top (Fig. 1). They have often been transversely cut through by lateral drainage channels bringing down the run-off from the plateau into the Nile, thus exposing cross-sections of the terraces, which are now accessible for careful examination.

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The uppermost terrace is 150 feet above present normal Nile level, and the others range at 100, 50, 30, and 10 feet. Thus far the Survey has found the 150-foot terrace sterile of all traces of man; but all the others, on the contrary, have been found by the Survey to contain plentiful stone implements embedded in their structure. The oldest of these implements are of course those found in the 100-foot terrace. It is of great interest to observe that the artifacts from this terrace are the most primitive in the entire series, as we should expect; while those from the 50-foot terrace are noticeably more advanced, and corresponding progress and improvement in technique, form, and finish are observable as we pass on to the implements of the 30-foot and finally to the 10-foot terrace, the latest of all. Here again, as we should expect, the latest terrace yields the most improved and advanced forms.

Last season (1927–28) the Survey was carried into the great depression of the Fayum, some sixty miles above Cairo on the west side of the valley, and was able to trace the terrace formations from the Nile valley into the Fayum, with resulting connections showing that the earliest evidences of man in the Nile terraces can hardly be anything else than early Pleistocene in date. In a preliminary way we can therefore now place north African man (not Negro) in geological history. At a time roughly corresponding with the beginnings of the European Ice Age the north African hunters wandered far across a well-watered plateau which is now the Sahara, and eventually dropped down into the Nile valley, where they continued their hunting life along the river. They were there before the 100-foot terrace was formed, and while it was being deposited their tools, as they were lost or carried away by freshets, were embedded in the structure of the terrace. After those days there went on a secular change of enormous length, either lowering the level of the sea or raising that of the northeast African mainland itself, so that the Nile waters could continue the tremendous process of cutting down the river bed a hundred feet. The hunters followed the lowering Nile shores into the valley, and thus to-day the researches of the Survey have revealed both the geologically recent history of the formation of the Nile valley and the associated story of the advance of early man,

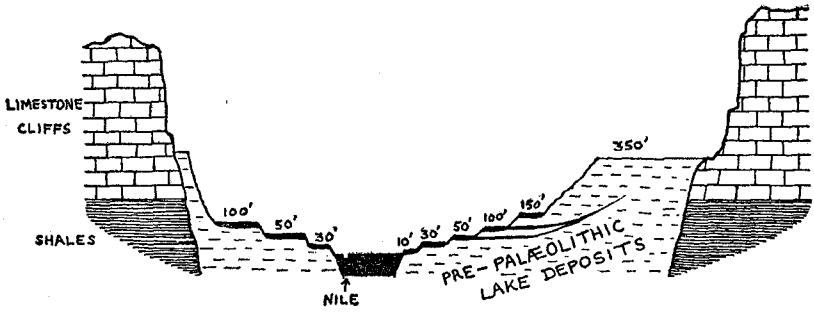

Fig. 1. Diagrammatic Cross-section of the Nile Valley in the Region of Thebes (Luxor).

(From Oriental Institute Communications, No. 3.) The complete sequence of five terraces is seen on the right cut into the Pre-Palæolithic lake or gulf deposits, also two freshet tributaries (wadis) cutting through the 50 and 100 foot terraces; on the left the 10 and 150 foot terraces have disappeared. The present channel of the Nile appears meandering to the left in the deep black alluvium.

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united in a geological record which gives us the evidence of the earliest men yet discovered in the ancient Near East. The length of that record is a matter for the geologists to determine and they are commendably careful and reserved; but there can be no doubt of its enormous length, and several hundred thousand years would not seem to be excessive for the completion of the age-long process above sketched.

For the first time we have found on another continent a yardstick of combined geological and human development which we shall soon be able to lay alongside the series of such advancing human and geological stages already observed in Europe. A striking genetic parallelism is already observable and the corresponding cultural stages in Africa and Europe are easily recognizable. Whether these stages, European and north African, belong side by side, both culturally and chronologically, is, however, a large problem requiring much further investigation. In general, however, the entire period represented by the four lower Nile Terraces forms the Old Stone Age, that is, the Palæolithic Age, in Egypt. At its close the desiccation of the region now included in the Sahara set in, and the Nile began bringing down from the Abyssinian highlands an annual burden of black soil now forming the alluvial floor of the lower Nile valley, between the ancient river-banks still discernible in the remains of the ten-foot terrace. For a long stretch in Upper Egypt this alluvial floor of black soil (Fig. 1) is some thirty feet deep, and in Lower Egypt it is much deeper. It is impossible to compute the rate of accumulation with precision, but nine to ten thousand years is a minimum length for the period required to lay down this deep floor, and evidence from Memphis and Heliopolis, close to the Delta, where levels as low as fifty or sixty feet below the surface yielded pottery fragments, would indicate a period thousands of years longer.

We may call the Nile dwellers of this epoch "alluvial man," as contrasted with the "plateau" or "terrace man," who left his flint implements in the Nile terraces, where the Institute Survey has found them. Many cemeteries in the desert along the margin of the alluvium have yielded thousands of burials from the latest stages of this alluvial man's development. They were first found in 1894 and such cemeteries have since revealed that they belonged to settlements of Nile dwellers who already possessed cattle, grain, flax, and pottery, and had made a beginning in the use of copper. Together with still earlier, so-called "Badarian" cemeteries recently discovered, they reach back at least a thousand years before the earliest Pharaohs of the dynasties and probably much earlier. This culture has therefore commonly been called "predynastic."

The whole series of stages during which these pre-dynastic people were domesticating animals, grain, and flax, inventing pottery, and discovering metal, must lie buried deep under the black alluvium, and cases are not unknown where one corner of a pre-dynastic cemetery lay covered by the rising deposits of black soil. Remains of these stages could now be discovered only by boring through the alluvium over a wide area until a cemetery or settlement was located. It would in all probability lie below water-level; the excavation would be difficult and probably expensive; but it would restore to us at least some evidences of the culture of the Nile when

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its population was making the shift from a palæolithic hunting life to a neolithic agricultural existence, in possession of cattle and pottery and learning to use metal. It is hoped that the Oriental Institute may some day gain the funds for undertaking this important investigation of the lower alluvium.

It was these material conquests, made on the lower alluvium several thousand years before the rise of the earliest Pharaohs, which enabled Egyptian civilization, unhampered by the rigors of the European Ice-Age, to advance to the impressive achievements of the Pyramid Age after 3000 B. C. A social and political organization based on these material triumphs gave the early Pharaonic civilization a position from which to advance to higher conquests transcending such purely material achievements.

For the past six years the Institute has been conducting a project under the able editorship of Doctor Alan H. Gardiner of London, for collecting, editing, and translating the earliest religious literature of Egypt, out of which the Book of the Dead was afterward largely built up. This literature, hitherto little studied, we call "Coffin Texts," because they were written in black ink on the insides of the great cedar coffins in which the early Egyptian nobles were buried. They date from the twenty-fourth to the eighteenth century B. C. The coffins are often badly preserved and the writing, some four thousand years old, is frequently scarcely legible. To copy and thus rescue these ancient texts is a laborious task, but when they have been so collected they have been saved for science, and when carefully studied they reveal to us the first stage of human advance into a realm of new values, the inner values only discernible in human character and conduct.

The royal tombs which we call pyramids represent pure materialism, the endeavor to make conquest of immortality by an amazing and consciously victorious control of purely material resources. This gigantic effort of these earliest Titans of material conquest of course failed; the robbery and violation of every pyramid demonstrated to the early Egyptians themselves the colossal futility of such extreme dependence on material agencies. It was the first conscious collapse of materialism in human experience, and out of this gigantic failure emerged the earliest known age of dissillusionment. It was then, in the centuries just before 2000 B. C., that the men of the Nile turned to higher conquests. As it were through the dust and turmoil of what had been an engrossing material struggle, they began to discern the veiled glory of the moral vision, and the Coffin Texts reveal to us the dawning of the earliest known discernment that survival and happiness beyond the grave could be attained only after a morally worthy life on earth. The Nile valley was being transformed from a battle-field of purely material conquests into an arena of social forces which disclose the emergence of conscience and the earliest known cry for social justice, later to be taken up and sounded far down the centuries by the greatest prophets of the Ancient East, Egyptian, Hebrew, Christian, and Moslem. It is in such developments as these that the effort of the Oriental Institute to salvage and to study these earliest records of a dawning ethical consciousness should be viewed.

At the same time early man's intellectual ability to contemplate, to study,

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and in some limited degree to understand the visible world in which he lived, was slowly growing. The Institute is therefore likewise engaged in the study of this development as revealed in the earliest known scientific document, the Edwin Smith Surgical Papyrus. The nameless and unknown author, the earliest surgeon and surgical investigator known to us, may have lived as early as the thirtieth century B. C. The archaisms discernible in his language and writing would indicate that he could hardly have lived much later than the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh century B. C. A thousand years later, in the seventeenth century B. C., when our only surviving ancient copy of the treatise was written, many of its terms were already so old that they required explanation. Some one had therefore written out a series of definitions and explanations of such terms, and in our only manuscript these extraneous discussions or "glosses" are already included in the text of the treatise itself, forming a kind of ancient dictionary of terms, of incalculable value in translating the document.

The ancient surgeon arranges his materials very systematically, beginning his discussion at the top of the head and proceeding downward, like most modern treatises on human anatomy. The discussion of each case is likewise carefully arranged, beginning with a title, followed by the observations made in the examination of the patient, proceeding then with a diagnosis based on the examination, and concluding with the treatment if any is considered possible. The treatment is only slightly medicinal, the most notable office of the surgeon being his mechanical manipulation, such as surgical stitching, the earliest known occurrence of surgical suture as an aid to healing; the application of adhesive tape or plaster across a gaping wound when stitching was impracticable; the application of absorbent lint where necessary; the setting of fractured or dislocated bones with splints, or stiff rolls of linen, tampons or cushions of linen, etc.; structural supports for holding upright an unconscious patient suffering from dangerous fracture of the skull; and a number of others.

The treatise discloses an inductive method and in the main an attitude surprisingly scientific in spirit in an age so remote from modern times. We are able to observe the surgeon as a scientific investigator, repeatedly discussing cases of injured men whom he has no hope of saving, solely because of his scientific interest in the observable facts. He was working at a time so near the beginning of science that he possessed few or no descriptive terms or specialized designations, and we are able to follow his efforts to create and define such terms. For the first time in human speech we find here the word "brain." The ancient surgeon seems to have selected for it a current word meaning something like "marrow," to which he appended the phrase "of his skull," producing the designation "marrow of his skull" as the designation for "brain." He had already observed that the brain is in intimate connection with the nervous system, and, in spite of the elementary stage of his knowledge, he had already noted the localization of function in the brain. He charges his readers to note the side of the skull on which an injury is found, and to correlate with it the side on which the paralysis of the lower limbs occurs.

Space permits no further suggestion of the content of this unique treatise,

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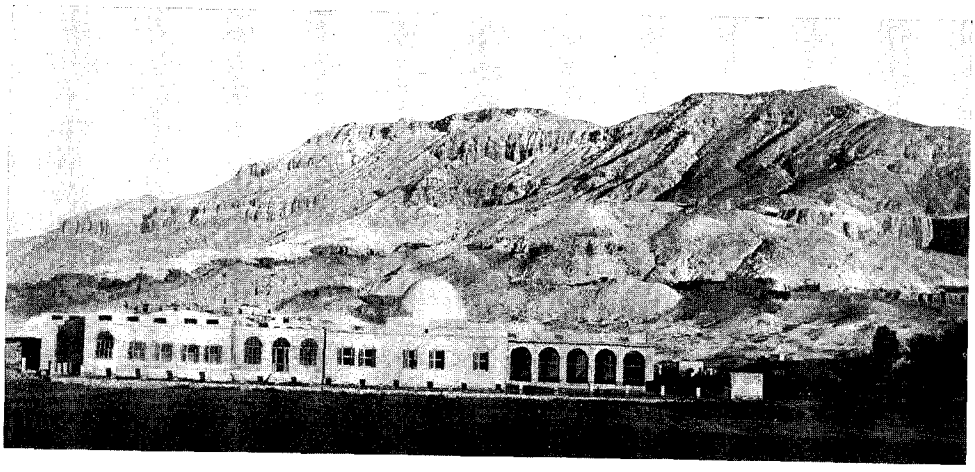

FIG. 2. Chicago House, the headquarters of the Oriental Institute in Egypt.

The cliffs of the Sahara plateau rise behind the house; in front is the edge of the black alluvium (see Fig. 1). The building visible is exclusively living quarters; behind it is another building comprising offices, work rooms, and the new Rosenwald Library.

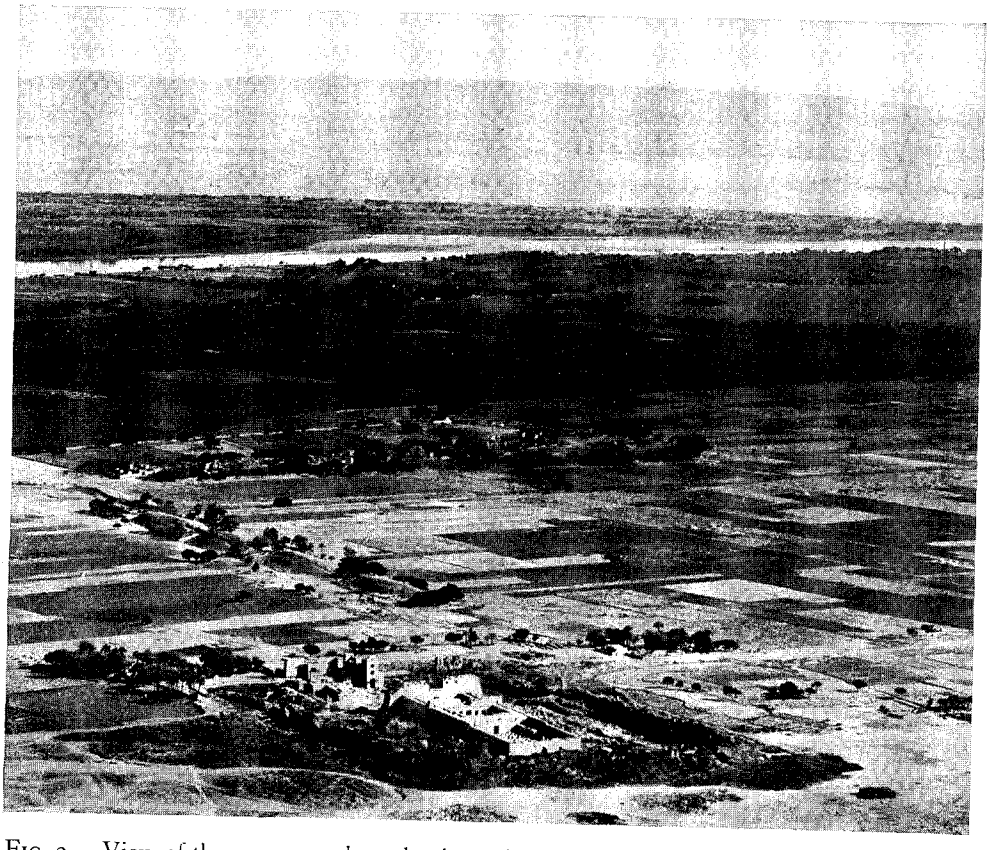

FIG. 3. View of the great temple and palace of Medinet Habu at ancient Thebes, opposite modern Luxor (taken from cliffs behind Chicago House).

In the foreground are the ruins of the temple and palace built by Rameses III (1200 B. C.). The Oriental Institute is saving the perishing historical records inscribed in this temple and also excavating the enclosure around the temple building in order to recover the architecture both of the palace surrounding the temple, and likewise of the temple itself.

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FIG. 4. The mound of Megiddo (Armageddon) in central Palestine.

A native fête in the foreground; the mound in the background; the headquarters house of the Oriental Institute at the left.

FIG. 5. Unidentified ancient Hittite city of central Asia Minor under excavation by the Oriental Institute.

The site is about 128 miles east-southeast of Angora, and is called "Alishar" after a neighboring modern village. The mound at the right covers the ancient citadel.

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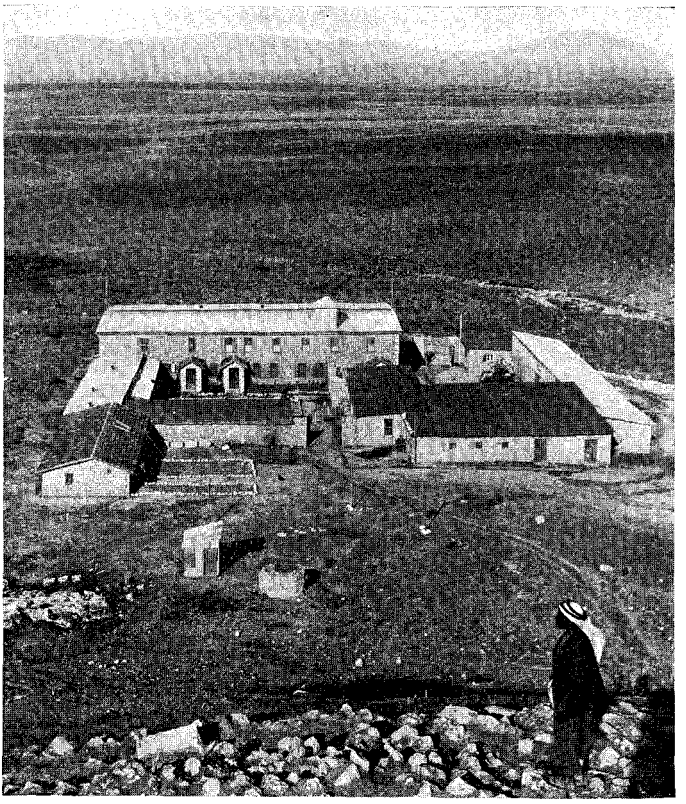

FIG. 6. The Asiatic headquarters of the Oriental Institute at Megiddo (Armageddon).
View taken from the mound looking northward across the Plain of Megiddo or Esdraelon to the highlands of Galilee, with Mt. Tabor on the horizon at the right and Nazareth at the left.

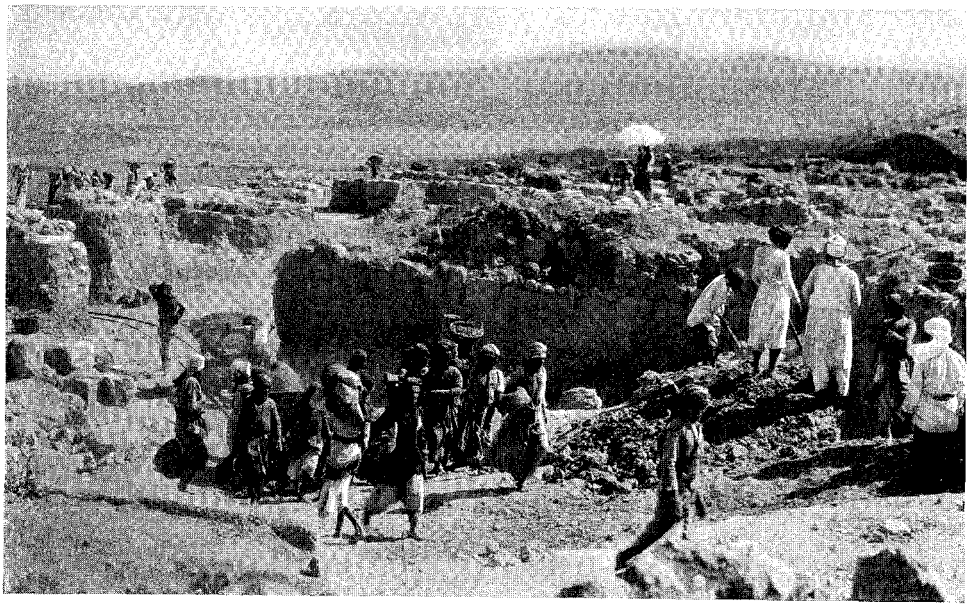

FIG. 7. Looking eastward to Mt. Gilboa across the excavations on the mound of Armageddon.

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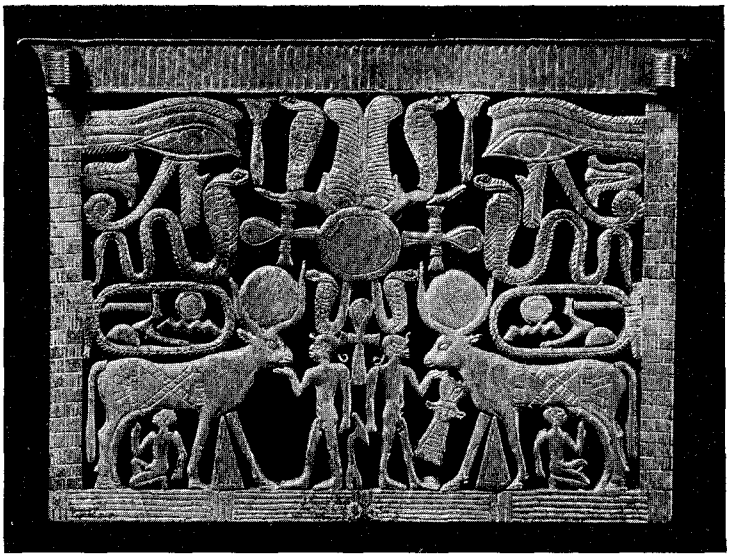

FIG. 8. Golden pectoral or breast ornament, presented to an unknown king of Palestine in the age of Abraham, about 1800 B. C.

The open-work design, elaborately engraved, shows the Egyptian Pharaoh, Amenemhet III, as a stripling twice represented on each side as he fondles the cow-goddess and also draws nourishment from her udder. She is obviously the "golden calf" of the Old Testament, and the royal tomb treasure from which this pectoral came contained also the wreckage of a statuette of such a golden calf.

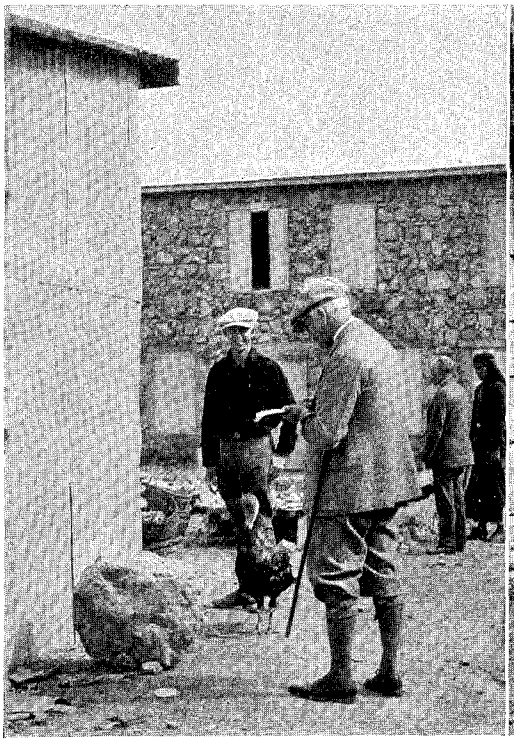

FIG. 9. Deciphering the name of Pharaoh Shishak at Armageddon.

"And it came to pass in the fifth year of king Rehoboam that Shishak took away the treasures of the house of Jehovah and the treasures of the king's house; he even took away all: and he took away all the shields of gold that Solomon had made." (I Kings, XIV, 25-26.) This campaign took place under Solomon's son in the Tenth Century B. C.

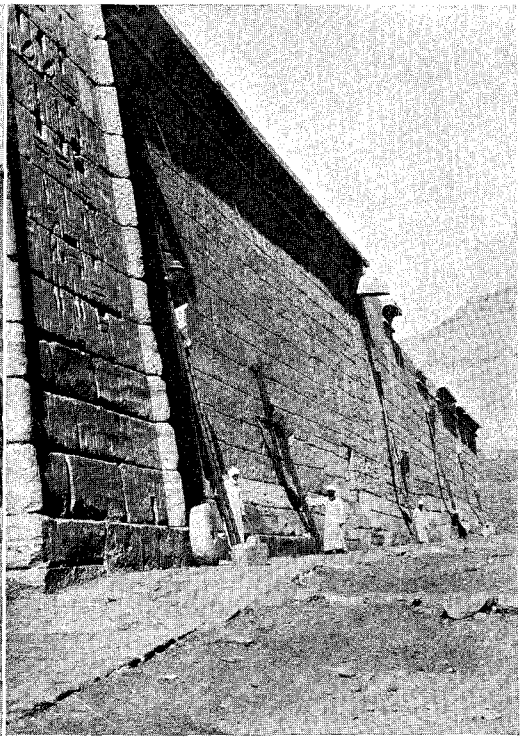

FIG. 10. A wall of Medinet Habu Temple showing the staff at work.

Six men on ladders are studying the original wall in order to supplement, to correct, and to make as complete as possible the composite record of the wall produced by combining the work of the draftsman with that of the Orientalist (who can read the inscription), inserted on the face of an enlarged photograph.

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but the reader will observe that in such researches as the Coffin Texts Project and the study of this surgical treatise, the work of the Institute is disclosing the gradual unfolding of ancient human life in all directions, as the earlier, purely material conquests created a stabler social situation, in which permanence and stability of institutions afforded the human spirit the security and the leisure, the stimulus and the opportunity, for the development of these new and intangible values of which the life of man had never before been aware.

After 2000 B. C. the development of human organization both in Egypt and in western Asia gradually involved the whole Near East in political rivalries on a grand scale. The wealth derived from conquest was transmuted into noble architecture, and century after century the monuments of early civilization increased in number, size, and impressiveness. Gradually there grew up that imposing monumental world of the ancient East which so impressed the later peoples of Greece and Italy, from the time of Herodotus onward. The storms of war and the destructive forces of time and weather have left little of this tremendous world visible above ground. Nevertheless vast bodies of perishing evidence survive beneath the soil, and the Oriental Institute has organized as effectively as possible to begin the work of saving it for science and for modern knowledge.

One of the largest bodies of such unsalvaged evidence is found on the inscribed walls of the temples of Egypt, where is it slowly passing away, without having found complete and accurate record. One of the outstanding examples of this situation is the great temple of Medinet Habu on the west side of the Nile at Luxor. Built under Ramses III, beginning about 1200 B. C., the records on this enormous temple disclose for the first time the hostile collision of East and West. Over and over again on these walls in sculptured scenes and long inscriptions, we see the Pharaoh repelling European invaders on both his Egyptian and his Asiatic frontiers. Although reinforced by allies from the western Mediterranean, these intruders were chiefly the inhabitants of Crete and the Ægean lands, who had been driven out by the incoming barbarian Greeks in the migrations of southern Europe which brought the Greeks into their final homeland and likewise carried them into western Asia in wars and invasions of which the Trojan wars have become a household example, known to every schoolboy.

In order to begin the work of salvaging these priceless records at Medinet Habu, the Oriental Institute has erected a headquarters building (Fig. 2) near the temple (Fig. 3), equipped with photographic laboratory, drafting-rooms, general workrooms, and especially a complete oriental library, the first scientific library in Upper Egypt. The work of this expedition is under Doctor Harold H. Nelson as field director. Its object is to secure as nearly accurate facsimile copies of the records on the wall as a complete personnel and an elaborate equipment will permit. This is accomplished by producing a modern facsimile copy on photographic paper, put through successive stages of supplementary correction and completion by hand drawing, so that it combines in one record the speed and accuracy of the camera, the drafting ability of experienced artists, and the reading ability of trained orientalists or epigraphers who can read the ancient inscriptions. This field process,

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part of which is shown in Fig. 10, is the result of many years of effort to increase the speed, accuracy, and completeness of the work by the employment of every possible modern mechanical and chemical device. It includes over a score of successive stages of correction and proof-reading, and is now producing the first final publication of such records with as great a degree of completeness and accuracy as human fallibility may be expected to achieve.

The publication of this temple alone will fill probably six folio volumes of plates twenty by twenty-five inches, and the first volume is now on the press. Such a record would be incomplete without a full survey of the architecture also, and a final volume will be devoted to this section. The temple (Fig. 3) is surrounded by the palace and office buildings of the Pharaoh, which it has been found necessary to excavate. This architectural work has been in the hands of Professor Hoelscher of Hannover, who last winter cleared the residence portion of the palace. The royal dwelling included five apartments: one for the Pharaoh himself, one for his queen, and one for each of three ladies of the harem. In each apartment the excavation disclosed the sleeping-room with an adjoining bath, and, especially in the apartments of the three ladies, the baths are very well preserved, each with drainage connections leading to the catch basin in the neighboring outside street or gallery. We have here revealed to us more fully than ever before the intimate arrangements of the royal dwelling of the Pharaoh.

Among the northern foreigners who figure in the records at Medinet Habu are the mysterious Hittites, whose cuneiform records were deciphered during the World War, revealing for the first time in contemporary documents western Asiatic wars of which the Greek operations against Troy were a part, and definitely disclosing the Trojan wars as established historical events. For three seasons the Oriental Institute has been maintaining an expedition in the Hittite country of Asia Minor under H. H. von der Osten as field director, with whom Doctor Erich Schmidt has been associated as joint director since the first season. The first campaign resulted in the discovery of over fifty ancient Hittite sites previously unknown, some of them places of considerable size, and one of them the largest pre-Greek city of Asia Minor. In June 1928 the Expedition began the second season's clearance of a typical Hittite city mound known as Alishar Hüyük (Fig. 5), about 128 miles east-southeast of Angora. So little has been known of the development of Hittite civilization that this clearance has revealed for the first time the sequence of pottery forms yielded by the successive strata of a Hittite mound. This pottery sequence will serve us as the succession of fossil life in the rocks serves the geologist. Over thirty burials were found, a number of which unquestionably contained Hittite bodies. These will for the first time make it possible to study the racial physique of the Hittite people, and clarify one of the greatest racial problems of western Asia.

The cultural bridge between western Asia and Africa is Palestine and Syria, and the study of the evidence surviving in these regions is still in its beginnings. The Institute has a well-equipped expedition at Megiddo (Armageddon) in central Palestine (Fig. 4), with an expedition house which serves as the headquarters of Institute

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work in western Asia (Fig. 6). Megiddo was the fortress-city guarding the historic Plain of Esdraelon, which as the Plain of Armageddon became the proverbial battle-field of the ages. The clearance, at first under Doctor Clarence S. Fisher as field director, and then under Mr. P. L. O. Guy, has passed down through the late levels at the top to that of the Hebrew kings, with results which would require too much space to catalogue here. It is expected that the year of 1928 will carry the investigation down into the monuments of the pre-Hebrew period of Egyptian sovereignty in Palestine. Part of a great monument of victory erected by the Pharaoh Shishak in commemoration of his conquest of Palestine in the tenth century B. C., under Solomon's son Rehoboam, as recorded in the Old Testament (I Kings 14:25–26), was found early in the course of the work (Fig. 9), and there is every prospect that this famous stronghold will yield historical monuments more fully revealing to us the early relations between western Asia and Africa.

Besides these researches in the field, the Institute is conducting also a number of needed investigations at the American headquarters. An Assyrian dictionary, based for the first time on all the known cuneiform documents in that language has now filed some 360,000 alphabetically organized cards, each card bearing not only the word to be illustrated, but also the context. This project was begun under the editorship of Doctor D. D. Luckenbill, and since his lamented death is to be conducted by Doctor Edward Chiera. The origins of our proverbial wisdom in animal fables of the ancient Orient, including even the picturesque tales of Uncle Remus, which likewise arose in the Orient, are being investigated by Doctor Martin Sprengling. An effort toward the improvement of the corrupt Hebrew text of the Old Testament through the use of unpublished manuscripts of the ancient Syriac translations, is being carried on by both Doctor Sprengling and Doctor W. C. Graham. Through an arrangement just concluded with His Beatitude, Mar Severius Barsaum, Archbishop of Syria, who is now a member of the Institute, a project has also been launched by the Institute for the publication of the unpublished Syriac manuscripts in the oriental monasteries under the archbishop's charge.

This fragmentary and incomplete sketch of Institute activities may serve to suggest something of the range of its effort along a front which, geographically considered, stretches from the Black Sea in the north to the cataracts of the Nile in the south. Contemplated chronologically these investigations range from the earliest discernible traces of developing human life through the culmination of civilization in the ancient Near East, and its transition to Europe in the movements which contributed the foundations of Western civilization at the present day. Considered as later phases in the history of our globe, within the period since man appeared, these earliest stages of human advance, disclosed by this programme of research, form simply another chapter in evolution—operating on a higher plane than that of purely physical development, and advancing to supreme conquests, the triumphs of the human mind and spirit in a realm of imperishable values. In occupying such a field for the first time it is hoped that the Oriental Institute is justifying its existence as a permanent laboratory for the investigation of the early human career.

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The Broadcasted Author

BY NELSON LLOYD

Author of "The Soldier of the Valley," etc.

Miss Killowill stood by the window looking out on the single long street of Pleasantville. In all the village not a light was burning. The new State road, the whitest of concrete, stretched in the moonlight, a clear band over the country, past the mill, over the bridge, and climbed the ridge-side, losing itself in a dark fringe of pines. Miss Killowill, in her mind, saw it running on eastward, over the mountains, into the world of light and life, of movies, cabarets, and theatres. She had heard only the echoes of that world carried to her by strange phenomena called ions and wave-lengths. She sighed. Truly, life in Pleasantville was dull.

"Grandpa," she said, as she pulled down the shade with a quick movement of discontent, "it is time you go to bed instead of setting up all night over your radio."

Mr. Killowill was in a rocking-chair, with his right ear projecting into the loud-speaker; his right hand was holding his pipe, and his left was fingering the dials of the mysterious machine on the table before him.

"Myrtle Mae, you just go right to bed yourself," he said, emitting a pillar of smoke. "There is an arthors' dinner on at the Waldorf-Astory to-night and I am going to tune in. Set your lamp at the head of the stairs and I will come along when I am good and ready."

Miss Killowill gave a disdainful sniff. "All right," she returned, "but I don't see what pleasure you get in listening in on the Waldorf-Astory when you have only once been as far away from home as Philadelphia since the Centennial."

Therewith she flounced up-stairs. "Myrtle Mae," the old man called to her in triumph before she had reached her room, "I've got WPZ now and the boys are starting to speak——"

A door slammed, and Mr. Killowill was left alone with the radio for company.

Out of the air, from over the hills and over the valleys on that cold December night came through the loud-speaker ". . . with us that distinguished playwright and author Mr. William Radcliffe Wheeler, who will talk to us to-night on boyhood memories and their effect on after-life."

Out of the air came first into the age-worn ear a prolonged clatter of applause, and then a sharp, resounding voice. Mr. Killowill knocked the ashes out of his pipe, filled it, and lighted it. With the loud-speaker in his hand and resting comfortably on the arm of his rocker, he leaned back, and listened, and smoked.

Mr. Wheeler was, contrary to the popular conception of authors, a modest man. He deprecated the suggestion of the toastmaster that he had ever created a real work of art. But his highest hope, he said, was that some day he would write a line, or even a phrase, that would live for generations. In the mean-

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time he had to content himself with the humbler station of not an artist but of an artisan in words. He had tried in all his literary work to convey to his readers in a simple way a simple message that would cheer them on their journey through life. He felt that as an artisan in words he had had some measure of success, but he would confess now that the simple, homely philosophy which had won so many readers for his works was not his own.

"As a boy it was my privilege to live in a country village," he said. "As a man I look back on those days with deep affection. Far greater than the education which I received in the university was the deeper learning which I imbibed from the worthies of the Pleasantville store porch."

"Pleasantville—Pleasantville?" said Mr. Killowill to himself. Slowly he lifted the loud-speaker to the table and looked into the dark recesses of the ceiling. He was looking, too, into his own past. "Wheeler—William Wheeler?" The old man smiled. "Why, that must be the Willie Wheeler I knowed when I was a boy!"

The years rolled away from him and he saw himself sitting again on the cobbler's bench in the little brick shop that still stood beside this very house. About him was a chaos of the tools of his craft—hammers and awls, knives, needles, and lasts. Old boots, old shoes, and fragments of leather were strewn about his feet. Across from him, on the low box in which he kept his hides, was seated a boy, whose eyes were fixed upon him with interest and admiration. Daily when school was over, this boy would come, settle himself in his accustomed place, on the worn old box, and listen attentively to words of wisdom accompanied by the rat-tat-tat of the shoemaker's hammer as he drove wooden pegs into a boot-sole. He remembered the day when the boy had left the village, going, as so many of the village boys had gone, to seek wider opportunities than this narrow mountain valley offered them. He had missed the lad. Every one values an admiring auditor, and, losing his, he had for a long time felt a sense of loneliness as he sat on his low bench, ceaselessly sewing and hammering, with no one to listen to the fruits of his meditations. Then how strange! After all these years, out of the void, it seemed, the boy was speaking to him again.

He picked up the loud-speaker. He smiled as once more he heard the sharp, resounding voice.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I have to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to my boyhood friend, old Joe, the Pleasantville cobbler. Sitting at his feet I gained more wisdom than in the college classroom. He was a natural philosopher. I wish I could repeat to you a goodly number of his wise saws. For example, I may quote one that often recurs to me. 'Bill,' he said to me one day, 'men thinks life is a mystery. That's just because we are dumb. If we only knowed a little more, life would be as simple as arithmetic.' "

Mr. Killowill's pipe banged the arm of his chair. "I mind saying that well," he cried. "I surely did get off some good ones in those days."

He would have aroused his granddaughter to come and enjoy with him this remarkable and mysterious tribute to his character, but he realized that the speaker was drawing to a close, so he clutched the horn more firmly and held it closer to his ear.

"I suppose that old Joe has long since learned that little more which

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solves the mystery of life," Mr. Wheeler continued. "Often I have thought of the pleasure it would be to have him with me for a while in my quiet home in Birchbridge, among the Massachusetts hills. I could place him with his pipe before the open fire and it would be a rare joy to sit before him and listen to the simple wisdom, ripened by the passing years. I have a small boy and, as a father, I might wish that he, too, sit at the feet of the same simple master——"

The air was silent. Strain his ear though he might, Mr. Killowill heard nothing but the meaningless clatter of the code. Ships far out at sea had no thought for the old man in a distant mountain valley who was so eager to catch the last word from the authors' dinner. He fingered the dials in vain. WPZ had signed off.

Mr. Killowill was tired but pleased, and excitement added vim to his aged legs as he bounded up the dimly lighted stairs with a speed that belied his eighty years.

"Myrtle Mae," he shouted, "I have a nice invitation. You've heard me speak of Willie Wheeler, haven't you? Your mother knowed him and——"

Through the closed door came the sharp voice of Miss Killowill. "Grandpa, you've been dreaming again. That radio will be the death of you yet."

Mr. Wheeler was sitting before the fire in the living-room after dinner, thinking deeply. He was trying to solve a knotty problem in a projected play, and was in no mood to be disturbed. That he should be disturbed seemed unlikely, for he lived a mile from Birchbridge, and it was a rough night, snowing and blowing. So deep was he in his pondering, that he did not hear the sounds of a motor outside, the opening of a door, and footfalls in the hall. Even to one less absorbed they would have been muffled by the heavy curtains of the room.

The maid's voice startled him, jerked him roughly out of his study, and made him turn toward her half angrily.

"There is a Mr. Killowill to see you, sir," she announced.

"Killowill?" Mr. Wheeler fairly dredged the depths of his memory but found nothing. Neither did the smiling face of the old man who was coming toward him aid his recollection. He rose with a questioning stare.

"To see me?" he asked.

Mr. Killowill dropped a wicker suitcase on the floor, tossed a colossal derby on a chair; he threw open an overcoat that seemed too short for a man of his height and too wide for a man of his breadth; he came forward with a thin, yellow hand outstretched. "William, I am glad to see you," he cried. "I don't blame you being puzzled, either. After all these years we've both of us changed."

"You still have the best of me," returned the author, withdrawing his hand from his visitor's cordial grasp. "I do not wish to seem inhospitable, but may I ask just who you are?"

Mr. Killowill smiled benignly. He backed to a deep chair and sank into it. Mr. Wheeler gazed at him, frowning. He saw a slowly nodding head, and a gray-bearded face wreathed in supreme contentment. The answering gaze was such as his father might have given him. After a moment the smile died away and Mr. Killowill sighed.

"I have come a long way, William—a long way," he said. "I doubt if I'd have come at all had I knowed it was so far—in spite of your invitation. I am fair tuckered out." His head swung

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back, his eyes closed, lips parted showing a single tooth, like a stalactite guarding the entrance of a dark cavern. He gathered himself with apparent effort. "Still, it's good to be here and see you again—after thirty years."

Mr. Wheeler was perplexed and worried. He was beginning to see difficulty ahead. "All this means nothing to me," he cried testily. "Kindly explain who you are and what you——"

"After thirty years, you have changed a bit, William." Mr. Killowill did not seem to have heard the angry question. He wagged his head sagely. "Still, I can see signs of the same boy I knowed. Hair is lighter, a leetle thinner, and you've taken on flesh. But it is thirty years."

"Thirty years since when and what?" demanded the author, raising his voice to a higher pitch.

"Since you used to sit in my shop," the old man replied. "You on the box and me on my bench—discussing things in general. Don't you mind, William, don't you mind Joe Killowill, of Pleasantville, P-a, Joe, the cobbler? Of course you do!"

"Of course I do not," snapped Mr. Wheeler. "I have never been in Pleasantville, P-a, in my life. I did live in Pleasantville, Maine, at one time, and as to Joe, the cobbler, he was a—" He stopped. There flashed to his mind his speech. Here was the explanation of this strange visitor. That infernal speech! He saw the coincidence and its embarrassing results. Though he was worried and angry, he would have laughed outright had he not realized the seriousness of the situation to the old fellow in the chair before him, breathing heavily, worn out by his long travel. His face turned grave and his tone softer. "Mr. Killowill, I am sorry —very sorry. There has been a mistake. I see now——"

"I knowed you would see," said Mr. Killowill with a weary smile. His eyes closed and his voice was fainter. "Why, William, you and me was buddies, and when I heard your speech, heard how you had become a great wheelwright, like you said you were going to be, do you know I felt proud—proud that I had helped in your education. Then come your invitation, and I said to Myrtle Mae—that is my granddaughter—I says, I says—" The voice trailed off into silence. The eyes closed. The bearded chin sank into the breast, nestling in the rabbit fur of the overcoat collar. Mr. Killowill was in a profound and peaceful sleep.

Mr. Wheeler, now greatly alarmed, shook the relaxed figure gently, then with vigor. There was no response. He tried twitching the ears and beard. But in return the mouth twisted into a gentle smile and the breathing became deep, regular, and peaceful.

Not only Mr. Wheeler but the whole household were soon in a panic. Doctor Carter, called hastily from Birchbridge, could give them small comfort, after he had examined the thin, recumbent figure on the living-room divan.

"He is worn out," he said. "Came from Pennsylvania, you tell me—a long way for a man of his age to travel this cold weather. He must have quiet and rest. He may wake up at any minute; he may sleep for days; again, he may never wake up."

"But we can't keep him here," cried Mrs. Wheeler, almost in tears.

"There is no way out of it," the doctor replied. "You could not send him twenty miles to Pittsfield on a night like this. The sooner we get him to bed the better."

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"We have no bed for him," Mrs. Wheeler protested. "There is only one guest-room, and my mother is coming to-morrow morning to occupy that."

Doctor Carter surveyed the room, considering the problem. "I see only one thing to do," he ventured. Then suddenly he turned to Wheeler. "By the way, why did this old fellow come here, anyway?"

The answer was given with rather a shamed face, for the author had to explain that both he and Mr. Killowill were victims of too luxuriant imaginations. When he had finished, it was difficult for the doctor to preserve his professional gravity.

"I was listening in, too, that night," he said, "and I thought that you were splendid—such feeling as you showed! But of course none of us expected this result. It is quite affecting—quite unusual." He hid his face in his handkerchief for a moment. "But we must abide by the result—get this old fellow awake comfortably, and I see but one way. We must make up a bed under him, right here on the divan. It is plenty——"

"But, doctor," pleaded Mrs. Wheeler, "we have people coming to dinner to-morrow night—a formal dinner to meet mother."

"I am sorry," was the rejoinder. "There is no way out of it. We must turn this room into a hospital. And, by the way, it would not do to let him wake up in a strange place with no one about. I shall send up Miss Higgins, the nurse, from the village. You can fix her a cot in that corner."

Having thus comfortably arranged the affairs of the Wheeler family, he departed, leaving them to watch the strange sleeper with impatience and anxiety. Here, indeed, was a dilemma—Mrs. Marsh coming in the morning for her annual visit, dinner-guests to meet her in the evening, and in bed in the living-room a perfect stranger, who might sleep on peaceably for days. Mrs. Wheeler gave way to tears. Her husband, by a sudden impulse, dived into the wicker suitcase in search of information. He found here, at last, a guiding light out of the difficulty. It was a post-card showing a picture of the Woolworth Building in New York and was addressed to Miss Myrtle Mae Killowill. He recalled the name as almost the last word the old man had spoken. It was good fortune that the card had not been mailed, for it gave the only clew as to those to whom he could appeal for relief from this unwelcome care. A night letter, he was satisfied, would bring aid promptly, and the wires were soon clicking with a message to apprise Miss Killowill of her grandfather's condition and appealing to her to hurry to him.

But however precarious that condition might have seemed to the Wheelers and to Miss Higgins, who had to watch Mr. Killowill sleeping on through the night and on through the morning, it gave no uneasiness to Miss Killowill. She wired back tersely: "Don't worry. Have written."

When another night passed and Mr. Killowill was still sleeping on quietly; when the next morning came and with it Miss Killowill's letter, the Wheelers were not only worrying but they were angry. To Myrtle Mae, as she explained, the whole case was a simple one. Her grandfather was merely having one of his comatose spells. She would have come to him, as Mr. Wheeler asked, but it was entirely unnecessary. Besides, her uncle and his family were expected at home for a visit.

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"Grandpa has been having commytose spells more frequent of late," she wrote, "so they are nothing to worry about. He will wake up in a day or two. Then just feed him on hot broth and plenty of good strong whiskey punches, and he will be able to come home soon. Be sure to keep the loud-speaker by his bed, as the radio is a great comfort to him and keeps him from getting too restless."

"An inconsiderate woman," cried Mrs. Marsh, who was weary of being confined to the single guest-room.

"I shall write her my own opinion," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and explain how I have had to postpone an important dinner."

"But, after all, it is Wheeler's fault," put in Doctor Carter grimly. "If he had not had so much imagination, Mr. Killowill would have had this commytose spell at home."

"Look here, Carter," demanded the author, "can't you give us an idea how long a commytose spell lasts generally?"

"I cannot," replied the doctor. "You see, Mr. Killowill is in the same condition as an automobile with a slipping clutch. We can keep the engine running splendidly, but there is no connection between that and the steering-gear —his brain. We can't get at the clutch. We just have to wait till it takes hold of itself; then the shaft will turn, the whole machine work."

"You seem to have turned our house into a garage as well as a hospital," Mr. Wheeler retorted. "According to his granddaughter, it may be several days before we can back this venerable manobile out."

Whatever they might think of Miss Killowill's casual treatment of their troubles, her diagnosis proved correct and her prescriptions efficacious. Mr. Killowill did wake up in a day or two. Accurately it was the third morning after his arrival, when he yawned, opened his eyes, stretched himself and gazed about him, wondering. Miss Higgins rushed from the room to shout the good news to the family. Some time passed before the old man's numbed brain cleared and he sensed his position. The clutch seemed to take hold very gradually. He lay gazing mutely at the anxious faces about him.

"It's William, eh," he murmured after a while, "my old friend William, that I came to see."

"Yes, it is William," said Mr. Wheeler, in a soothing voice, holding a wasted hand in his. "Now keep quiet, Mr. Killowill. You will be all right in a little while."

A quizzical frown settled on the wrinkled face. "I must have had one of my commytose spells," he said. "I'm mighty sorry." His eyes turned to his unwilling hostess. "I hope I have not inconvenienced you, ma'am. I hadn't conceited to have a commytose spell here. You see, William and me——"

"You have been of no trouble at all," returned Mrs. Wheeler. Though that was far from being her opinion, she did, by an effort, make her voice sound sincere. "We have heard from your granddaughter, too, and everything is all right. Now you have only to rest and get well."

"You're kind, ma'am, you're very kind," said the invalid with a sigh of relief and contentment. "But you see I want to talk to William—that's why I came. I have a lot of good uns to tell him—good uns that happened since he left thirty years ago. He hasn't heard what became of his old friend Oscar Daffendiffer. You see——"

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Mr. Wheeler did not hear what happened to Oscar Daffendiffer, for the voice trailed off into silence, the eyes closed again, and Mr. Killowill once more sank into a quiet, smiling slumber. For a time the Wheelers were in despair, fearing that this lapse of consciousness presaged another three days of coma, and great was the relief when the invalid not only roused himself an hour later, but called rather lustily for food. Broth was furnished. Myrtle Mae's other prescription proved beneficial, and by evening her grandfather was sitting up in bed. His one great desire was to talk to William of the days thirty years since, but Mr. Wheeler would not allow any waste of strength. His one desire was to husband the visitor's energies for the long homeward journey. Mrs. Marsh, too, was solicitous on this point. She was weary of being confined to one room and found relief in frequent visits to the divan to admonish Mr. Killowill to be quiet and take his medicine. Even the loud-speaker at his side failed to allay his restlessness. The next morning, after breakfast, Miss Higgins reported excitedly that Mr. Killowill was not only out of bed but was so spry as to be almost troublesome.

"Then, William," Mrs. Wheeler declared firmly, "I think we can explain his mistake to him and arrange for his leaving for his home in comfort."

"I am of the same mind," her husband answered as they moved toward the living-room door. "This has been an unfortunate coincidence and it is only fair that he should understand it."

Whatever his intention, he was halted at the door by the scene before him. He held a warning finger to his lips; then pointed into the room.

Mr. Killowill, wrapped in one of his host's dressing-gowns, was seated in a deep chair by the fire, smoking a comfortable pipe, also borrowed. By his side on a tabouret was a tall glass of his medicine, of which he took occasional appreciative sips. Before him, on an old Italian chest, sat William Wheeler, Junior. The boy's feet were drawn under him, and his arms embraced his knees. He was regarding the old man with wide eyes, speaking interest and admiration.

"You was asking when I was leaving," Mr. Killowill was saying. "Well, you see, William, I did not figure on staying so long—only just a night. But I had not counted on a commytose spell. I hope I have not inconvenienced your mother."

"Not at all," returned Junior cheerfully. "She was just saying at breakfast that she hoped you would soon be better."

"Well, I'm all right now," cried the old man, taking a sip of medicine. "I think I will get away to-morrow after I have had a nice long talk with your pa about the old times thirty years ago. Those was days——"

Junior interrupted. He was not interested in long-past days. He wanted to know of the more immediate present.

"Mr. Killowill," he demanded, "were you in the war?"

"What war?" asked Mr. Killowill.

"The last war—the Great War."

"Why, no," the old man replied with a slight hesitation. He feared that he was about to lose face, as the Chinese say. But in a moment the shadow went from him. "You see, Willie, I kind of fell between wars. I was too young for the Rebellion and too old for the Spanish War. Yet when the last war came I allowed I might serve as an interpreter, so I volunteered."

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"As an interpreter!" Junior cried in amazement.

"As an interpreter," repeated the old man blandly. "You see, I am a splendid Pennsylvania Dutch speaker. But it seems they did not want any Pennsylvania Dutch interpreters and wouldn't take me. Still, I did serve in one war—the Slimgut Bushwhacking war."

"What was that? I never heard of that in my history," said the puzzled boy.

"Well, to be honest, it wasn't one of our big wars," replied Mr. Killowill. He waved his pipe in a deprecating gesture. "It only lasted a week, but then it was fierce. You see, some fellows came from the other side of the mountain and tried to lumber on our tract. We had to drive them off. The fighting kept up till the sheriff come and——"

"Were you wounded?" Junior interrupted.

"If a barrel full of bird shot in your chest means wounded, I was." The old man wagged his head solemnly to give emphasis to the gravity of his injury. "But see here, Willie—this is getting too personal. I don't like to talk about them things—wars in particular. As I said not so long ago to our preacher, the whole trouble with the world today comes of the old men talking about wars. If they just kept quiet, the young uns would never know there was such things. Now as I remarked heretofore——"

Junior was not to be put off. "Did you have such things as trenches and airplanes and tanks?" he asked.

Mr. Killowill leaned back in his chair and regarded the boy, chuckling deeply. He took another sip of medicine and laughed outright. "William," he said, "you are an exact copy of your pa when he was your size—the exact criterion of him—always putting questions, always getting my opinion. Next you'll be wanting me to sing 'The Old Gray Horse that Died in the Wilderness'!"

"Oh, please do!" Junior cried.

The denial was firm. "No. It might disturb the family. My voice isn't what it used to be—I sang like a nightingale once. But that was long ago, Willie, long ago. Yet when I see you, the image of your pa, setting on that chest, it seems like yesterday. There he is, on the old box where I kept my hides, and here am I, on my bench, driving pegs into shoes. We'd discuss things. I'd give him my opinion. Then sometimes I would tell him a good un on various folks, and sometimes we would sing. It fair broke my heart when he left."

"Why did he leave?" the boy demanded.

"Well, you see, it was this way," Mr. Killowill answered, measuring each word, for he was speaking of a day thirty years before, and recalling it in its detail. "He came into my shop one day—I can see him now—and he told me his mother was moving to Harmony to live. She had a brother there, a wagonmaker, and William was going to study under him to be a wheelwright. He was only fourteen then, and seemed to me to be kind of small to begin, but he was a bright boy—unusual gifted—so unusual that I remember saying to him: 'William, you'll be a big man. I'll hear from you again.' "

For a moment Mr. Killowill was silent. He was picturing that day so long ago when the boy, after a parting handshake, very stiff and formal, stepped out of the shop and down the village street, whistling gaily as he started on the long journey to greatness as a wheelwright. "And yet," the old man con-

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tinued, after a meditative puff at his pipe, "I don't quite see how he come to take up arthoring along with the making of wheels. They don't seem to combine somehow."

"And you did hear from him again," cried Junior exultingly. "It must have surprised you."

"Surprised me?" the old man retorted. "Why, it fair stunned me. When it first came over the radio, Wheeler speaking, I set up. Wheeler is an unusual name—his was the only Wheeler family in our valley. William Wheeler? Nearer yet. Wheelwright? Why, boy, it was plain as day. Then Pleasantville—there could be no doubt. And when your pa spoke so nice of the times we had had together, and of the good I had done him, I felt proud, William, very proud to think I had helped him in his education. So next day I said to my granddaughter—that is Myrtle Mae—'I'm going to see an old boy friend of mine,' I says. 'There is not much time,' I says, 'for at best I can't live more than ten or fifteen years longer.' So the very next day I packed up and came." Mr. Killowill's voice rose in a note of self-recrimination. "Now don't it beat all—to have to have one of my commytose spells when every minute of my visit was so precious!"

In the shadows of the hall Mrs. Wheeler was plucking at her husband's sleeve. She drew him from behind the door into still safer recesses.

"Are you going to tell him, William?" she whispered.

"Tell him what?" asked her husband.

"Of his mistake—of your mistake," she answered.

"My mistake?" he retorted. "I did live in Pleasantville, Maine, as a boy."

"But you never knew an old cobbler named Joe," she said with a soft laugh. "It would be a crime to disillusion him."

"I know it would," the author said. He began to laugh, too. "Anyway, he will be going in a day or two."

"I knew you would be kind," said his wife. She seized the lapels of his coat and looked at him with smiling, pleading eyes. She was sure that he would not resist them. "And, William," she went on softly, "I know that you depend on your imagination for our living, but promise me this—promise me that when you broadcast again, you will broadcast fact and not fiction."

"You can trust me on that, my dear," said Mr. Wheeler. "But now we have our present troubles to settle."

He lounged into the living-room, smoking his pipe. Carelessly, as though he had not a trouble in the world now that his old master was with him, he seated himself on the carved Italian chest.

"Joe," he said, "tell me that good one you promised me about my old friend Oscar Daffendiffer."

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A. B. Frost—A Personal Tribute

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

With reproductions of drawings by Frost

It was the latter part of January, 1890, that I met A. B. Frost. It came about in this way. E. A. Abbey had returned to this country for the winter. His chief reason for doing so was to get married. He had taken a studio in the old *Judge* Building, Fifth Avenue and 17th Street. At his bachelor's dinner—in this studio—I found myself sitting opposite A. B. Frost. On his right sat John S. Sargent (who had just painted "Carmencita") and on his other side was Charles McKim. At one end of the table sat Augustus Saint-Gaudens—. I remember my seat was between Twachtman and Stanford White.

There were about twenty-five guests in all. Most of those present I was seeing at close range—for the first time. I had met Abbey and Sargent a few weeks before at an exhibition of "black-and-white drawings" held in the old Salamagundi Club.

I had met Saint-Gaudens before, hav-

*** This and pages 540 and 543 contain four examples of Frost's early pen drawings which are interesting, especially when contrasted with much of his later work.

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ing spent some weeks of a summer vacation in his studio in west 36th Street. I had also known C. S. Reinhart when he lived for a short time in Flushing, Long Island. But I was sitting opposite Frost, seeing and hearing him for the first time. That fact impressed me most. I could see and feel the charm and matchless humor that had attracted one so completely to his work. I was familiar with everything he had done—and, more or less subconsciously, I had some three years before "lifted" a figure from one of his drawings and used it in a drawing of mine—(One of those things to be lived down. The pilfering bothered me considerably, and I was aware of an uncomfortable moment as I sat opposite him.)

One of A. B. Frost's early drawings.

The warmth of his personality, so free from all "side," and his contagious good humor helped me forget that guilty feeling, and I recall it now for the first time in nearly forty years.

Abbey did not want any speeches—and had engaged a negro quartette with the evident understanding that they were to begin singing as soon as any one had talked more than a few minutes. And that was the reason one never heard the end of Frost's story, which was about a policeman and a cuckoo in Central Park. Every once in a while Frost would get up in an apparently serious manner—starting his story always identically in the same way, and arriving at the same point in it, when the quartette would start again to sing.

I once heard Mark Twain say (when

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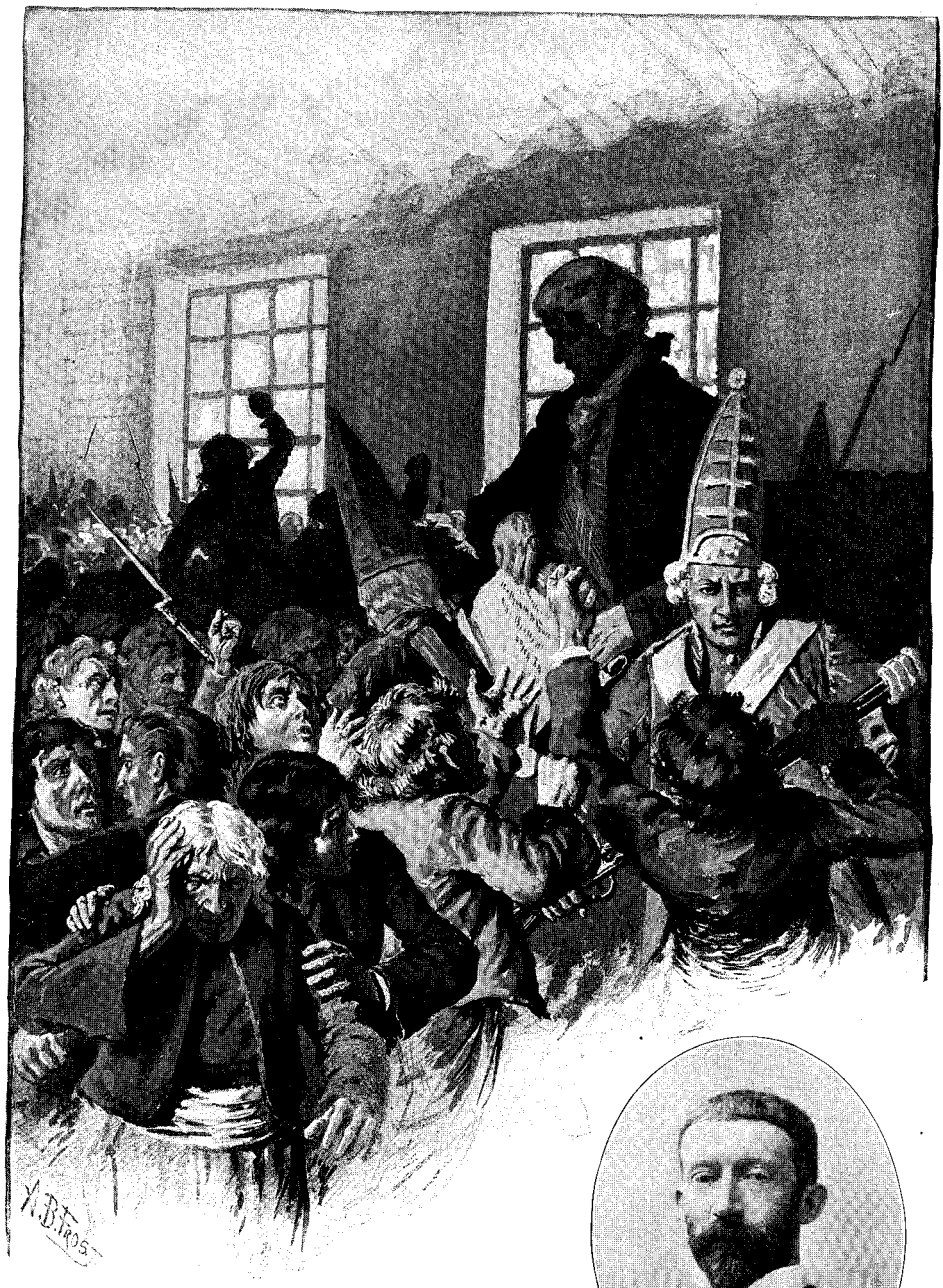

"Winslow reading the decree of expulsion."

A wood engraving from this drawing appeared in Volume III of Bryant's "History of the United States" in 1879.

A. B. Frost as he probably looked when Charles Dana Gibson first met him.

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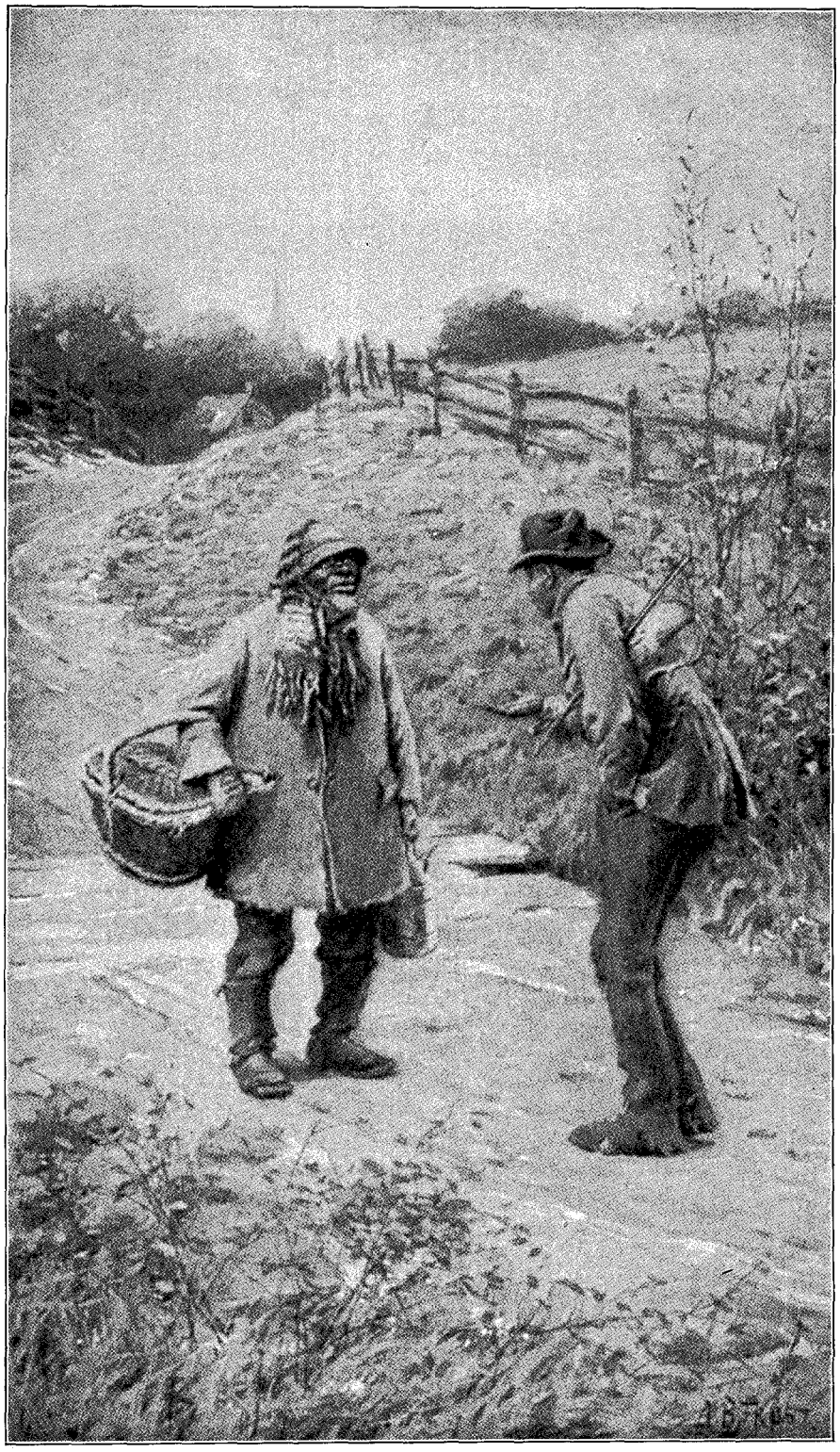

The Grasshopper and the Ant.

The frontispiece of Scribner's Magazine, December, 1894.

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it was done right) that constant repetition was irresistibly funny.

Those of you who remember having seen Willis Sweatman and Lou Schoolcraft, with that never-to-be-forgotten box of pills, will understand how humorous constant repeating can be made.

and also remarked that he (Frost) would have been at home in a large "ruff" collar.

His hair was sandy and thick and came straight across in a bang, high up on his broad forehead. His eyelids were heavy and his eyelashes very light,

Another of A. B. Frost's early drawings.

But it must be done as Frost did it that night. His unfinished story was the feature of the dinner. It took the joint effort of every one present to persuade him to get up each time. It was his solemnly going back each time to the beginning of his story that made it so funny. It was art of the first order, and was a study in good taste and restraint.

Frost had a splendid head. I remember discussing his appearance that night with Stanford White, who said Frost was a "throwback" to an older period, which gave his eyes a solemn and at the same time humorous expression. His nose was large, and below that was a sandy mustache and beard cut fairly close. His body was large and loose-jointed. He seemed big in every way.

No one but a great humorist could have carried off the unfinished story. A clumsy hand would have made a mess of it. I think the dinner must have been cooked at some near-by hotel. One of the courses was bear steak. There was barely room for the waiters to pass

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"And then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him."

From "The Story of a New York House," by H. C. Bunner, published in Volume One of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, February, 1887.

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"William had felt the hand of 'Doogulus.' "

From "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd, published in August, 1904.

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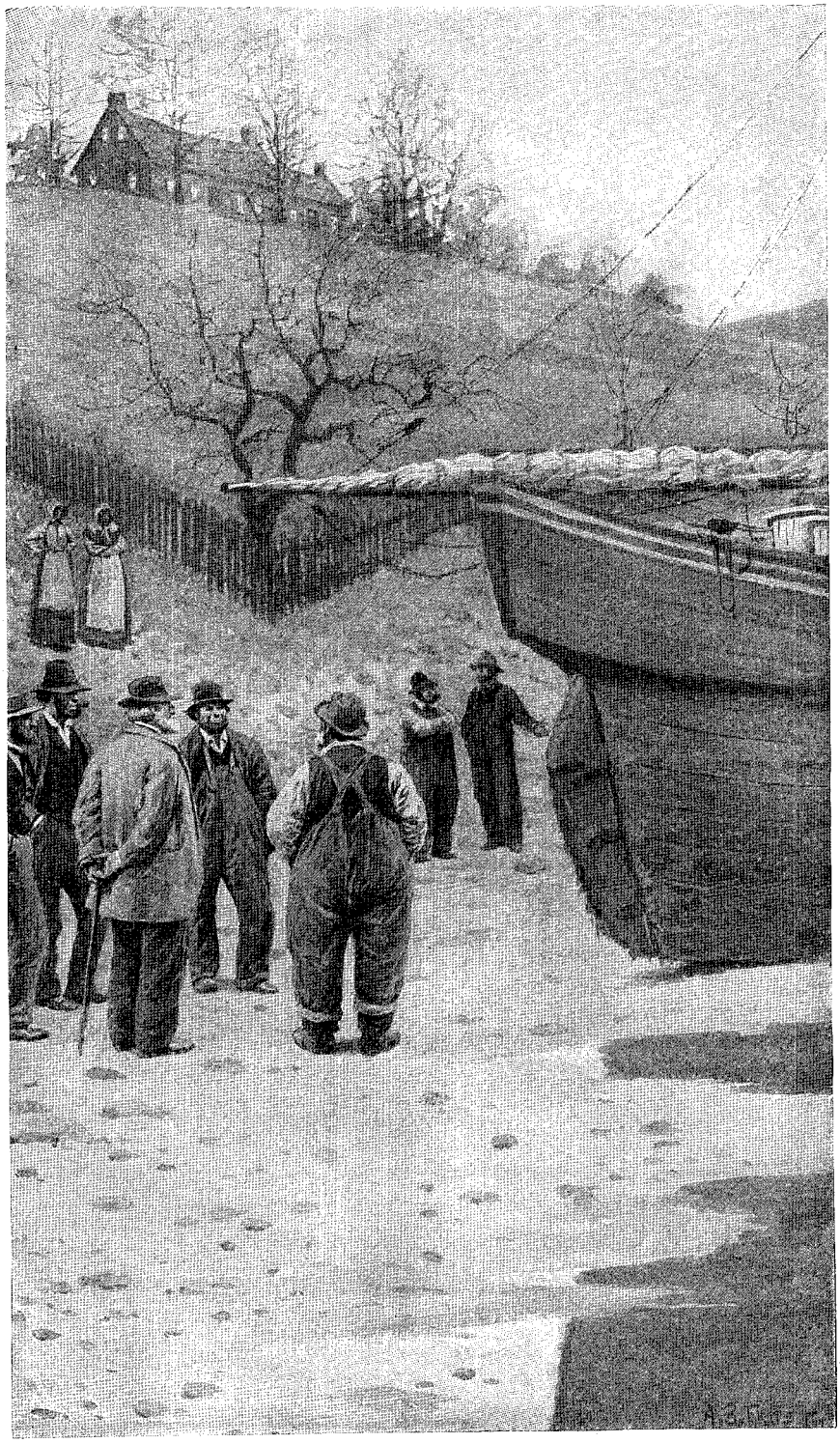

"I believe the creetur's teched."

An illustration for "The 'Teching' of the Vesper," by George S. Wasson, which appeared in the July, 1902, number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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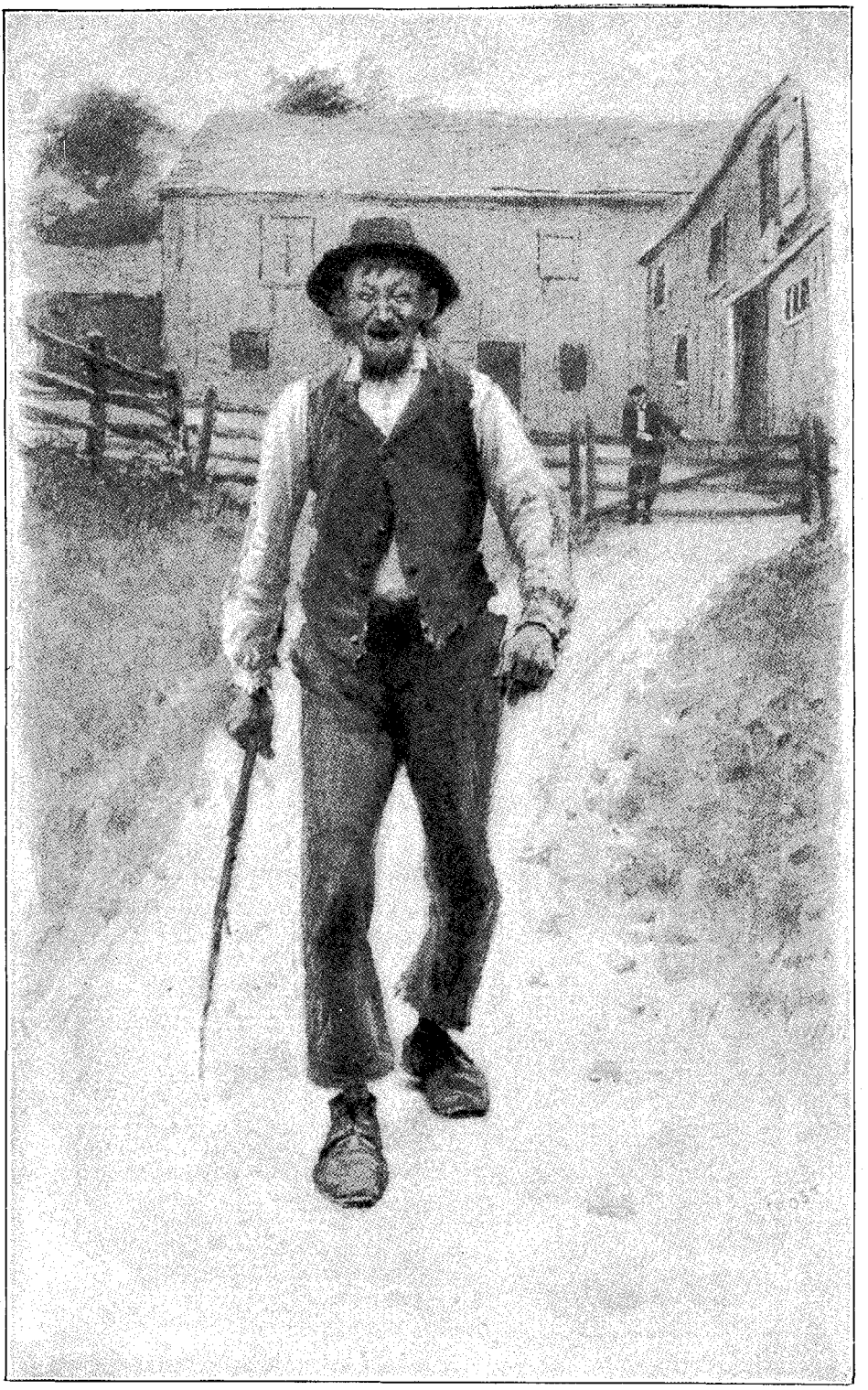

"I could hear similar explosions as he went down the road."

One of the drawings for "The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, used as frontispiece for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of August, 1900.

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"Snipe."

One of A. B. Frost's many hunting pictures. This appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of November, 1897.

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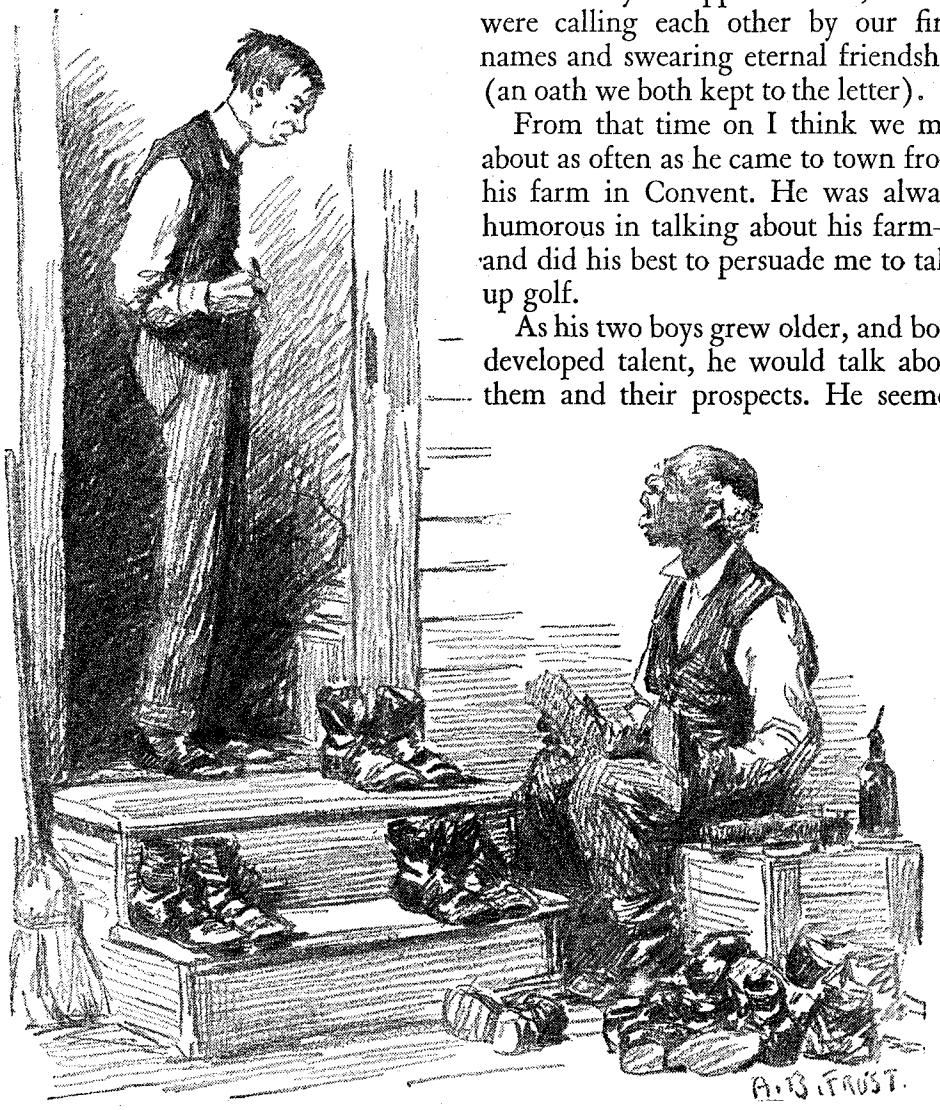
behind you, and most of us went home with a white band of cold bear grease across the backs of our coats.

and McKim—all on one canvas—and taking with me not an altogether unpleasant feeling that I had "grown up."

I not only sat opposite Frost, but we were calling each other by our first names and swearing eternal friendship (an oath we both kept to the letter).

From that time on I think we met about as often as he came to town from his farm in Convent. He was always humorous in talking about his farm—and did his best to persuade me to take up golf.

As his two boys grew older, and both developed talent, he would talk about them and their prospects. He seemed



"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile?"

An illustration made since Frost's residence in California for "The Trial of Jonathan Goode," by John Preston Buchanan, in the December, 1920, number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

We all had to write or draw something on each other's shirt fronts, with the result that I went home that night with an original Frost, Sargent, Abbey, Saint-Gaudens, Twachtman, White,

filled with doubt as to his ability to help them.

What he had done in his own work was so much a part of himself, and so completely natural, that he never fan-

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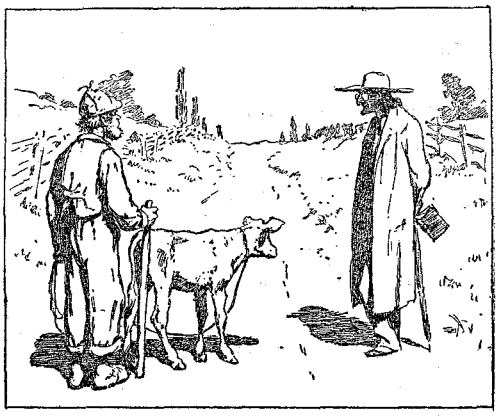
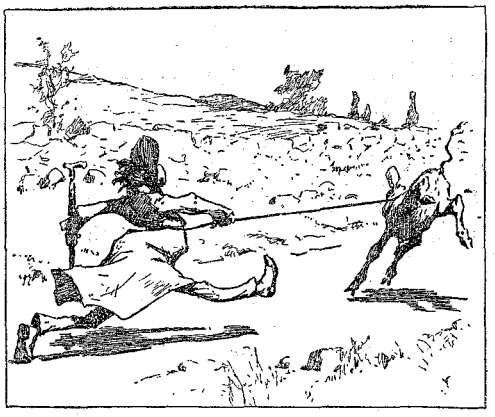
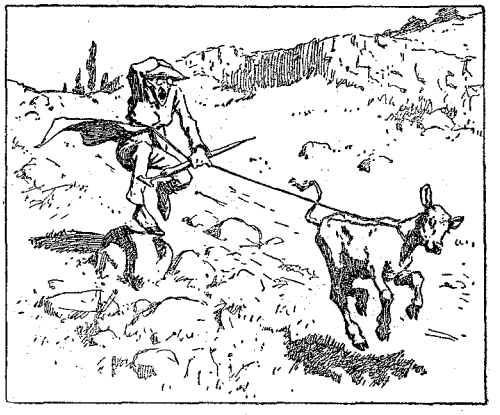


"Make veal of that pretty creature! 'Tis a shame!" says the Humane Man. "I will buy him and take him home to the children."

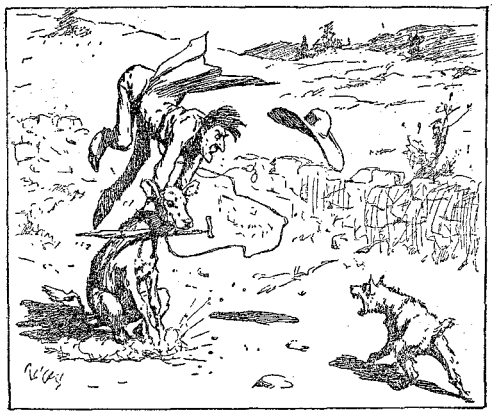
"Ef Oi was you, Oi wud niver toi that rope around me waist," says the former proprietor of the calf.
"Oh, never fear; he is a gentle thing," says the Humane Man.



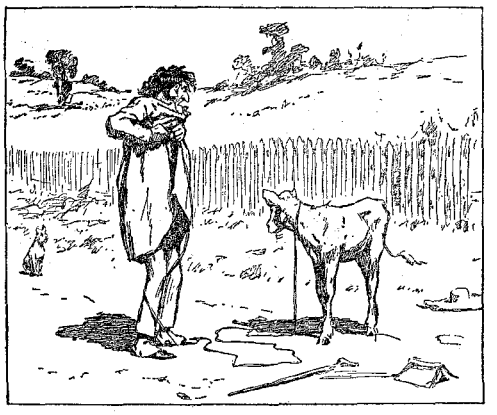
The "gentle thing" develops a tendency to play rather startling to the Humane Man.



And takes him for a little dash down a stony hill.



But is stopped at the bottom by a small dog.



"Be still, little calfy, till I untie this cord—that's a good little calfy," says the Humane Man.

THE HUMANE MAN

One of Frost's best-known comic series which first

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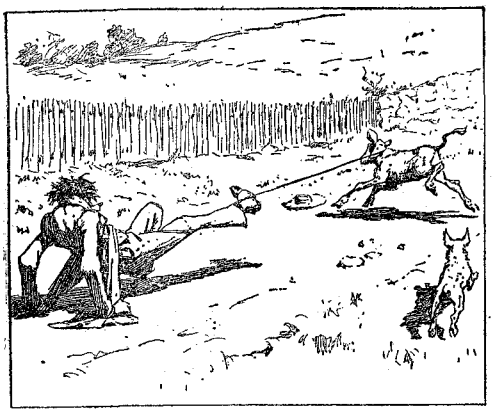
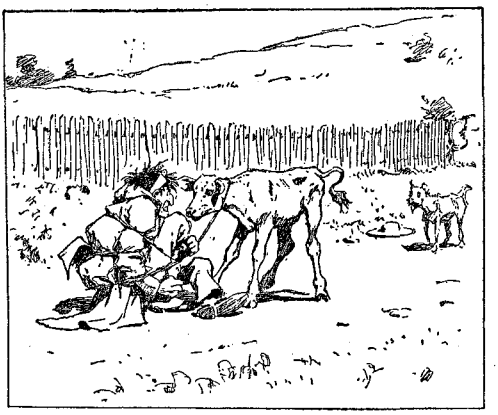
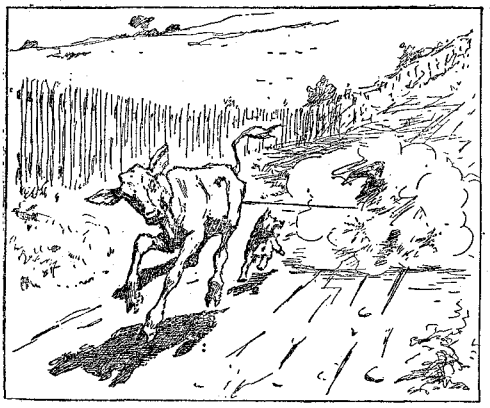


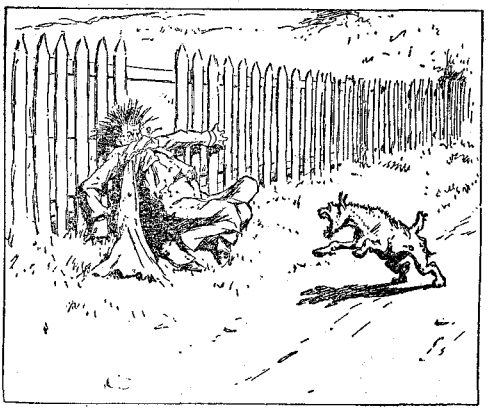
Renewal of hostilities by the dog, and a circus performance by the Humane Man and his purchase.



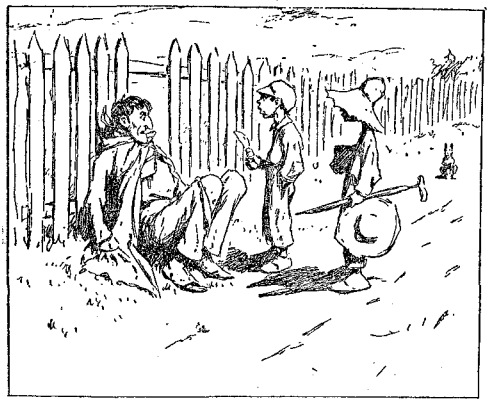
Sudden termination to the circus performance owing to the want of more rope. "You microcephalous idiot," says the Humane Man, "if I had a knife I'd——"



—but the sentence is never finished, for again the dog interferes and the Humane Man is unfurled.



The "pretty creature" becomes really alarmed and goes through a break in the fence leaving the Humane Man in a serious position.



Rescue of the Humane Man by the natives—mutual astonishment.

"Boys," says the Humane Man, "you may have the calf—he is yours on condition that he be made at once into *veal—minced veal!!*"

AND THE BULL CALF.

appeared in the advertising pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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cied anything he had done as being out of the ordinary. As his boys developed he completely and willingly forgot his own work in the interest and excitement of watching theirs. He gave up his Convent house, went to Paris with them and later to Pasadena, Calif.

His friends of an earlier time were naturally fewer. But at any gathering of the Society of Illustrators the mention of his name never failed to bring a round of applause from a younger generation who only knew him by his matchless art.

As a humorous blender of the real and ridiculous, A. B. Frost has stood for fifty years the outstanding head of his profession—one of the very best America ever produced.

Many of his most famous drawings were sandwiched in among the advertising pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. In those days advertising copy wasn't what it is now, and people had to be tricked into looking at it. Frank Doubleday had charge of the pages and he scattered Frost's "Bull Calf" through the back part of one number, and "The Cat that took poison" through another. After that there was no trouble getting people to look through the advertisement pages.

A. B. Frost was typically American —as much so as Mark Twain or Uncle Remus. England gave us John Leach; Germany, Wolf; France, Daumier; Russia, Caron D'ache; and America gave us Frost.

Pen-and-ink sketch done by A. B. Frost while he was living in France, and published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of March, 1924.

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Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

MARFA MANCHESTER believes herself to have brought misfortune, disaster and even death to her friends, to acquaintances. Paul Barker has died of a malady contracted on a visit on which he has accompanied her; Ben has been drowned on an expedition of her proposing. "Stir the fire," she has said to a friend and a flying spark has blinded the girl. An idle impulse comes for a day on the water and, in a squall, the yacht's cook is washed overboard. Max Garvin would bring her calendulas to-morrow, brings them a day earlier at her word, and is crippled in a motor accident. When Maude Brand dies, that bitter invalid, poisoned by jealousy of Marfa whom Lawrence Brand, Maude's brother, loves, Marfa thinks of herself as her murderer, since she has deepened that jealousy. In terror of action she will not keep her father from a Chinese expedition by objection, nor Marcus Bartholomew by asking him to stay for her sake, and she will not touch the life of the negro girl Effie, lest she harm her. She who meant to be so right finds herself wretched, confused, believes herself to be the author of evil.

SHE entered the dining-room and saw her mother reading at the breakfast-table. Marfa asked "Where's Luna?" not as one who cares, but at her mother's reply she stared, arrested. "Gone to the hospital to see Mr. Garvin?" she repeated. "Why, Luna hardly knows him. . . ." "She feels responsible," her mother murmured, and Marfa cried hotly: "For the accident? How absurd, mama; she had nothing to do with his accident." Mrs. Manchester seemed to use her rare grammatical errors for rich emphasis. "You speak jealous," she now said. Marfa flushed, said, "Luna is so . . ." and sat down. Her mother had closed her book—a volume of recipes—and was looking up at her with a patience, with an air of waiting, a look as of one who has waited for years to see a fruit-tree bear which, carefully tended, nonetheless never bears. "She usually stops in here to leave the thermos and the dishes," she volunteered; and when Marfa repeated, " 'Usually'! Does she go every morning then?" Mrs. Manchester admitted that Luna had been at the hospital every morning since her sister had been absent; and sat silent, still with that air of patience, that upward focussing look. Marfa said: "Mother, isn't it terrible for me to sit here and *know* that I've ruined his life too? . . ." To which her mother merely returned, "Oh, dear . . ." and added brightly: "Did you have a good time?" Marfa was silent and they heard the postman on the front veranda. Mrs. Manchester rose, and with short quick steps, a bit uneven, a bit stiff, ran to the door. Marfa thought: "She's young—her out-

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line, her outside is young. But something has gone out of her—the haze, the sparkle, the hardness. . . ." Her mother came hurrying back with a letter. "It's not from papa!" she cried anxiously. "It's in a strange writing, from San Francisco. . . ." Marfa looked. "It's from Marcus Bartholomew," she said. Mrs. Manchester had got the letter open; but Marfa took it from her and read the brief blunt lines: They had not sailed with their party. Mr. Manchester had seemed too much under the weather after his trip, and Bartholomew had stayed with him. But the South American unit had found it convenient to arrive for the next boat, and the two would sail with them and would overtake the main body of the expedition at some point in China. That would give Mr. Manchester a week to pull himself together. Marfa said, "How heavenly of Mr. Bartholomew to wait over with him," and looked complacent, as if Mr. Bartholomew had waited for her sake. Her mother said: "Papa ought never to have gone. I should never have let him go." Her eyebrows arched, she examined space, sidewise. Marfa cried: "You! Why, you did your best to keep him! It was I who could have kept him here, if I had said the word." But her mother claimed irritably: "Nonsense. He is my husband. You are only his daughter." Marfa sat looking indignantly at her mother and said very distinctly: "If he gets sick—if he dies—it will be my fault, mother." Her mother wept, not as an expression of emotion, one might say, but as a process habitized and almost parenthetical. They fell silent. Luna opened the front door and came down the hall.

She entered the dining-room with bright eyes and a manner of haste. She was carrying a light basket covered with a napkin, and she held up a thermos bottle like a chalice. She cried: "He's feeling very bright to-day—looks better, eats better. One almost forgets that he'll never walk again." Marfa said warmly: "It's very good of you, Luna, to have taken my place while I was gone—to have carried things to this poor soul whose life I've ruined. . . ." Luna looked at her coldly. "Ruined?" she repeated. "His life is far from ruined. And, besides, if you remember, it was not your words over the telephone but my silence that is responsible for his accident." Marfa said quite loudly: "Luna, really, you are ridiculous. So is mama." She poured out the news of their father, passed over Luna's lamentations. "Mama thinks *she* let papa go," Marfa cried, "but it was I alone!" Luna set down her basket and turned, her body stiff in some sudden partial death. "Neither of you had the slightest thing to do with papa's leaving," she said. "It was my offering to go into the store that made him decide. Whatever comes to him on this trip is *my* doing."

Marfa looked at her mother and sister. There was Marcus Bartholomew's amused brutality: "You have to have some emotion—feeling guilty is the only one available. . . ." That, she thought, was true for Luna and her mother but it wasn't true for her. It was true of her mother, bored by the quiet routine of her house and facing a year of loneliness, or at least of difference; it was true of Luna, facing a lifetime of isolation which stretched either way from her present, a present immersed, amazingly, in the daily sale of bathtubs and lavatories. Marfa thought: "It isn't their Christian charity, taking the blame. Luna wants something to happen, wants to be *in* things. . . ."

She said aloud: "We must face the

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facts. There are all those that I have remembered and haven't told you about —people whose death and misery I have been responsible for . . . I tell you that I am the one who brings evil to every one." She leaned forward and spoke with terrible distinctness: "Why, in these nine days, while I have been away, I have caused the death of a woman." Her mother regarded her with pointed eyes; Luna was suddenly terribly concerned and said: "Mama, I don't think Marfa is well." Marfa repeated: "Well!" She was aware of her own tone coming from the depth of her chest. She began to walk up and down the little dining-room and to say: "Don't speak to me so. I am living out the most terrible tragedies—one after another of them. Yet you pay no attention to all that. . . ."

Against the William and Mary sideboard she saw Marcus Bartholomew's smile, heard his mocking words: "You want pretense—tragedy—anything to break your monotony. No—I don't blame you. I think it's a healthful sign. . . ." She fell to sobbing, standing before the William and Mary sideboard and sobbing angrily. She brushed aside Luna's hands, turned away from her mother, and bit her lips as if she knew that she was playing the fool.

And as she did so, in a sudden calm, she seemed once more to see her own body, outlined there against the dark wood and the silver, its face distorted, its breath coming quickly, its hands torturing one another, and it crying out words which suddenly seemed unintelligible. Once more she had that certainty that her curious white body, in its arbitrary clothes, had nothing to do with her, with her herself who so oddly watched it.

"It doesn't matter," she said abruptly, sat down at the table again, peeled a peach.

Luna murmured with relief that doubtless the train had tired her, hesitated, and risked adding something:

"He," she said, ". . . Max Garvin, sent a message to you, Marfa. He said to tell you that I had been taking excellent care of him."

Marfa glanced up at Luna, and remained staring at her. For Luna's face seemed to be shining in a pink light, one that folded her features in something more golden than a blush, something that she unutterably enjoyed. She patted Marfa's arm, as if she were unaware of the gesture, and went away to her father's shop, walking erectly, stepping lightly, her even amber face lustrous and almost beautiful.

In the afternoon, at the hospital, in Max Garvin's room, Marfa sat staring at him without speaking. In that clean empty place of glass, porcelain, plaster, his broken body seemed to belong; a body drained of function, of action, even as was the white room. In her green muslin, she herself seemed irrelevant, like the rose phlox and rose gladioli burning on the table.

He said "How are you, and did you have a pleasant time?" quite as if he were lounging before a tea-table and had no personal preoccupation. When she forced herself to question him, he replied evasively, almost gaily, making out that he was well and able. "Think," he said, "of all the things I hate doing and now shall not be expected to do. That truck was a kind of liberation, you know. . . ." She said: "No human being ever had such perfect manners as you. Your life is taken away from you . . . like that! . . . and you make nothing of it. . . ." She ended in a sob.

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He looked bored, said shortly: "Well, I don't like to be sympathized with, even by myself. Don't like to think about myself, in fact." She cried: "But I'm thinking of me . . ." stopped at his smile, and hurried on: "Don't you see how it would be with me . . .? For you don't fool me, Mr. Garvin. In the night—in that time before it gets light—I know how you must wake up and suffer over it—well, that's the way I feel about it—about you—all the time." "Thanks, but please don't," he said good-naturedly. She cried: "But I can't help it—it's killing me, really. If I hadn't telephoned . . ." He interrupted her sharply with: "Look here. *You* aren't in this at all. You had nothing to do with this. . . ." She cried warmly that she had to do with this more than he did, really . . . "for your body suffers, but with me it's more than that. It's more even than you, Mr. Garvin. It's the knowledge that I'm that kind of person—that things turn out terribly because of me. . . ."

He moved on his bed, that stiff, inanimate movement, as if he were a trunk which some outside force had turned. "Do you believe that?" he asked gravely. She said low: "I know it. I've thought of such things ever since I saw you. And since I saw you, I made something else frightful happen—just by a word, as I did with you—this time it meant death. . . ." "Oh, now, Miss Marfa," he interrupted, "you take too much on yourself." She blazed out at him: "Don't you tell me that! Marcus Bartholomew says it's because I want emotions . . . that I imagine all this, Mr. Garvin . . ." He said quickly: "No. He's wrong. Or he may be wrong. It's true of some, as he says. But it's also true of others that they do draw down disaster. Only—that, you know, needn't be true. You may be that sort, as you say. I don't know. But you needn't be so." She put out her hand, as if to cover his words, to snare them and make them her own. "Why not?" she cried, and not knowing how to phrase her question, cried: "What?" He looked as if he had no idea what to say to that, and answered only: "Well, I think you have to work on it. Get your body polarized to draw the good and not the ill. . . ." She cried: "But how, how?" At this he wore an air of embarrassment, and muttered: "Don't ask me." But she said tensely: "I do ask you. You *must* tell me. . . ." He said almost irritably, "*I* don't know. I'm not God," then relented and added: "Be awfully decent, that's all—over every little damn thing." At this she looked so indignant that he laughed and apologized. "I dare say you are, you know. But I wasn't." Already he spoke of himself, she noticed, as if his life had passed. "I wasn't. I poisoned myself—being greedy—running off after things that didn't belong to me—getting mad as a hatter—oh, Lord! 'When the devil was sick . . .' But we're such infernal fools. Well—you look decent. Most people do. But if you want the truth, you're probably all out of key, and things can't work out well for you—or for the people you're with. Mind, I don't mean in my case. You'd nothing to do with me. I had a disaster factory of my own, in me. . . ." He relaxed and said awkwardly: "I don't want to be brutal. But since this thing's happened to me, nothing but the truth seems worth talking about. Still, I don't want to be savage. . . ." He shouted querulously. "That's all I can tell you. Go out of your way to be decent and something happens to you after a while. But you can't do it on purpose, so that it *will* happen . . .

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I don't think I can tell you anything," he muttered; "you're too pretty, too sure. . . ."

She now felt enormous irritation at him, amazement that manifestly he did not secretly admire her; horror that he did actually feel that indirectly she might have had something to do with his accident. She had wanted to continue to persuade him. Suddenly he said:

"Your sister seems a very harmonious person."

Luna? Luna harmonious? She stared at him incredulously.

He went on talking, looking up at some steel-white clouds and talking.

"I've noticed that about her. She seems to have in her something that does the right thing . . . makes things come out right. Had you noticed that?"

Marfa looked as if she felt that most certainly she never had noticed such a thing. But she said low: "Oh, yes. Luna does." And he shot out at her: "You're probably lying. Probably you don't think so at all. Are you sure you're not false like that all the time?" Then he looked horrified and said, "My God, what's the matter with me? Am I going to be a savage old cripple all the rest of my life?" and began to talk rapidly of Luna: "She comes into this room and brings with her an air of peace. She seems to be squared up with things . . . and yet she doesn't irritate you by being so thundering gentle as some women I've seen. That kind, I always suspect them. When they do cut loose, they can be the devil. But your sister seems to have got herself in shape, so that she matches with whatever happens . . . and her soups are supreme."

Marfa listened, and thought: "Well —Luna did want you not to drive over that night. She wanted us not to go to The Dells. She wanted me not to have anything to do with Paul Barker. . . . Maybe Luna *is* like that." She thought: "I can't remember a time when she ever really did bring misfortune to anybody."

"She's been an angel to me," Max Garvin concluded.

Marfa rose, feeling omitted and cold. She agreed rapidly that Luna was an angel, thanked him at large for all that he had said, and added mournfully: "But you mustn't think I feel any the less to blame about you. . . ."

"Oh, thunder," said he.

Marfa drove about the streets of Old Town. Tight little houses, looking finished and inflexible, and as if their people had been boxed up by the clapboards, securely nailed in there, and painted over. There were long low white or gray houses, shaped like coffins, and draped with vines or laid with pink rambler roses, in wreaths. The business houses turned to the road tan-colored inscrutable sides, as if they were crates of goods, shipped in by some giant traffic facility, and ranged along the streets, and bursting with raw materials. On the pavements the people moved, bottle-shaped, containers for process, for effervescence, for flatness, and with stopper-shaped heads, hollowed for the volatile, but hermetically sealed. Along the boulevards avenues of vast black trunks were ranged, piping the riches of earth to flow upward and outward, as fountains of green branches. And all houses, shops, and people shutting away their mystery; motors, animals, and birds moving about as vessels of some ceremony, whose factors were forever hidden. Marfa thought: "Bodies. Mine and theirs. Houses, shops, trees, men, ani-

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mals—all bodies. What fills them, moves them?" Momentarily she had a sense of these inhabited by an energy, as her body was inhabited by her unfamiliar "I." She thought: "It's not my 'I' that makes misfortune. It's my body, like a bad brass, when the music comes. . . ." She lost all this, observing a new make of car, with a California license-plate.

She crossed the river, on a light black bridge, which seemed to have been insecurely affixed against the blue, a black lace arabesque on a pale valentine. The flow of the blue, the flow of the green, the flow of form as the meadows advanced, retreated, and ran round her, gave her a sense of isolation, of herself as a lonely point, stable in a flowing world. Here, it seemed, were great green bodies in eternal open motion, as in town the small bodies were crystallized and closed. Fixed or flowing, what did it matter, so long as the core remained secret? She flew between the fields, and once more—shadowy and incredible, she herself looked from a strange momentary window upon the body which sat confidently on that gray mohair seat of the car and capably drove, acting for her, as her instrument. Max Garvin said she hadn't tuned it in. Max Garvin said that Luna was an angel. She tried to remember occasions on which Luna hadn't been an angel at all.

From a row of walnut-trees by the roadside a gray squirrel ran, nosed along the concrete, walked on four legs, hopped on two, tail curved in a perpetual salute. He was unaware of her, incredulous that a car could mean catastrophe, whatever that was. Cars were safe, not being men with shotguns. He had lived forever, would live forever. Suddenly she was directly before him, honking and even shouting, not knowing how to turn to avoid his flight. He disappeared from her sight, before the engine. She slowed, looked back; there he lay, little body flattened, little bobbing head still incredulous. She sickened, thought, "Not even animals are safe from me," called herself ridiculous, since such things happened to any one; then remembered: "But things like that didn't happen to Saint Francis—couldn't happen to him. He was safety to all living things. He was life and not death." Max Garvin's words came back: "If you want the truth, you're probably all out of key and things can't work out right for you or for the people you're with. . . ." But she had meant to be so right. All of a sudden she felt indignation at Max Garvin, who didn't understand her, who discerned nothing of what she was. At the same time she felt monstrous loneliness. Perhaps Marcus Bartholomew would bring her father home. At this idea she felt warm and pleased, until she remembered how he had mocked at her for devising emotions. Well, there was Lawrence. At the thought of Lawrence she felt a shock, as at the image of one for some time unremembered. He would come to see her. She recalled his look, his manner, his odor; thought, "No, but I mustn't keep him, for I shall do him harm," and realized, as in a beating light, that she had this scruple, in all probability, merely because she didn't love him. Max Garvin's look came back to her when he had said: "Are you sure you're not false like that all the time?" Her body, there on the gray mohair seat, guiding the wheel, pressing the clutch, using the brake, sounding the horn, enjoying the motion—had she built it up of the false, through and through—sealed herself within a lot of

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cells as intractable as the clapboards and plaster and bricks of the houses in town —or as fluid and unstable as the fields? Or, by accusing her body of all this, was she trying to keep for herself, safe and detached within, some remnant of purity and rightness?

Max Garvin had said that Luna was an angel. She turned back toward town. She would go to see that angel.

In the office of the shop where she sold bathtubs and lavatories, Luna, long and amber, sat looking over a catalogue of plumbers' supplies. As Marfa entered this office, which was inordinately freighted with the superfluous, tidily disposed, she looked searchingly at Luna, as one who should say, "Produce your peace," and sat down, examining her mutely, as if looking for the intangible. Luna said: "Hello, dear. I'm going to plunge into colored tile, so to say. Don't you advise it?" To which Marfa returned: "I've been to see Mr. Garvin. He seems to think you're perfect. . . ." Nor did she turn away her eyes when Luna's face changed to that golden light which was more than any blush. She said nothing, but her hands seemed to caress the catalogue of plumbers' supplies. Marfa stared at her, and said: "Luna, you wouldn't think of . . ." And Luna at once replied: "Oh, he wouldn't want that!" Marfa looked away, murmuring: "Isn't that the way they decline a nomination they mean to accept?" Luna's hands fluttered the leaves of the catalogue. "Really, we've met not a dozen times," she explained. "A dozen!" cried Marfa. "My dear Luna, how antique of you. I've seen Lawrence for only two days." This her sister met with a lively interest, less in the subject than in her own escape. "Lawrence?" Luna repeated, and Marfa said calmly: "The brother of the woman I killed."

Suddenly Marfa was off, had plunged into a recounting of the tragedy of Maude Brand. Luna listened, her look revealing that she saw the thing moving before her in images. Sometimes she would pause, lingering too long on a moment—as at that image of Maude Brand in her gown of green fish-scales, her hair bound with brilliants, leaning toward Marfa at dinner, with that impudent mouth masked by solicitude; this portrait Luna seemed to follow with her eyes, inwardly watching it until after Marfa had opened the next camera, so that Luna lost a bit of the negative and was obliged to ask her to repeat. Once, at such a point, Marfa said a reproachful "You're not listening," to which Luna cried in distress that she was, she was—and could not explain that she was listening too well, listening with creative eyes. At the last, when Marfa recounted how they had found Maude Brand on the bench, the head fallen sidewise, the hands arrested wax, Luna cried out, rose, and stood helplessly in the little office, where there was no room to pace. "You see," Marfa concluded, "I killed her. It's no good saying she shouldn't have eaten her brother alive. So she shouldn't—but she was a poor sick thing, without vitality for anything but jealousy." She stopped and looked toward the half-curtain, where the heads outside were obliviously passing. "Marcus Bartholomew would say," she added, "that Maude Brand had no emotion and was trying to fill her quota by being annoyed with me. All the same, it was I who killed her. You can't say *you* did that, Luna!" she cried with satisfaction.

She expected a train of expostulation, of rebuttal, of assurance. Instead she

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heard Luna, standing there beside her, merely say softly and half articulately: "My poor Marfa. . . ." She looked up. "I did kill her, didn't I?" she demanded. Luna said, "Darling, darling," so gently that she seemed almost to be saying soothingly: "Of course, of course." At this unexpected and tacit acquiescence, Marfa began weeping, weeping which, as if she divined its relief, Luna did not try to check; so that her sister, being without interruption, at last interrupted herself, and said:

"Your way would have kept Max Garvin at home, would have kept us from The Dells—would have made me drop Paul Barker. What's wrong with me, Luna?"

Standing there in her straight blue gown, her amber face, with its flat edge of amber hair drooping above her sister, Luna abruptly stiffened as to some task, and when she spoke, her voice came from some far depth in her, where dwelt some sovereign authority.

"I think," she said, from that depth and in that poise, "I think, Marfa, that you care—that you care too much about yourself."

Marfa looked up in the astonishment of having received some broad missile. Her sister spoke quickly, while there was time:

"Thoughts are meant to turn outward. Yours all turn inward. They poison you, and then they act like a poison."

Marfa sprang up, knocking to the floor the catalogue of plumbers' supplies.

"How can you?" she cried. "Don't I die, thinking of other people and the wrong that I do them?"

"Of the wrong that *you* do them," Luna agreed, "because *you* do it. That's what you think of. It's the same thing. It's always yourself, Marfa."

Before Marfa could speak, the calm voice went on: "You don't care so much that Max Garvin is a cripple as that you think you've made him one. From the first, I noticed that. You've come away from him now, sitting there all twisted and tortured—oh, he doesn't let on, but his nurses tell me how he suffers—and you're not thinking of his suffering—you're not even thinking of him—you're thinking of yourself and of what can be wrong with you. I tell you, you didn't harm him—it was I, all I! But it's he that we ought both to be thinking of, and not quarrelling over who hurt him. It's Uncle Marshall and Aunt Phœbe, it's Paul Barker's parents, it's Mona that we ought to be remembering. It's not enough to know what's wrong with us!"

"I said 'with me,' " said Marfa icily, "not with you. You seem to be perfect."

"I don't care whether I'm perfect or a murderer—I don't care," said Luna, and picked up her catalogue. "I only care for his suffering," she added low.

In the small flawed mirror above the safe Marfa saw her own face, with its mistiness gone, with only its hard clarity showing through. She cried:

"What good does that do? Will it keep him from being a cripple?"

"It will help him with his life," said Luna. "If he'll let me, I'm going to marry him, Marfa."

As if she had expected this news and needed no time to digest it, Marfa exclaimed loudly: "He'll let you ruin your life, will he?"

"I'm not thinking of my life," said Luna with exaltation. "And he says that he will not marry me. But he loves me . . . and I shall make him let me see him through."

Marfa stared, her hard face softening, recovering its misty beauty. Sud-

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denly she laughed low and inordinately:

"You're not thinking of him, either," she said. "You're thinking how noble you're going to be—and about how much you'll enjoy that." She kept on laughing. "You're thinking of yourself, just as much as I am!"

In the litter of the office, they stood looking at each other, the stream of heads passing obliviously above the half-curtain. Marfa went on to speak soft defensive wandering words, to which Luna seemed not to be listening.

There came a rap on the ground glass of the office door, and a boy thrust in a telegram. It was from Marcus Bartholomew, was addressed to Luna, and said:

"I am leaving for home to-day with your father who is improved but quite unequal to the journey."

"Thank God," said Marfa, "that I didn't push papa down to China to die, after all."

Luna looked at her and said with deliberation: "The darling. I'm glad he's safely out of all that."

Marfa merely obliviously exclaimed: "How awfully nice that Marcus Bartholomew is coming too!"

Going down-stairs in the dusk of the cool September night, Marfa heard a fire crackling in the dining-room, and she went to it. The fire was in the first rush of its burning, the table was partly laid for dinner, the room was empty. She sat before the fire and looked about, taking account of the familiar room, its familiarity a factor in the sudden attacking strangeness of its aspect. This was the dining-room. She stared about at it and found herself thinking: "It will be like this for fifty years. Will nothing change for me, either?"

Erralee came in with dishes—a sombre figure, negative in color, in clothes, in expression, the light catching the amber glass plates in her hand. It occurred to Marfa that neither now nor when she had seen her earlier in the day had Erralee had for her any smile of greeting, any softening of that even glaze of countenance.

"Erralee," Marfa said almost sharply, "how is Effie?"

The glaze cracked as if it had been struck from within. Erralee began to rock her body.

"Effie she try kill herself las' Sunday night," she said, rolling her head, her eyes closed, her arms wrapped round each other.

"What do you mean?" Marfa asked angrily.

"Yas'm. She take a powdah, but it didn't work—not yet it didn't. She's in the hospital in the city . . . yas'm."

"Why did she . . ."

"She couldn't get in no school—no'm, not even with mah fif' dollars. So she went to work in a laundry, an' the man that she work for—I don' rightly know, but she took the powdah. . . . Oh, mah Gawd, I'se burnt up the gravy. . . ."

Marfa sat still. At least she was not responsible for this. For Effie, whose life she had refused to interfere with, and expressly, lest she should cause harm to her too. She had had nothing to do with Effie's being in that laundry, she had not affected Effie in any way, she had withdrawn from all connection with Effie. Abruptly, in some great gust of terrible humor, the raw meaning of this opened to her. By her refusal to touch at Effie's life, she had not the less conditioned life for Effie. She wrapped her arms round her body as Erralee's had been wrapped, her body rock-

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ing as Erralee's had rocked. She said to herself that the whole world could not be responsible for the whole world. She said to herself that it was folly to blame herself for this—or for Mona. And in the flames she saw Marcus Bartholomew's face, laughing and saying: "No, there's no kick in that—nothing clean-cut and terrible, like murder. Nothing but compassion for the mess."

When Luna came home, Marfa met her in the passage, and said: "Luna. I wouldn't send Erralee's niece to school—wouldn't touch her life—I didn't dare. And now she's tried to kill herself . . . and I've done that."

Luna said: "That poor, poor child! I'll take Erralee and go to her. . . ."

Abruptly, in the dusk of the passage, Marfa saw her own body standing, crying out that it was to blame, and felt herself helpless somewhere inside that body. And she saw Luna's body, standing so quiet and so poised, while Luna thought of what was to be done for the girl. And Marfa cried out loudly:

"But *I* am just as able to think of myself nobly as you are! *I'll* go too and see what can be done for her!"

Coming down the stairs, Mrs. Manchester extended her spectacled face over the balustrade and said: "What you two found to get so interested in?"

The three came home together toward dawn—Marfa, Luna, Erralee. They had gone to the city, found the girl in her hospital, heard that she would recover, arranged that she should come to them on her discharge, and had returned on an express, rushing between a shower of sparks and a shower of stars.

At the Old Town station Luna said, "Let's go across to Ketchum's ridge," and they had sent Erralee home, dumb, the whites of her eyes trying to thank them.

The two stood on an elevation above the tracks, looking over river marshes to the indifferent changes in the east. Some rails cut the marshes; the steel caught the light in straight ribbons; some pools shook out the light into flat rosettes. Marfa said: "Luna, when we stood there by that girl's cot, you seemed to give her strength. She looked at you. And the woman in the next cot, that one bandaged to her eyes, her eyes followed you. If they looked toward me, they looked away, back toward you. You have something." Luna said: "It's nothing. I'm used to sick people—inside me, I mean." And Marfa cried: "Inside you! That's it. But inside me I must be like Maude Brand. Malignant!" Luna said, "That's morbid," and moved away, so that she could stand alone, looking over the marshes.

Marfa would not let her be. She called to her: "Luna! We had the same parents. You were born four years before I was. Had something happened to our parents in those four years?"

Luna turned to her the dark eyes, above their mats of shadow, and hollowed by her sleeplessness. "Don't put anything more on them," she said.

Marfa cried: "You see! Your spirit toward people is good—it's good. Perhaps it doesn't matter whether your head thinks straight or not."

Luna came toward her and said curiously: "Yesterday you spoke to me of Lawrence Brand, as if he—as if you—And then you talked about his sister and forgot him. Are you . . . do you . . ."

There was something about the nakedness of dawn, the nakedness of

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"Scarlet Journalism"

BY SILAS BENT

The value of illicit love to the newspapers is tremendous. The Beecher-Tilton scandal in the last century turned the tide and now the ballyhoo of lechery is at its highest, declares this able and experienced critic of the press, yet the papers refuse to print scientific facts about sex.

In Kansas City, some twenty years ago, Doctor B. Clark Hyde was accused of a series of murders. The theory of the prosecution was that he had undertaken to kill several heirs to the Swope fortune in order that his wife, who was one of them, might inherit a greater share under the terms of the will. Strictly scientific the murders were. The testimony at the first trial, which I reported, showed that Doctor Hyde infected with typhoid germs a water-cooler in the millionaire's household and then, in his capacity as family physician, caused to be administered to his patients capsules containing strychnine mixed with cyanide of potassium. Trained nurses gave the fatal dose innocently, because the capsules precisely resembled a medicine Doctor Hyde was prescribing for typhoid. There was, from a murderer's standpoint, this added advantage: That strychnine and cyanide cause different sorts of convulsions, so that neighborhood physicians summoned hastily when the death-throes began were quite bewildered by the symptoms.

In the first trial Doctor Hyde was sentenced to death, but he finally went free. My newspaper experience even then embraced a variety of murder mysteries, but this seemed to me more fascinating than any other I had encountered. My judgment, I was to find, was narrow-gauged. On my return to the office of the St. Louis newspaper for which I reported the trial the publisher said to me: "It was a good story, but not a great story. It lacked the supremely important selling factor—illicit love."

Until then I had not paused to reflect on the value of illicit love from the newspaper standpoint. Afterward I came to understand that, lacking this element, the Hyde-Swope case could not have got such generous space in the press had it not been for the mystery involved, the size of the estate, and the cold-blooded skill with which the killings were planned. Compared to a triangular complication, these were minor elements; and in recent years I have marvelled at the eight-column pages given to stories which, lacking all these, possessed at least the value of illicit love. Conspicuous among them, of course, was the Snyder-Gray case.

In this a corset salesman and his paramour clumsily did the woman's husband to death. There was never any mystery about it, the insurance involved certainly was not staggering, and the principals were of no social distinction. There is a snobbery among newspaper editors which sets great store on the "élite" factor: this it was that caused the nauseating daily splurge for months when the scion of an old and aristo-

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cratic family married a quadroon; if the young man had been a nobody, the nuptials would hardly have been noticed. But in the Snyder-Gray case the press was hard put to it to explain away the employment of "trained seals" by the score (including Will Durant, David Belasco, and Peggy Joyce), in addition to assigning to the case more skilled reporters than have ever been sent to a session of the League of Nations. Therefore news editors made a virtue of the status of the defendants. "The fact that the chief characters in the story were of the bourgeoisie," said the managing editor of the New York *Evening Post,* "was one of the important reasons why the case sold papers. It was understandable to more people." The city editor of *The World* chimed in: "Snyder-Gray was a great story because it was a great tragic drama . . . typifying and projecting as it were onto a screen the modern metropolitan psychology. It captivated the metropolitan reader with unparalleled strength, principally because every man saw a picture of himself in Henry Judd Gray and every woman a picture of herself in Ruth Brown Snyder." And the assistant editor of *The Herald Tribune* agreed that public interest arose from the fact that the man and woman were average, *normal* suburbanites!

A trade journal of the press, *Editor and Publisher,* gathered the symposium from which I have quoted; and although the periodical is sometimes outspoken in its criticism of journalistic methods, in this case it sought to justify the enormous inflation of a thoroughly sordid felony. In a column editorial under the title "A 'Good' Murder," it said that the crime presented "nearly all the popular points," and added: "Certain moralists are sure to high-hat this story and condemn the newspapers for printing it. But even they must read it and be thrilled. It is hot stuff, that's what it is. . . . A thousand sermons on the 'wages of sin' text would scarcely compare in value with the preachment that has run between the lines of this story."

That was the common newspaper defense, although one tabloid editor said bluntly that the story sold papers "because most newspaper readers are married, or hope to be; are committing adultery, or hope to." This cynical estimate of "reader interest" hardly accords with the theory that crime news acts as a social corrective and prophylactic. Let us turn from the editors, who think of news in terms of mass circulation, to Arthur Mefford, a reporter who helped cover the story. Said he:

"Never, in my opinion, was there another story in which so much bunk got into print; nor another story so badly faked. . . . Toward the last, except for a few of the older heads, the gang covering the courthouse and jail made no effort to verify the thousand and one rumors that sprang into existence out of thin air. Instead, they rushed to the telephone, hurried into print, and then had to deny it in the next edition. At the trial the same conditions prevailed. The whole affair was hippodromed."

Archbishop Whately, eminent alike as a logician, political economist, and theologian, once observed that to have a wrestling-match with a chimney-sweep was foolish; even if one were victorious one was befouled. Charles A. Dana and Horace Greeley, leaders in the journalism of an earlier day, apparently espoused that theory in evading wrestling-matches with merely sa-

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lacious news. Dana barred from the old *Sun* such words as "seduction," "amour," "lust," and "adultery." "I won't have anything printed in *The Sun,*" he declared, "that I would hesitate to read to my daughters at the breakfast-table." But Greeley, nevertheless, denounced all his competitors for their recklessness in "fanning the flames of hellish passions . . . for the sake of private gain," and called *The Sun* "a depraved and filthy sheet." As a fact all the New York papers, including Greeley's *Tribune,* and nearly all the provincial dailies, revelled in the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The Chicago *Tribune,* indeed, gave a greater coverage even than the New York papers, some of which printed special supplements in order to give full verbatim testimony. This happened in the middle seventies; and the case got more newspaper space, it has been asserted, than any other private event during the last century. The story marked the breaking of an old and decent tradition. Chester S. Lord, who was managing editor of *The Sun* from 1880 to 1913, said recently that the Beecher trial "created more public excitement" than any other he could recall, and that it "turned the tide." Since then, he added, "with increasing laxity, we have reached present-day conditions of plain language and verbatim testimony and unblushing description of the details of crime."

The increasing laxity of which Mr. Lord speaks goes farther than he indicates. During the half-century which elapsed between the Beecher-Tilton scandal and the Snyder-Gray murder the American daily press became less and less discriminate in its exploitation of smut and lubricity. The divorce action of a rich banker and his wife ran like a sewer for years through its columns, and apparently no charge was too foul for publication; but these at least were persons whose wealth gave them a certain social consequence, entailing certain social responsibilities. The Snyder-Gray case, which covered a greater acreage of pulpwood than any of its predecessors, marked an evil eminence in the ballyhoo of lechery.

Not only as collectors of filth from the divorce courts, and as exhibitors of sex in crime, do the newspapers act as channels of suggestion. I pick up my daily as this is being written and note a half-column Associated Press story cabled from London, dealing with the costume Miss Helen Wills wore during an international tennis-match. Her ample skirt and middy blouse with quarter-sleeves moved the correspondent to assert that she was "fully two years behind the tennis-court fashions," and to quote Lady Crossfield as saying that within a decade the feminine players would dress like bathing beauties. (This is printed as though it were news, not a fashion article.) The despatch continues:

"The hard-hitting girls of to-day want the sheerest silken garments, dainty and diaphanous and they want no more of them than the law demands. Some of the Wimbledon stars appear on the courts in silken sweaters and jumpers of delicate hue. As the hard-fought matches progress they peel off one after another until it seems that the garments they have left could be numbered on one hand with two or three fingers idle."

Cable tolls are paid on such stuff, not because it has any element of news in it, but because it is titillating. When John S. Sumner raids a theatre or a

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book-shop or a picture-gallery he can be sure of newspaper co-operation, thus expanding the market for whatever it may be that Comstockery regards as unseemly. Under pretense of giving instruction in physical culture some newspapers print pictures of half-clad chorus girls; others conduct prize contests for beautiful women and shapely legs, display "art studies," and devote columns to the mistresses of night clubs. The process runs not only through the news columns but through features and fiction, as well as through rotogravure sections, sprinkled with pictures of undraped actresses and females in bathing-suits.

Doctor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, has made a discouraging study of Benjamin Franklin's paper and the papers of modern New York. He found that literature, music, art, and the stage took a fraction more than twenty-eight per cent of the space in Franklin's Philadelphia journal, whereas misconduct and crime occupied less than five per cent. In the present-day New York newspapers he finds that literature, music, art, and the stage occupy a fraction less than four per cent, while more than one-fourth is devoted to fashions, athletics, and sports, a fraction less than four per cent to misconduct and crime, less than one per cent to religion, and four-tenths of one per cent to education. Such surveys as these are not entirely satisfactory, because different persons apply different standards and categories, besides differing in their assignment of stories; how, for example, would the story about tennis costumes have been classified? It is more satisfactory, perhaps, for the individual reader to scrutinize his favorite paper on his own account, and determine what stories and pictures he regards as demoralizing, suggestive, cheapening, or debasing.

"A scarlet journalism," says the assistant managing editor of *The World*, "is coming into being and has already gone beyond the excesses of the yellow journalism of a generation ago." Meanwhile another editor of the same newspaper decries "a growing menace of puritanism in news." We shall see presently that, viewed in a certain light, the two men are not far apart. The second of them declares that he is not so much concerned about the tabloid picture papers (although one of them is sometimes called the *Pornographic*) as about the tendency of the whole press, including "the so-called decent papers," to create popular demigods—"pagan demigods" I myself have called them more than once. "Why," he asks, "did nobody publish the story of the history of the Lindbergh family? Because we think it would be bad for people to know that the domestic situation there was not as beautiful and harmonious as it ought to be, as the background for the immaculate young man whose high moral qualities rather than his engine enabled him to make the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris."

Observe, please, the use of the words "immaculate" and "moral." Colonel Lindbergh, a brave, modest, and prepossessing young man, has been exploited by the newspapers at the other end of the scale from their exploitation of Valentino.

Colonel Lindbergh's adventures have been a gold-mine for the daily press, but in Kansas City at least the newspapers got even richer pickings, so they reported, from the Hickman case. Wil-

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liam Edward Hickman, a Kansas City youth, abducted, murdered, and mutilated a twelve-year-old Los Angeles girl, and delivered the torso to the father for a ransom of $1,500, paid on the assumption that the child was still alive. In the Missouri city, where the youth's parents were living, the story sold hundreds of thousands of additional papers.

So far as I know the only newspaper which handled the Hickman case courageously, conscientiously, and constructively was the Brooklyn *Eagle*. *The Eagle* is distinctly a "home" paper, of large circulation and great influence, published in a borough of churches and homes. It did not deal with the horrifying details of the Hickman story, but with its social implications, and gave the facts about the prevalence in New York City of such psychopathic cases. Let me quote some passages from one of its stories, written by Thomas S. Rice:

"Hickman is of the type of potential killer which is far more wide-spread than is generally supposed. At present practically no penal or legal jurisdiction in this country has the proper equipment in men and facilities for weeding out such killers when they run afoul of the law in their early stages, or for confining them for life, or for long and indefinite periods, when they are recognized.

"American papers pursue the ostrich-like policy of ignoring the danger to the community that lies in depraved offenders, and for fear of accusations of being sensational or filthy, refrain from warning the public by publishing at least the outlines of many cases which have been aired in the police courts or higher courts. Such prudery leads to a distinct disservice, in this writer's opinion, and the sooner the press and sociologists appreciate the fact, the more children will be saved from debauchery or murder, or both."

There followed a painstaking and shocking catalogue of the police and court records in New York City of men recently guilty of offenses against children; many of the offenders had been paroled. The newspaper did not set down the cases of disreputable women, but the cases of persons known to be of psychopathically unnatural habits. It was noted that the penal and reformatory institutions of the city were not provided with psychiatrists assigned to weed out the definitely abnormal and dangerous persons, for treatment in other institutions. Indeed, there are no other institutions, owing to public ignorance of the need for them, to which such patients could be sent.

"When the public," wrote Mr. Rice, who is a member of the New York Crime Commission as well as a reporter, "is properly aroused by publication of the actual, uncolored news of certain crimes, taxpayers may be expected to provide the money for a systematic reduction of the menace."

How many newspapers picked up the gauntlet thus thrown down by a sturdy contemporary? Mr. Rice tells me of two: a Long Island daily, which he does not name, and the Michigan City, Ind., *Evening News*. The latter has a circulation of 5,201. The big-city papers, which set the pace in the trumpeting of sex, ignored his pioneer work, and so the public is about as much in ignorance as before of the danger confronting its children. The press could not even enter a plea of confession and avoidance to his charge that they were doing their readers "a distinct disservice." Quite the contrary! I

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note that the newspapers of this country got from the last Congress postal reductions amounting to an annual cash subsidy, out of the taxpayers' pockets, of $6,600,000; and that this "is due," according to Louis Wiley, business manager of the New York *Times,* "very largely to the recognition by the President and Congress of the public service rendered by the press." On the record I should say that the Brooklyn *Eagle* and its two followers are entitled to their share of the subsidy, but that other newspapers might have some explaining to do. Is it possible that Congress has been negligent about the exact character of newspaper "service"?

The Eagle is almost unique in its scientific approach to news involving sex. Doctor Edwin E. Slosson, head of Science Service, caused a survey to be made of the uses to which the press puts scientific material issued by that agency. It was a good survey, because it covered forty papers in big cities and small towns daily for a period of two months. With that as a basis, Doctor Slosson declared:

"The conventional taboo on the free treatment of sex subjects in the press is supposed to have been removed, but this does not include science. A sex scandal will fill pages of even respectable papers with prurient detail, but it is impossible to get into print any item about the vitally important researches being made into the physiology and chemistry of sex, no matter how circumspectly and scientifically it may be worded. That is to say, sex problems are admitted to the press when they are indecently treated, but not when they are decently treated."

The only reply I have seen to this damaging indictment was that Science Service distributes features, and that "many editors think they are not responsible for the 'news,' but are responsible for feature material and editorial comment." Obviously, this is disingenuous. The same selective process can be exercised in every department of a newspaper, news and feature and editorial—even in the advertising pages. The truth is that newspaper editors think indecent sex material sells papers, while material treating sex from a detached, cool, and scientific standpoint does not sell papers, and tends to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

The venery, libertinism, and smut which the newspapers shovel cannot survive if newspaper readers have access to scientific analyses of sex behavior. About such an analysis there is the disinfectant quality of carbolic; it contains nothing obscene and nothing suggestive; but if the newspapers were to print it they would lose their market for triangular love-affairs, divorce-court indecencies, and sex crimes. The press prefers to deal with such news for revenue only. For financial reasons it has arrayed itself on the side of puritanism and obscurantism, as against science in the field of human conduct. It helps to maintain the taboo against intelligent and enlightened discussion of these matters. By indirection it applauds Cardinal Hayes in his pious pronouncement that "little children come trooping down from heaven." It fortifies public ignorance. It encourages the havoc of degeneracy, functional insanity, and dementia præcox.

I do not mean to say, of course, that publishers and editors are guilty of wilful depravity. It is sufficiently clear, I believe, that they have lost sight of their public obligation in a feverish competition for mass circulation, which fattens advertising revenues. For this they in

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part, in part newspaper advertisers, are to blame. A few journals, notably the Boston *Evening Transcript,* have taught the men who buy space the value of class as against mass. That the whole press has been too indolent or too greedy or too stupid thus to improve at one stroke the quality of its news, features, and paid announcements, as well as the standards of its readers, is to its deplorable discredit. So long as the present condition continues the newspapers will find that their actual and undeniable merits are obscured, in the public view, by their prurience. Until they mend their manners they will witness the deepening of a dislike and distrust already dangerously wide-spread.

One Hundred Per Cent

BY LEO V. JACKS

Uncle Henry flicked the reins over the black mare, and shifted his quid of Union Leader. "What'd you think of all the speechifyin' at the Crossin'?"

As any dutiful fifteen-year-old nephew would, I said it was good. The Crossing is a town of a thousand inhabitants, and, like many such towns, it takes its Fourth of July undiluted. When there is any Americanism to be dispensed, the Crossing always gulps a liberal dose.

This ideal rural festival had just terminated after a barbecue in the grove, many tubs of pink lemonade, firecrackers till hell wouldn't hold them, and of course some perspiring orators. Now it was sundown, and Uncle Henry and I were on our way home. The yeomen had milled around all day in the hot sun, red-faced, panting, and happy. They enjoyed everything.

The chief speaker was the Honorable J. O. Coughlin, our congressman, and if he didn't twist the British lion's tail, and pull all the feathers out of the Austrian eagle— He gave the French hell for not paying their war debt, and the crowd said he ought to know, for he was there in '18.

He talked at great length about the gallantry of our boys in the war, and he told a story of a very brave Y. secretary who had run out into no man's land, or some place, under the fire of eighty-four machine-guns and several regiments of the Bavarian Guard to rescue some wounded soldier. While this story was being related, I heard Uncle Henry swearing under his breath, and I thought maybe a mosquito had bitten him. Mr. Coughlin told none of his own brave deeds. I suppose he was too bashful.

As I studied him, I couldn't help thinking that he would be a dangerous man in a fight, for he was big and heavy, and he looked strong enough to put an awful push behind a bayonet. Then, too, he had an air of embattled virtue which indicated that when he was roused he could be terrible. It was a mighty good thing for our district that we had such a man to protect the public interests. And, yet, he had an ingratiat-

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ing way; tall, with a fair, full face, and bright, trusting blue eyes, and a great hand-shake. He dressed very well.

A young boy is a natural-born hero-worshipper. You know how quickly he will construct a heroic character out of any big man he admires, and how badly he feels when he sees the feet of clay. I'll never forget the story of the Chicago White Sox trial, and the newsboy's wail, when Joe Jackson fled from the court-room with his hands over his face: "Say it ain't true, Joe, say it ain't true."

The mayor had introduced Coughlin as a veteran of many battles, who had gone into politics to purify them. I didn't see any medals on him, but he was probably modest and left them at home. The mayor said, anyway, that he had been in some desperate battles, so, like any youngster, I watched the big man with a good deal of admiration and not a little awe. I'd made up my mind that on our way home I'd quiz Uncle Henry about those battles.

Uncle Henry is thin-faced, and always clean-shaved. He has bright gray eyes and a retiring way. He is five feet nine, and he limps a little when he walks. He got a shrapnel bullet in his left foot at the Fond des Meszeires, and didn't go to the hospital.

So, you see, he is an alumnus of the A. E. F., and a clever one, too, and a skilled manipulator of the esteemed soixante-quinze. Now, as we jogged along, he hummed gently over the exploits of the mademoiselle from Bar-le-Duc, and the old farm-wagon rattled. Uncle Henry rolled his quid reflectively and ruminated for a moment. Then he spat accurately at a thirteen-striped gopher that darted out of the rut just in time to escape the encroaching wheels.

"Fourth of July speeches don't mean nothin', kid," he observed. "The politicians—and that goes for Coolidge and Coughlin, and 99 per cent of the men holding offices that they got by votes—they don't care a rap for the common people, or the soldiers either, spite of all they talk about battles, and brave boys, and all that."

"Well, if the politicians don't appreciate what the boys did in France, the people did," I said. "They've elected some of these fighting soldiers to good jobs. There's Mr. Coughlin——"

"Yeah? Well, if the people feel that way, they sure show their appreciation of the fighting man in strange ways.

"Now, I recall a fellow in our battery, and he was—but I'll tell you all about him.

"When our Brigade started up to the Marne in July, the dope had it that there would be a big battle. It came, too. Well, this fellow, a handsome blond with blue eyes and very fair hair, whom you can call Spicks or Sticks, or some such thing, was a cannoneer.

"In the middle of the last night, when we were getting close to the front, and we could hear the guns booming and see the red flashes on the sky-line, it began to rain cats and dogs, and what with all the mud and confusion, and the trampling, and the troops jammed up in the crossroads, and the black darkness, Sticks or Wicks lost his way, and went somewhere else. Damned if we didn't have to go into action without him.

"Our Brigade was in fighting at Fresnes, and Courmont, and the Croix Rouge Farm, and Chamery, and Dravegny, and old Death Valley, where we buried a lot of our good men, and so on, from July 30 to August 24. You'd think, now, wouldn't you, that a

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rabid patriot who was just yearning to kill him a few Germans would have found his way up to the front, and rejoined his regiment in the course of twenty-six consecutive days of hard fighting?

"But Sticks or Bicks couldn't find his way. By day the thunder of the guns could have guided him somewhat, and at night you could see the sky all lit up like the mouth of hell and fiery red for miles around Hangar Claudin, and Fismes, and Fismettes. But he didn't see or hear. From where we lost him it was only a ten-mile walk to Courmont, and many's the time we hiked thirty miles between sundown and sunrise, so the distance couldn't have bothered him much.

"But, anyway, on August 25 we were pulled out of the Aisne-Marne entertainment, and started elsewhere. And our boys went along feeling pretty chirrupy, because they had it that we were bound for a rest-camp. Soldiers are optimistic cusses. They still think a rest-camp means rest.

"Well, sir, second day on the road we ran right into Ticks or Spicks, and there were tears in his big blue eyes as he told First Lieutenant Finnegan, who happened to be our commanding officer because the captain had been killed by a shell, how hard he'd been hunting for us, and what a rocky time he'd had away from the battery, and, gee! couldn't he have something to eat? He was damn near starved.

"So the Looie rode back to the rolling-kitchen, and he said to the cooks: 'This poor son of something is in an awful fix. Can you give him a little snack?'

"They said they could, and they did.

"For the next three days Spicks or Hicks was one of the most diligent boys I ever laid my two eyes on, and he certainly made some of our prize duty-dodgers look like what they were. He chopped wood for the kitchen, and worked at this and that, and he begged Sergeant Nixon to give him back his old job on the 75.

"On August 27 came a God-awful hike. All day and no let-up. Top speed. Night fell. Some of our men began to get pretty leg-weary. The old horses groaned, and panted, and cursed in horse, and the colonel made every son get down and walk.

"The country we were passing through looked tough. Fields all shell-holes, and the houses in ruins. Besides, you don't go to rest-camps on twenty-four-hour forced marches. Finally, about three in the morning we began to see the old red flashes and hear the guns. We didn't know where we were, but we knew there was a hell of a battle going on, and that was the reason for all the hurry. We were slated for a nice juicy job, probably right in the front row.

"Then it rained. Ye gods, how it rained! But at last our column, blistered and tottering and groaning and cursing and starvation-hungry, pulled up under some trees in a meadow to take a final inventory before we stepped in where the water was deep.

"Then somebody discovered that Sticks was missing. Lost again. By God, that boy had tough luck! He always got lost when there was a battle in the offing.

"The great Oise-Aisne drive is all history now. We had a wild time in company with the First Moroccan Division. They're the greatest soldiers in the world. I take off my hat to those North Africans.

"Our division lost a lot of men, but

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we took all our objectives, and buried our dead, and, finally, our brigade came out on the 6th of September, after about nine days of real big league battling.

"We were marching down the old sunshiny road toward the Forest of Retz when here came Sticks. Lord! he was a sorry-looking mess, but he was sorrier when Lieutenant Finnegan clapped eyes on him. 'Jesus-God!' Finnegan roared. 'Donner und Blitzen! Sacre nom du chien! Git me a pair of handcuffs quick!'

"And if he didn't grab that Sticks in a hurry, I hope to spit in your mess-kit.

"Believe it or not, Sticks had had a lot of hard luck. Practically all the hard luck in the A. E. F. There were tears in his eyes while he told about it, and Finnegan couldn't make him shut his mouth. And, believe me, he begged hard, and argued.

"For a while nobody really believed that he got lost the second time, but if you keep at a story long enough you can make some people swallow it. And, of course, we didn't have any handcuffs. What'd you do with handcuffs in a regiment of field artillery?

"So Finnegan had to let him go. But the officers were disgusted, and some of the enlisted men that'd had their friends or relatives killed said Spicks should be made an example of, and they talked about court-martial.

"You'd think, maybe, with all that hanging over his head, Picks would have deserted in dead earnest. But he didn't. He wore his air of injured virtue day and night. He was humbler than ever, and more diligent. He cut wood, and he didn't have to be told. He worked hard for the cooks, and he stuck to the battery like a leech. And all the time he protested innocence, and swore his disappearance had been an accident pure and simple. He may have been pure, but he was not so simple.

"We went to a damn rest-camp in the Haute-Marne, where we did everything but rest, and before there was time for a court-martial, before there was time for anything but one or two good drunks, the whole brigade was hustled away to Verdun. The underground telegraph said that all the battles fought up to date would shrink into nursery rhymes alongside what was coming. So we tightened our harness, and oiled the guns, and ate everything we could get. We never let the war interfere with our appetites. And every night we went legging it in thirty-mile hikes up through the Bar-le-Duc country, past Eurville-Bienville, and on to Esnes.

"It rained every night, and lots of the boys fell down by the road just plumb paralyzed, and every morning our column was thinner than the day before. And all day long the cripples would come staggering into camp, and the cooks fed them, and helped them along. We had good cooks.

"On the morning of September 23 we limped into the Bois de Brocourt. The rain stopped, and at six o'clock the sun shone. Lord! that was a beautiful morning. Some birds were singing, and the grass and leaves were sprinkled with rain-drops shining in the light. There were little sunny meadows all around. Lieutenant Finnegan said that when breakfast was over, and the horses fed and groomed and watered, we could sleep all day.

"When we lined up for mess, there was no Sticks at the kitchen. The head cook, Jones, said that Sticks was with them some time during the night, and

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then again, all of a sudden, he wasn't there. Just like that.

"Lieutenant Finnegan never said a word, but his face got as hard as a steel trap, and I figured it'd be the firing-squad for Sticks if we ever caught him again. So we went on blithely, and from September 26 to November 11 the Meuse-Argonne drive was on, forty-seven days of continuous battling in a country that'd make the Dismal Swamp look like a public playground.

"And our regiment fought in most of that fight, because we saw thirty-nine consecutive days of the fun. When they brought us out at last we could just totter, and that was all. Clothes in rags, equipment busted, guns blown up. Seventy-five per cent of the old horses were dead, 72 per cent of the men killed, wounded, or gassed.

"Nobody laughed, or joked, or talked. They just walked along, glassy-eyed. When it was time to rest, they rested, and when the guides said 'Go,' they got up passively, and went. Thirty-nine days in the Meuse-Argonne without a break. Ask anybody that was there.

"After a week or two we'd hobbled down into the neighborhood of Neuville-sur-Orne, and damned if we didn't walk right on to Private Sticks. And, believe it or not, he got lost on that hike to Verdun. He smiled a wan smile when they took him to the guardhouse. He said it was tough treatment for a poor boy who was trying to do his duty, and had had misfortunes. But the M. P. snapped him off, and said that the Y. was also doing its duty, and having misfortunes.

"Our regiment wasn't really a hard-hearted crowd, and nobody hated Sticks, though they all despised him. But you'd think we were a lot of Pontius Pilates from the way he behaved toward us. He got six months in the brig, and the guards cuffed him around a lot, but he was damned lucky he didn't get shot.

"When we finally came back to America, old Finnegan said: 'Turn the blankety-blank son of a skunk loose, and let him go.' So Sticks chirked up immediately. I heard he worked 'em for an honorable discharge."

The plodding team was beginning to descend into the old hollow around grandfather's farm, and we could hear the crows cawing in the woods, and some squirrels barking in the great cottonwoods overhead.

"Gee," I said, "that fellow was a dirty yellow coward, and I wouldn't trust him with anything. What made you think of him, Uncle Henry?"

"Oh, I *saw* him—at the Crossin'."

"You did?" I cried. "Who is he?"

Uncle Henry got rid of his quid of Union Leader, and flicked the reins sharply over the black mare before he answered: "Why, our honorable congressman, J. O. Coughlin."

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From Prize-Ring to Professor

BY H. W. WHICKER

A personal record of one who has known the heights and depths of life. His answer to the question, Does college pay? is interesting.

My college career will end in June—like a theatre pass which automatically expires on a specified date. It began in 1915 on the campus of a Middle West university. It extends, in all, over a period of eight years, not including the twenty-one months I spent in the United States navy during the World War, a like period in the prize-wrestling ring, and an occasional attempt at teaching in the public schools. During those years I have been an athlete, an instructor of college English and journalism, head coach of a major branch of college athletics, and finally a graduate student.

When I first entered college I was thirteen years younger, and a skilled carpenter capable of earning good money in that field. Next June, if nothing happens, I shall be the possessor of two academic degrees, but I shall also be entirely unfitted for any professional connection with the world—barring, of course, that final refuge for the much-studied and little-learned, the public schools. And in this field, considering salaries paid, and the deplorable machinelike quantity-production tendencies of mass education which have finally made half respectable the ignoble business of sheep-herding, there are few opportunities for a professional career. I have before me, as I write, many application-blanks from high-school systems in various sections of America. Though it was not printed so, one condition stands out in bold type: *Candidates past forty-five years of age need not apply*. Eight years of preparation—ten years of future! Old men and women are no more wanted in the teaching profession than very young children in modern apartments. But it should be so; the regulation is an excellent one. Youth should not have its instruction from old age, or even middle age, for, at best, it is niggardly, suspicious, prudent to overcaution, and its animal heat is on the decline. Health, enthusiasm, idealism, and animal heat are prime requisites in any teacher of youth. The colt leaps on the treadmill; the aging gelding plods. Both come to the same end, but there is inspiration in the antics of the one.

And yet, in my case, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the view that college pays. I will grant, at the same time, that it is fast degenerating into an intellectual slaughter-house: run 'em up a chute; each menial have a blow at 'em as they pass; get 'em through; stamp 'em with a B.A. degree, and ship 'em out into the world to be devoured. But this is not so much college as it is life; and occasionally there is a break in the monotony when a pig escapes from the chute!

One September morning of 1915 I was for the first time upon a university campus. I wanted to do something, but

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I did not know what I wanted to do. This was quite natural: few people know what they want to do, whatever their profession. If the yoke is on their necks and they submit like oxen, this cannot pass for intelligent foresight with any one but a banker. None of my professors knew what they wanted to do. The presidency was not the star to which Lincoln hitched his cart in his youth! If I do not yet know what I want to do, I may again offer myself the consolation that this is also life.

And in my ignorance the university misdirected me. But here again, in this labyrinth of life, all direction is at best misdirection, and this which I received was at least sincere. The fault cannot be chalked against the university, but against one whose nature permitted him to be misled. The ass is a product of birth, not circumstances.

I heard the chimes peal forth the university anthem, and that day, of all days of my life, I wanted to do something. As this sentiment struggled for an expression my young soul could not give it, I fixed my aim on a broad target much spotted by bad shooting—I would do something for my school! This catch-phrase was wagged with religious fervor by every tongue. It was a patriotism I could never at that time have questioned. "To my country," cried old Stephen Decatur, lifting his glass, "may she ever be in the right—but to my country, right or wrong!" It was a beautiful sentiment; and to be loyal to a cause, good or bad, is indeed something. No schoolboy, however, in a day when school history laid the foundation for all war propaganda, could take exception to the view that a man should fight for his country when she was in the wrong. In the militant little intellectual world of that morning it was dinned into my ears that I must give my all to the old school—to the team; but it never occurred to me that the school—or the team—were by the divine ordering of things to do anything for me. No freshman of that day or this was ever capable of such a heresy. To my college—my all, but to my college nevertheless! There in my heart it burned, a strange, thrilling sentiment not differing in the least from patriotism. A tradition, they called it—a tradition honored and never to be questioned—an axiomatic and prescribed principle of human conduct—that man, in this strange, straitened world, should give his all for his college—something which consisted, I was soon to learn, in cheering vociferously at every mention of the team.

Thus was I misdirected. I thought I was interested in art, but I knew nothing of art; nor did my friends. We were fine young fellows swaggering under our beer and infallibly diagnosing the shortcomings of the eternal female. Our interests were animal interests; we knew more of the body than of the soul. Consequently we glorified the body. What little recognition I had in college, back in those days, came not from my efforts in the abstract and lovely, but from physical achievements. To make the team was the most important thing in the world! And why not? No man of twenty or twenty-five is as yet a rational being if he is healthy. I am of the mind that the worst sin committed by modern college administration is in its policy of treating him as a man ten years before he is a man. Nature must so busy herself with bringing his animal body to its perfection and prime that she can permit him no chance to be a man until this has been accomplished. His soul is only in the bud when he is thirty; ac-

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tion, before this time, is his life. It was mine.

Logically, football is the worst of folly; so is every other sport, and the traditions built around it are none the less foolish. It is not improbable that from five to fifteen years are sacrificed by the athlete on the altar of victory for his place in line or backfield. Yet he is striving; he is generously sacrificing; he is loyal to a cause, and in the interests of this cause he is lavishly exercising his faculties. To compete with other men and win, for it is ever our nature to prey upon our kind, is something achieved; and to have won is worth all the years it costs after the half-century mark. It may be at best but child's play, but child's play, in its perspective, is every whit as much of worth as the fierce, menacing gestures of doddering old age in its little mills, its little sweat-shops, and its little counting-houses. Life is a child's task from beginning to end. If, then, ten or twenty years of my life have gone into something on the surface so trivial, it at least has the advantage of subtracting these years from the period of my decline; it will at least prevent me from living overlong beyond my time, as is the case with many a hoary old sinner who, fearing to die, bestirs himself with ways and means of living long and badly. Gold is better bright from the prodigal's hand than tarnished in the miser's claw; and so with youth and health. In the end it will all be gone, at any rate; its worth is not in being jugged away until it sours, but in the sparkle with which it is for a brief moment port.

Before many months passed I made an ass of myself in college. I had it in me. I dabbled a bit here and a bit there, scratching out with indifference an occasional kernel of English, a few more of art, none at all from history, and even less from mathematics. In but one thing did I throw myself, and that, competitive games. I may never amount to anything, as the saying is to-day; in fact, I'm quite sure I won't. Yet, unlike the myriads who amount to nothing, and they are all who live and breathe, I can at least look back and say that there were years in which I lived cleanly, vigorously, fumbling the ball occasionally, and again making yardage for a cause.

I knew nothing when I left college to join the navy at the declaration of war with Germany. But for that matter no one knows anything, or ever will. I was in a goodly company. My body was still asserting itself. I could see nothing heroic in a man past the prime of his life, with the hoar frost of age around his ears, and given to philosophical commonplaces because his body had begun to wither in its autumn and creak in its joints. It was all a great experience, these twenty-one months which followed, but I cannot dwell upon them here. Their importance rests in the fact that I was again allied with a cause—a bigger cause.

In December of 1918 I was honorably discharged from the service at Bremerton, and, through some mystery of lost records, without the month or two of pay due me from the government. It was not long before I found myself penniless on the streets of Seattle. Democracy is a fickle mistress at best, and smiles only when she is in dire straits; prosperous now, and her chin up, she regarded her saviours as a serious form of the plague. Like any ex-service man hitching up his belt with hunger, it was necessary for me to live in whatever way I could. An adjustment to new and strange circumstances was im-

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perative. In college I had mastered the rudiments of wrestling; my education in this field had continued in the navy. Consequently I turned to the wrestling-ring.

For the first time in my life I was without a cause; for pleasing the public, in whatever form, is not a cause—it is a vice, and none the less so that it comes from the prize-ring. I drifted for eighteen months: from the lumber-camps of Washington to the wheat towns of the Nez Percé prairie in Idaho; from the mining-camps of Montana to the cattle towns of Wyoming. It was a sorry existence at best, leaving me a misshapen nose, a cauliflower ear, and other facial deformities which skilled surgery was later to remove at a cost greater than I could afford.

In this, as in other things, I was temperamentally unfitted for an adjustment to circumstances; I had a supreme contempt for the mobs who alternately demanded either mine or my opponent's life and limbs; their adulation was worse even than their contempt. Ideals, which had somehow survived the rigors of the past few years, loomed across my path like the Great Wall of China. I did not realize, as I now do, that pleasing the crowd at whatever cost is the highest duty of a public servant, whether in the ring or the executive's chair. Neither did I know at that time that the actor's art is, and has ever been, a higher form of art than that of Hercules.

The promoters, I soon found, are compelled to study the likes and dislikes of their public in the same spirit as a writer of best-sellers or a publisher of newspapers. The promoter is far less brutal, and vastly more humane, than the crowd. He cannot afford to have his men injured, nor can they afford to be hurt. His ballyhoo of personal animosity, his traditions of annihilation summed up in such grotesque sobriquets as "The Manassa Mauler," "The Kansas City Butcher," "Strangler Ludke," and the various "Turrible Turks," are all for the entertainment of the public. These glowering giants, who in public are agents of death and destruction, are, after all, in private life, quite human, and in some cases the best of friends. On the stage they act their parts as faithfully as Barrymore the characters of Hamlet or Beau Brummel. Any stage must have its heroes and villains, even the ring. What goes on behind the scenes matters not. It is enough that they are, in their way, artists. If Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, and Strangler Lewis play their parts and play them well, this is all to their credit, and the public sees that in life which it can appreciate. For my part, I could not become a partner to the farce, nor could I endure the disillusionment concerning an institution which had so long summed up and totalled my fondest childhood ideals.

I was sick at heart and empty of purse when I received an offer to coach wrestling in a State institution belonging to the Pacific Coast Conference. What a change! The clouds were gone from my horizon as if by magic. The young men contending for places on the team were as I had been years before: the red blood of health was coursing through their veins; the restless eagerness of young manhood was in their movement; and they wanted to do something for their school, as I had once wanted to do something for mine. It was a revival of the ancient crusading spirit which sent knights a-galloping and a-spearing for their ladies. These young gentlemen were convinced that

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they were doing both themselves and the world a great service, and so they were. They fought for me; they honored and respected me far beyond my deserts. And to be even a little honored, even a little respected, by one's fellows is not by any means the least of life's wealth. This is one of the many things I must throw on the scales in favor of the balance that college, in my case, has paid.

It was during this first year that I renewed my correspondence with a professor who had taken a strange, fatherly interest in me years before on the university campus. I am by no means the only wayward son who has been the object of his affection; in fact, he had, and always will have, an impulsive love for any lad with enough spirit to make a fool of himself in the eyes of the world. Many a tender plant has he sheltered from the frost; and his interest in me makes me one of a brotherhood in bonds stronger than those of blood. I shall always regret that I was never able, during those days, to plumb the depths of his great soul. Had he been as physically imposing as my wrestling-coach or football mentor, it would have been different. His spirit was a part of all that is lovely and beautiful in human living; and, though he called it to my attention in divers ways, it made no more impression than an unassuming seed planted in the moist earth, and pregnant with a flower which has yet to bud and bloom. I thought the bronze bust of Dante a likeness of some fierce Sioux chieftain one day in his office, and it amused him more than I can tell. I tolerated him, I confess, because he was good to me beyond words, busying himself about me and looking after me like a father-confessor. His letters had followed me through the navy days; and in one instance, at Ellis Island, when what little I had was stolen, he mailed me a check I could not cash because my spirit had at last fallen under the spell of something nobler than material. I read his letter on my bunk that day through a mist of tears.

The coming of his letters again, now that I was out of the ring and could read them with an honest face, was like a gentle rain from heaven on a plant that is withering in the drought. My soul seemed to warm with a fire divine; beneath the strange surface-currents of life I began, for the first time, to discover the little cross-currents which belong to the soul. Under the influence of his letters I turned again to my neglected studies. By the end of my first year as coach I had completed the requirements for my B.A. degree with honors. For this I was given an academic instructorship in the institution.

The following year found me busy with my composition classes as well as with my athletic squads. I saw life in college, that year, from a new perspective. And from this perspective college students are a queer lot. They wear dirty cords, I know; but they wear them as the monk his cloth. They do queer things and make queer noises—but in the spirit of a crusader waging war on the infidel Turk. Their worst fault, I earnestly believe, is their overseriousness. Humor is not in them. Their ideals will not allow it, for their spirits are heavy under set standards of what life ought to be. They have no patience with the world as it is; they will have none of it, tempesting themselves rather to create one of their own. Their zeal in making the world better is that of a fanatic; hence their allegiance to any cause however foolish. It is only in their lighter moments, and these are far too

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few, that I have ever seen frivolity. On the football-field, in their dingy rooms where, among stolen traffic-signs and barber-posts, their heads are drooping over dry philosophical matter, in their bull-fests, everywhere, they are over-serious, overready to reform something, join something, express themselves as something. Few of us are privileged, during this life, to know youth at its best; and to know it thus is to live in an atmosphere that is fresh and pure for the growth of the soul. Eight years on a campus is too small a price for such a return!

Then came graduate study. My professor of Chaucer was a fine, human little man come to life from an Old English print. And a scholar with true philosophic depth! Through him I came to know Chaucer; and through Chaucer, Boethius; and through Boethius, Plato; then Socrates, Aristotle, and that goodly company of old Greeks who gathered in the symposia of that day. It was the same in Shakespeare; I had contact here with a truly learned mind in the person of a most precise and methodical professor, who delighted in booting me headlong into the pool of scholarly excellence and holding me under until I was half drowned. Their influence upon me was that of my first professor, whose letters still come to me from the university. These men have at least given me a glimpse of life's lovelier and more beautiful things. They have given me a wealth not to be had from the United States mint. If I cannot carry it away and purchase happiness in life with it, this is not their fault.

Through these contacts I have learned, I fear, that Santa Claus is very much of a myth; that God does not wear whiskers, take shorthand notes, and drag after him an incinerator, and save exclusively the souls of Methodists and the chamber of commerce. The instruction I have had in a crowd has taught me a way of escape from The Crowd. If I am a moth tumbling back with my wings singed, I yet have the consolation of having been on my star. If, after these years, I find my level in the depths, when I had hoped to discover it on the heights, I have at least had an instant with the gods. College, then, has indeed paid.

Deportment

By Barbara Madison Tunnell

That deftly now I do comport myself
In the curt, casual mode you see is true.
To certain rubbish on an attic shelf,
Beside a faded hat and tarnished shoe,
I've summoned the concern of moth and mouse
And mildew. With a lofty, languid grace
I sit and sew and keep my pretty house
And nonchalantly tend my garden space,
No longer eager, raptured, or distrait.
The rose may take her lazy time to flower;
I shall not mutter at slow Spring's delay;
I count no minutes, mark no day, no hour;

But if I go stiff-lipped through lilac season,
Ransack a dusty shelf to find the reason.

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Heroes Then and Now

BY FREDERICK PALMER

The reputations of the great military leaders of the World War viewed through the perspective of ten years by Frederick Palmer, who saw them all close at hand when their reputations were in the making: Kitchener, Haig, Foch, Joffre, Pershing, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and others.

THEY pass by in the light of ten years' perspective, the famous World War military leaders whom I saw close at hand when their reputations were in the making.

Some have grown with time; some have contracted; some have become shadows of tarnished tinsel. Each must be judged by the conditions which tried his soul in major crises, whether he was in the saddle receiving the cheers when victory came or spending himself in preparing the way for victory.

Lord Kitchener has grown. No man seems to have been so nearly indispensable to Britain. No one else could have been equal to the task performed by the empire's soldier pro-consul and bulldog warrior in the early stages of the war.

His overawing prestige alone was invaluable in winning public support for full authority in army preparation. He had vision in the midst of the blind and the short-sighted; he had the right measure of the power of the German military machine; a clear plan in the midst of confusion for the long struggle which he foresaw when "Business as usual!" was the cry in the streets, where it was considered almost treasonable in August, 1914, to think that the enemy would not be beaten in a few months.

I see him with his front of Jove in face of the bad news from Flanders which substituted gloom for optimism in the streets, and there in York House in prodigious labor far into the night in his lonely one-man power in what must be a one-man job. He knew how little they knew out in the streets which were sending him the raw recruits and untrained youth which he must form into an army and officers not for war on native races or bands of Boer riflemen, but against the inheritance and training of great armies in continental warfare.

He knew, and knew that he knew; and stuck to that thesis. His hand was on everything. In spite of his defects the sum of his arbitrary qualities was the need of the hour. He was the bridge between muddling and organization and preparedness and unpreparedness.

He had worked himself out before his tragic end. But the foundations were laid. It was time for younger and fresher men to carry on the building. He had survived his usefulness—but what a great usefulness by what an indomitable character!

Sir John French fades even as the glory of his "Contemptibles" waxes into one of Britain's most heroic legends. The dashing cavalryman of South Africa was a chip on the wave of the grudging retreat of his men before a power whose complicated tactics were

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not in the lexicon of his training. His place was not in that major-league arena.

Kitchener was kind to his old comrade in arms, but French made no allowances for Kitchener. What a change in the atmosphere of headquarters when Haig took his place!—a change which the censorship did not pass.

Haig, too, had vision; he, too, knew from the start. He had studied the German army on its home grounds. His mind expanded to the immense new problem. Early he said that it was to be a war of attrition. There was always calm at his headquarters, where life was as simple as at an English country house, when his was the most cruel task of attrition.

He had no elbow-room for manœuvre against the German wall. His new army was forced into offensives before it was ready. It was always answering the call to strike blows to relieve the French or Russians, alternately the hammer and the anvil in protracted siege warfare.

In spite of heavy losses for little ground gained and costly repulses, Haig held his place. He soundly opposed the eastern adventures which endangered and nearly brought disaster to his front. The nimble-minded Lloyd George disliked the calm soldier, to whom all politics was guile as repugnant as courted publicity, and would have preferred to have relieved him; but there was something impregnable in Haig's moral superiority which made the premier always hesitate on the brink of decision before the question: "Who to succeed him?"

Haig was far from a hero to the British public. He would not pose as a figure for propaganda's stuffing and gilding. But Haig was Haig, after all an embodiment of the poise and phlegm, the "back to the wall" stubbornness, and the great permanent qualities which the British like to think are pre-eminently their own.

Four years of stalling did not habituate him to the defense. When the opening came he was quick to action in the offensive which followed up his success of August, '18, by storming the Hindenburg line. Protests from London, lest his temerity—reversing the old complaint against him—incur too heavy losses, reached him after the victory was won by moderate losses.

His calm was will in control of highly sensitized nerves; and it was the strain of this, although no mark of it showed on his face, which brought his death. Nothing so became his method as its climax in placing all his own memoranda in the archives of the British Museum, not to be published for fifty years. So, dispassionately, he left his place in history to the time when hopefully history can be dispassionately written.

The tragedy among British generals in war's gamble of reputations was that of Sir Ian Hamilton at Gallipoli, which no man surely could have retrieved after the blundering introduction for which he was not responsible.

For Hamilton heart-break, and for "Bull" Allenby, glory! Hamilton would have been perfect in that Asia Minor campaign. Many a British general with his colonial campaigning experience of swift marches on exotic backgrounds and inheritance of dealing with native races would have been easily a hero to British imperial imagination in the taking of Jerusalem. The public liked to see the pins on the map move fast without considering the nature of the resistance.

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In the military sense the Turkish campaign was a side-show, a raid; for, win the western front, and all the plums would fall. Lucky Allenby to have had the chance—and in making the most of it!—which he would not have had if he had been one of the shining lights in the war of attrition.

Joffre has grown to me in one sense. At least I see the value of his part better than in war days when, in contrast with Foch, Gallieni, Pétain, Castelnau, and other French generals, his heavy head was nodding over his desk.

We might say that it was without precedent that any general could survive Joffre's mistakes; but then there was McClellan, who could keep on losing battles and overestimating his enemy, and yet hold the faith of his soldiers. That of itself is a gift, and, as in Robert E. Lee's case, joined to masterly offensive—defensive strokes against heavy odds—it makes for true greatness.

Sound French staff views could not persuade Joffre that the Germans were coming through Belgium. He mobilized east of Rheims. There was no awakening him to the fact, in the early part of August, '14, that the Belgians at Liège were not really holding back the German right wing which was banking up in mobilization for its catapultic swing through Belgium. He made the wasteful abortive offensive into Alsace which precisely fitted into the German tactical scheme.

Wholly outwitted and outgeneralled at the start, and then flanked, Joffre was forced back by the full impact of the German masses when they were ready. Not superiority of numbers—quite insufficient against soldiers of equivalent metal—but only the very audacity of German confidence and contempt for the foe warranted the German hope of enveloping the French army and forcing another Sedan.

French courage and the generalship of subordinates saved the situation. On the French right, in Lorraine, Castelnau, who will also grow in history—son of the old *noblesse,* ardent royalist and Catholic under suspicion in Republican France to his professional cost—broke the charges of the German left on the slopes of the Grand Couronné and saved the gap of Miracourt.

Foch was in the centre, reading the enemy's mind, resolute and skilful in defense, masterful in his dispositions, timing boldly his answering offensive with opportunity. In Napoleon's time Foch would have been made a marshal on the spot.

And Gallieni, great heart, great soldier, was in Paris. From the first he had realized Joffre's mistakes. He was prompt to grasp how von Kluck was exposing his flank; he fathered the decisive counter-stroke. History might have been written very differently if Foch or Gallieni had been in command of the French army in July, 1914.

The German army was not a beaten but an arrested army when it fell back from the Marne on chosen positions. In the subsequent race to the sea the procrastination of the heavy Joffre also left the Germans to dig in on commanding ground in continuing the French line in northern France and Flanders.

But Joffre became the popular hero of the Marne. He was seen as having saved France from the fate of '70; as having drawn the Germans on to a crushing repulse by his counter-attack.

Ten years after the event we have a clearer answer to the question of "Why keep Joffre?" which was being asked in '14 and '15 in high military circles behind the curtain of censorship. He

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had the large head and the white hair of a sage on a body that was of the soil to the peasant, or to the townsman—one who might be seated in a chair in front of a prosperous shop, or one of solid worth.

He seemed to exemplify the sturdy qualities of a France in stubborn resistance when foreigners thought the French so emotional; and British phlegm to the British. Without engendering friction and bitterness, no other commander could have had the prestige after the Marne to weed out incompetent generals and colonels whose mistakes were an excuse for his mistakes.

He was a willing subject for the propagandists to endow with a benign, fatherly air,—a "Papa" Joffre to his soldiers. Like Kitchener he filled the need of the hour. He served as the bridge holding French morale steady, between the Marne and the time when the British new army should be ready. But he was a bridge in place too long—even before Verdun caught him napping.

He was as old a man for his years as Foch, of the same age, was young for his years. An appealing and charming incident that at a review, when, Joffre's steps being heavy and lagging, Foch gave him his arm and gently aided him forward so that he would receive the cheers.

Foch? What is there to say, except to write a number of volumes, or that Foch is Foch. His genius is as undisputed as his place is secure.

"Professor" Foch, author of "The Principles of War," was known to all military students before the despatches first carried notices about the doings of General Foch. But could the great expounder apply the principles of his book in action? So few expounders can, especially when that action is war. Foch could, even excelling his texts in his succession of demoralizing blows—after the turn of the tide and America was on the front in strength—with which he hastened the end.

As the phlegm of Joffre appealed to France in his part, so the electric touch of Foch appealed in his part. Foch's quick gestures and exclamatory directions over his map made great tradition live again in victorious combinations which recalled to the French mind the élan and swift dispositions of Napoleon's day.

It had seemed to be a misfortune that Foch, after his brilliant work on the Marne and in the Ypres salient, should so long be denied full play for his abilities. Yet it was fortunate for his fame. For surely under no leader could unified command have succeeded before attrition had sufficiently softened the enemy and America was making her armed strength felt in the war. The result would have been failure to break the trench wall and Allied dissensions embittered by recriminations. Probably unified command could have profitably come only in the unity of desperation which the German offensive of March, '18, compelled.

I think that in the world view Pétain among French generals has been too much obscured in the shadow of Foch's fame. Pétain, of "They shall not pass," was a colonel in the Marne battle who fought his way up to high place. He came to the command of the French army after the bloody, disorganizing failure of Nivelle's ambitious offensive in the spring of '17. (Poor Nivelle! Attrition had not yet gone far enough to apply his tactics which might have had success in September, '18.)

Pétain had to deal with mutiny of

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some French regiments and utter discouragement. So close to his soldiers, a stern father who as a veteran of hard knocks knew veterans—a more efficient "Papa" than Joffre—he restored heart and discipline to the French army at a critical moment. A very able tactician—having the instinct of generalship, if not the book lore, as in Grant's case—he was all soldier. It was he who broke out to Foch, man of the world and good deal of a statesman, in the course of a conference:

"But that's the statesman's business, not the soldier's."

And Pershing? A commander from the Rio Grande who had been policing a frontier and chasing bandits came to sit in the councils of the masters who had had two years' experience of vast professional armies in action. But he had travelled much; he had seen war on a large scale between Russia and Japan.

It was very serious if the President had made a mistake in his choice. Pershing was far from home; he must have full authority. This was an advantage if the choice were right, but delayed the truth from reaching Washington if it were not.

It was soon clear that he was a good listener, but did his own thinking. After he had studied the situation he sent a despatch to Washington on July 11, '17, embodying his conclusions and his plan.

America must prepare to send at least two million men to France to win the war; he would prepare his organization to command and supply three millions if need be. The American sector would be in Lorraine: and when ready the American army would strike in the flank of the German line to cut the arterial Metz-Sedan railroad and possess the Briey iron-fields.

We had to make our army out of the raw, as England had, to face the German machine. Pershing saw that discipline must be rigorous and interpreted by rigid and specific regulations when officers too had to be trained. He would not exhaust his force piecemeal when half-trained, except to meet a crisis. He would instil it with the offensive spirit, weld it by unremitting application and standardization into homogeneity.

Once in action he would have a flow of reserves to keep on hammering in the Grant tradition. Through all the vicissitudes and conferences he never lost sight of his vision, and shaped every event toward the fulfilment of his plan of an integral American army which should be the final and decisive Allied reinforcement.

A Spartan, as hard on himself as his soldiers, he ploughed steadily toward his goal. His career had been one of absolute soldier subordination, and this he required of others.

Propaganda found him unresponsive to the arts that build up personal legends. That was not quite being a soldier to him.

On June 2, 1918, when the success of the third German offensive had started the evacuation of Paris, the premiers of France, Britain, and Italy (Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando), on Foch's authority, signed an appeal asking us to hasten three million men to France to assure, first security, and then victory. And Pershing's divisions already in France were now ready for battle and took the offensive.

By the 11th of November he had fed 1,200,000 men into the Meuse-Argonne battle, and we had 2,000,000 men in France. Prematurely for his preparedness he had pressed the offensive

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which had been planned for the spring of '19. We had cut the Metz-Sedan railroad. The Briey iron-fields were ours.

By the time that Haig's memoranda are released I should say Pershing will have such a place in history that any possessor will value one of those clear notes of instruction and command he used to write on his scratch-pad.

Time has added to the stature of another American general. Harbord entered the war as a captain. First the organizing chief of staff of the A. E. F., then a commander of a fighting division, he was sent in July, '18, to resolve order out of the chaos of the Service of Supply. The captains and experts in civil transport and industry had been in distress for want of leadership in an enterprise so strange to them. The former captain was equal to that giant task of co-ordination of 600,000 workers. So the soldiers in the Meuse-Argonne battle three thousand miles from the home base, then four hundred miles across France, had food and munitions.

When time has softened passions and we may not let partisanship interfere with our intellectual judgments, we shall be warranted in wondering if the honors of generalship were not with the Germans, considering the odds in resources against them. In future the military student may study the Mackensen drives and the tactical execution of Hindenburg's conceptions no less than Foch's thrusts which ended the war.

History has no more striking example of how the minds of a general and chief of staff fitted into each other to make the whole of high command than in Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Surely the most spectacular victory of the war was Tannenberg and the succeeding East Prussian campaign. Here divisions in action kept to the pattern as neatly as in a paper war game where the student makes the enemy plan and then his own for his delectation.

Not the whole story of the German army in the east is in how Hindenburg and Ludendorff retrieved the Austrian disaster at Lublin when the Russian army threatened the Hungarian plain, or in their finally driving Russia with its vast man-power to capitulation.

It was German command and battalions that retrieved the Austrian defeat in Serbia by driving the Serbian army back on Allied support from the sea; that turned Italy's inaugural offensive into a retreat that left her at bay on the Piave; and let the bold offensive, with which the Rumanians ushered in their part in the war, extend itself to be crushed overwhelmingly by well-co-ordinated drives on both flanks. Nowhere was an Allied soldier on German soil in the autumn of '17, except for a little strip of Alsace.

Then, in the spring of '18, with every Allied offensive in the East brought to a standstill, Hindenburg, after all the three years of fighting, could marshall superior forces on the western front. He introduced new tactics which nearly unlocked the siege line in the first of a series of offensives sweeping across the old Somme battle-field onto new ground.

The third German offensive, of May 27, '18, against the Aisne sector, which led to so deep an advance on the Paris road and the capture of Château-Thierry, was a surprise stroke in modern war, with its cumbersome equipment, when armies have airplanes for their eyes, no less compelling to admiration than that of Jackson at Chancellorsville. Twenty-five divisions, with all their artillery and supplies, were mobilized on a twenty-five-mile front unknown to the

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French until the night before the attack, when it was too late to bring up reserves for resistance.

If Hindenburg, with Ludendorff as his chief of staff, had been in command of the German army at the outset of the war, it would have been an ill fortune for the Allies, unless Foch had been in command of the French. However unattractive his personality, time must give its meed to the genius of Ludendorff. He was of the type of his generation as Hindenburg was of his, an older generation. Surely we do not have to wait for further perspective to realize that Hindenburg was a great commander and a great man, and in him, as each people saw in its leaders, the Germans see, in fresh proof, the qualities of which they are proud as a people.

Seasons End

BY EDWARD SHENTON

When Stephen awoke, the room was dizzy with sunlight. He could not open his eyes all the way for the dazzle. The tide was in and he heard the water mulling softly about the piling. Gulls squalled over the junk washing in on the tide. The shrill gull cries and the pleasant low sound of the water entered the room on the bright morning sun.

Stephen got up quickly and held his face under the cool stream from the faucet. Then he fixed water for the coffee and began to dress. The morning was one for whistling. "By, By, Blackbird." A good tune and the words without much sense. . . . "Where somebody . . . waits for me . . . sugar's sweet . . ." Sugar? The sugar-bowl was empty. Stephen went out on the little porch and whistled for Carl; two short notes and a long descending note. He whistled twice and Carl appeared on the upper porch behind his room.

"Breakfast ready, Steve?"

"Ten minutes. Stop and get some sugar."

"Awright."

"And a quart of milk."

"Awright."

"Are the girls up?"

"I don't know. I'll whistle."

"Right!"

Carl ducked in and Stephen went back to put on his shirt. It was a handsome shirt. Carl had dyed it. The color was cerulean blue. There was satisfaction in wearing a shirt that color. When Stephen had it on he forgot about returning to the city; he could remember nothing of the city, and he believed he might stay on Rocky Neck forever; well, for a long time, anyway. He took the shirt from a hook and slipped it over his head. You could see it a good quarter-mile. Carl had done a fine job of dyeing. The color was absolutely even, except for a little lighter spot on the tail. . . .

The water began to bobble the kettle-

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lid. Stephen put four spoonfuls of coffee in a cup and mixed it with some egg. Perhaps George Moore made better coffee . . . perhaps. Ann's silver bracelet glistened on the tanned skin of Stephen's left wrist. He felt fine. When he felt badly the silver tarnished. It was a beautiful bracelet, made by Taos Indians in New Mexico. Stephen had never worn a bracelet before. That helped him to forget the city. On Rocky Neck no one cared if you wore a bracelet, but in the city some one might try to kiss you, and you would have to slug some one—doing what Jurgen called "the manly thing"—and get a black eye, probably. In Mexico you could wear a bracelet, earrings, too—if you wished. . . .

The coffee came to a boil. Stephen turned down the gas and went out to whistle for the girls; but the sun was so comfortable, the boats looked so natty, the white houses on the opposite shore of the harbor were so charming, he forgot to whistle and leaned over the railing and felt like hell, remembering a lot of things he did not want to remember. And he thought for the hundredth time what a fool he had been traipsing off to Mexico when he could have stayed all summer on Rocky Neck. . . .

The morning was warm as midsummer. Everything was clean-cut and brilliant and reduced in size by the clear air. Captain Bickford was out on the dock and had lifted the main-sheet on the *Slappensal*. The sheet was caught and the boat rode up on the mooring-can, hesitated, fell away, and ran up on the other tack. . . .

Stephen forgot to whistle, watching the boats. It was good to care about boats; they never gipped you. Some day he would buy a boat, a thirty-foot ketch, and follow the warm weather—sail South in October and come North in May. That was the way to live. . . .

Stephen whistled a couple of times, and Dotty whistled in reply. He saw her face, pale in the dim window of the tiny shack where she and Ann were living.

"Breakfast ready, Steve?"

"In five minutes. Is Ann up?"

"Getting up."

"Hop along."

"We'll be over in five minutes."

That meant ten. Stephen carried the table and chairs onto the porch so they could eat in the sunshine—four of them together in the New England Indian summer.

". . . Four of us together
In gray and sunny weather. . . ."

He hated rhymes. He sliced bananas for the cereal. The poem continued to unwind.

". . . In rainfall and starlight,
In fog and mist and sunlight. . . ."

Writing must be more fun than painting. Painting had to be ultimately static, even if it had an illusion of movement. A canvas was a size, and two dimensions only; depth was a pretense; but writing was continuous. Now, music . . . Boats were better. . . . What the hell!

". . . O we can't remember how to get home. . . ."

Carl came in with sugar, milk, and a Boston *Herald*. He had shaved, and the fair skin of his face looked brown and healthy.

"The girls up?"

"Coming right over."

"I slept like a log."

"Fix the toaster, will you!"

"Isn't this a great morning?"

"Swell!"

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"I never want to go back."

"Don't talk about it."

"Hello," said Dotty, coming in.

"Hello."

"Sleep well?"

"Where's Ann?"

"She'll be right over. She's washing her hair."

"Before breakfast?"

"Here she comes."

Ann's new-washed hair fluffed in a brown mane about her sun-dark face. Dotty's hair hung long and straight to the line of her jaw. She was letting her hair grow to please Carl. He liked it pulled back off her ears and caught at the nape of her neck. She was lovely with her hair up; she was a lovely child, anyway. She was charming in her russet-colored Russian blouse, the blue skirt just reaching her knees, bare tanned legs, short woollen socks, and flat-heeled kids' shoes. . . .

"Isn't this a gorgeous day?" Ann said.

"Great."

"We'll go over on the rocks all day."

"Right after breakfast."

"Did you ever taste a breakfast like this?" said Carl.

"Never."

"Such cereal!"

"Such bananas!"

"Such coffee!"

"George Moore never made coffee like this," Stephen said.

Captain Payne came out on Bickford's long floating dock. He was the only other summer visitor remaining on Rocky Neck. They yelled to him.

"Hi!"

"Good morning," he called. "Isn't this a lovely day?"

"Swell!"

"That's a lovely place to eat."

Captain Payne lived in a little gloomy house on the hill. They felt sorry for him, eating indoors. But Captain Payne never had to return to the city.

"Let's stay all winter. The four of us," Ann said.

". . . Four of us together
Across the amber heather. . . ."

"Isn't there heather over on the moors?" Stephen asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Let's stay all winter," Ann said. "Carl can send for his law-books and study. Dotty can get a job in the ten-cent store" . . .

"Dotty would look fine in the ten-cent store."

"Would I?"

"Sure."

"Stephen can draw." . . .

". . . In dewfall and twilight,
In haze and wind and lamplight. . . ."

"What will you do, Ann?"

"Oh, I'll walk, or watch you draw, or sew. I'd like to sew a lot of small, exquisite things. Like I did in Brittany that winter."

Ann and Stephen lit cigarettes.

"Let's go over on the rocks soon."

"Let's sit here a few minutes."

"I couldn't move if I wanted to. I'm so damned comfortable."

They leaned back drowsily. The smoke went up in two thin curls. They were so fond of each other. Four of them together.

". . . O we can't remember how to get home. . . ."

Somewhere south in the brightness lay Boston and New York and Philadelphia.

". . . Somewhere the cities toil,
The lean trains passing,
The dark steamers passing;

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Somewhere little men and women
Go in and out of buildings
With glass doors revolving. . . ."

A long way off in the brilliant morning; too far for their memories.

". . . Here the days revolving,
Gray day, bright day, day of mist and wind.
Four of us together
In the brilliant wheel revolving,
Light and dark,
Day and night,
Wheeling . . . wheeling . . . wheeling. . . ."

Mrs. Lyle walked out on the wharf and began collecting sticks of driftwood.

"She can stay here all winter and she doesn't want to. We want to and can't."

"Hush, darling."

". . . Stars wheeling with us,
Sun revolving with us,
Winds blowing,
Tides sweeping,
Night and day revolving. . . ."

Some one rapped at the door. Stephen went in and found a messenger boy standing in the hallway. He signed for the telegram and returned to the porch, ripping the thin envelope. He read the message and tossed it to Ann. She read and passed it to Carl; it went on to Dotty. Ann picked up the coffeepot and threw it as far as she could into the harbor. The splash set the gulls shrieking.

"Damn! Oh, damn it, Stephen!"

"Let's go over on the rocks," he said. "I won't leave till evening. I'll take the night-train from Boston."

"We'll all go."

"What for?"

"It's over," said Ann. "The summer's over. We might as well. It couldn't go on forever. We knew. It couldn't last. Nothing does."

She arose abruptly and left. Dotty followed her. Carl and Stephen sat at the dishevelled table and stared at the boats clustered about the T-headed wharf. Mrs. Lyle still picked the waterlogged drift from the tide.

"This is the best damn spot in the world."

Stephen tore the telegram into squares and dropped them over the rail. The yellow bits floated serenely away. The tide was turning . . .

"O we can't remember how to get home. . . ."

II

They put on their bathing-suits, took blankets, books, and peppermints and went over onto the rocks. Along Wonson Street the polished horse-chestnuts shone among the tawny leaves in the gutters.

"Did you ever see anything as lovely as those trees?" Stephen said.

No one answered. Yesterday the trees were beautiful; but to-day it was difficult even to look at them. They walked despondently up the steep street and turned out onto the rocks.

"Say, look! The destroyers have gone."

"So they have."

They could see the outer harbor where the two destroyers had been anchored all summer. It had been pleasant watching the launches coming and going, hearing the bells struck when the wind blew from the west.

"They must have pulled out in the night."

The departure of the destroyers added to the sense of impermanence. How empty the harbor looked; the hills beyond were barren. The world was barren and empty. Ten Pound Island seemed bare, deserted, remote; the small white light-tower glittered in the dis-

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tance. Nothing was friendly; all these loved things were no longer intimate.

They spread the blankets on a sheltered ledge. David Lyle came and seated himself on the lower rocks. He took off his bathing-jersey and stretched flat to get his back sunburnt. It was scarlet already and looked sore.

"I'd like to be tanned all over," Dotty said.

"This is the nicest morning we've had almost."

Quiet . . . quiet . . . quiet. . . .

Stephen looked at the three. They were such nice people together: all so lazy, so indifferent; they understood one another. . . . Ann, with her wild, intent, dark face; Dotty, with her young placid head in the shadow of Carl's raised shoulder; Carl, with his blond, curly hair. . . . Such damn nice people to live with. . . . To-morrow! Not to wake drenched in sunlight; not to hear the tide about the piling; not to take the *Slappensal* out among the anchored boats, with two reefs in the main-sheet and the quick waves bursting over the long deck; not to see, to hear, to smell; not to lie in the sun and feel it seep into your bones. . . . Stephen worshipped the sun. Heliolatry. Ann worshipped the moon. Was there a word? Dotty worshipped sleep. . . . Carl worshipped Dotty. . . . Not to be together—to-morrow. . . . Stephen leaped to his feet.

"Let's go in!"

"That's a good idea," Ann said.

They walked carefully over the barnacles growing in tiny ivory buds on the lower rocks. The water was clear and dark-colored.

"Coming, Dotty? Carl?"

"Its too cold."

"Let's swim a long way," Ann said.

They swam toward Ten Pound Island at a slow crawl, swimming side by side, an easy four-beat crawl, relaxed and comfortable. Swimming is the most impersonal of recreations, Stephen thought. He could feel the detachment taking possession of him. The future dwindled. The city could not reach him now. His left arm lifted easily; he caught a quick breath from the hollow of air below his mouth and saw the back of Ann's head, her hair slicked tight and the glint of her raised wet arm as they took the stroke together. She was captured by the same sensation. Their eyes, level with the surface of the water, peered over the thin crests of the ripples into a blur of sunlight. Shore gone, boats gone; time, too. No telegrams out here. Only the sharp chill of the water, the dull sound of their arms and legs, the enveloping glory of the sun. . . . They turned on their backs, resting.

"Marvellous?" said Ann.

"Nothing like it."

"Swim right on out?"

"Sure."

"Never come back?"

"Suits me."

"Darling" . . .

"Yes."

"Let's go back fast, or I will."

She turned so rapidly the water swirled over Stephen's face. She went off at top speed. There was a circular puddle of foam about her heels. Stephen could not catch her. When he reached the rocks Ann was standing watching him, panting, a thick stream of blood trailing down one brown leg where she had torn the skin scrambling over the barnacles. Stephen was winded. He lay on the warm rock, breathing hard. Ann sat beside him. She shuddered, and Stephen glanced up. She was weeping.

"I wanted to keep on so."

Carl and Dotty were asleep. Let them sleep. No reason for being awake.

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Great lumps of cloud crawled toward the sun. The wind changed and sharpened. Stephen shivered and put on his sweat-shirt. They took the blanket and wrapped it about them, tucking the corners against the seeking wind.

"This never can happen again," Ann said.

"This? No, not again."

"Happiness is so damned impermanent."

"Don't moralize, Ann."

"I mean it."

"I know."

"You're impermanent, too, Stephen."

"I told you."

"That's all I know about you."

They were warm, folded in the blanket; drowsy from sun and wind and the swim.

"How long have we been here? Alone; like this?"

"Three weeks to-morrow."

"Is that all? We've done so much."

"We've done nothing."

"That's what I mean."

"Eating, swimming, sleeping, walking. Lotus-eaters."

"Marvellous to be a lotus-eater, Stephen."

Across the harbor the hills were dark and quiet. The fishing-schooners passed slowly down the channel. New England schooners; New England quiet. Three weeks of misty New England autumn sunlight, three weeks of clear New England nights. . . . Walking back from Gloucester; taking the detour and pausing to look up at the hillside where the seine-boats, out for repair, made great pale curves upon the dark earth. . . .

"Remember the night we danced in the street?"

. . . Walking the detour where the sheds of the boat-builders huddled over the rickety wharfs and the water scuffled uneasily in the shadows; wrestling with memories, perhaps, as they were. . . .

"Remember the night?"

. . . Going along the twisting road with all the old frame houses quiet with memories, their pallid gables lighter than the sky. . . .

"Remember?"

"Stephen!"

"Yes."

"We won't forget this—soon?"

"Not very, I think."

"I couldn't bear it if I thought we'd just . . . go off. . . . I've never been so happy."

The increasing violence of the wind awakened the sleepers. They gathered their possessions and wandered forlornly back to the road.

"Here's your bracelet, Ann," Stephen said. He drew the thin silver incomplete circle from his wrist.

"Now you're divorced," Carl said.

"Oh, go to hell, Carl!"

Ann slipped the bracelet over her own arm.

"It feels strange."

At the corner the Wheeler child met them. She said "Hello!" in her deep, expressionless voice.

"Elizabeth, we're going home," said Ann. "Aren't you sorry? Stephen and Ann and Carl and Dotty" . . .

The child glanced at Ann carelessly. She kicked a horse-chestnut and, raising her head, said:

"Good-by."

The four separated to dress and pack. Elizabeth considered the empty street. Every one could go home. She didn't care.

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Rich Relations

BY EDWIN A. McALPIN
Author of "Old and New Books as Life Teachers"

They are distinct liabilities, declares one who sings the joys of life unencumbered by Rich Relations.

CHARLES LAMB, in his inimitable essay, "Poor Relations," took pity on the less fortunate members of society and placed them on a pedestal that assures them of literary immortality. Has not the time come to extend a like courtesy to Rich Relations?

Rich Relations are a delusion and a snare. They are a mirage in the desert; they are Dead Sea apples filled with dust and ashes; they are mock-cherries loaded with blossoms that never bear fruit. They are patronizing to our attainments and curt to our friends. They are supercilious to our sensibilities and critical of our failures. They are a stitch in the side to all social aspirations and a crick in the neck to our peace of mind.

Rich Relations are considered an asset by those who are fortunate enough not to have any. Every one who is afflicted with them discovers they are a liability and a constant source of irritation. They are dispensers of second-hand clothing and last-minute theatre tickets. Speaking of hand-me-down clothes—a recipient of a Rich Relation's bounty once said: "All the things they send me are nice. So nice that I am delighted to get them. But I wish I could once in a while buy my own clothes and the things I really want. It certainly gets tiresome always wearing the kind of clothes other people select."

At best, the donations of Rich Relations do not compensate for the extravagant standard of living they establish for their family connections. Their gifts are either luxuries or the kind of things they think their poor relations ought to have rather than the everyday necessities of life. Rich Relations prefer to give fur coats which are neither needed nor desired to paying for bread and potatoes. The essentials of life and health are too plebeian for them to think about.

While it is unfair to blame Rich Relations for all our extravagances, they are unquestionably pace-makers who run us off our feet and also run us into debt. They establish the standard of living for all their connections and seldom become contributors to the financial resources of the poor and needy members of the family. No one lives down to the income of their poor relations. Every one strives to live up to their Rich Relations. This effort to live up to the standards established by Rich Relations makes the pace a difficult one. When Rich Relations travel in a Rolls-Royce ordinary mortals find a Ford car unsatisfactory. Where they might own a Ford and have financial ease, they get a Buick and worry over the bills. Often "keeping up with the Joneses" is only another way of saying that every one is trying to keep in step with their Rich Relations.

The increased cost of living is strap-

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ped onto a man's back by his Rich Relations. They not only determine the kind of a car he must buy, but also decide on what street he must live. A man with Rich Relations cannot afford to live among wage-earners. It is too humiliating. He has to save his pennies and strain his pocketbook to pay rent in the "right kind" of social atmosphere. Social atmosphere and aristocratic neighbors have a tendency to increase the value of all houses blessed by these estimable qualities, and this increment of value is reflected in the rent. Some people might have sufficient courage to face the question of rent on its own merits if it were not for the vociferations of their Rich Relations. Living in the "wrong neighborhood" is looked upon as an insult to the whole family's prestige and traditions. It takes many trunkfuls of second-hand clothing and a cart-load of last-minute theatre tickets, which are after all only an extravagant and needless form of recreation, to compensate for this increase in the rent bill. Sometimes individuals have to sacrifice creature comforts which are essential to physical health for the sake of keeping peace with these Lares and Penates of their Rich Relations. Often the demon of worry is introduced into healthy minds because people are unable to make their income meet the expense account wished on them by their Rich Relations.

Worry is not only an unpleasant state of mind but it also develops nervous disorders which ruin physical health and destroy business efficiency. Worrying about the expense account is the beginning of a vicious circle. The more a person worries, the more difficult the problem becomes. A drastic cut in living expenses is frequently the only possible solution. Rich Relations make any such radical action next to an impossibility, and yet some of the most homelike homes found in every community are either on the "ragged edge of respectability" or even beyond the pale. These are the homes of cultured people who are blessed by having no Rich Relations.

The whole question of wealth and poverty depends on a personal equation. Only a few of the earth's unfortunate ones find it difficult to earn enough to buy the actual necessities of life. At the other extreme there are only a very few wealthy people who never have to consider money. Between these extremes the great majority lives. In this majority it is not the actual amount of income that counts so much as personal tastes and the ability to make every dollar do a dollar's work. Many families are rich on $6,000 a year, while there are other families who are poor on an annual income of $20,000.

For example, take a family that has an income of $500 a month. It is a modest household, but every member has all the necessities and some of the comforts of life. They live in an inexpensive suburb. To be sure, all the houses on the street are like buttons on a card, but every one owns his own home and takes pride in making it attractive. Springtime is a joy. The kitchen garden must be planted and cultivated. There is a friendly exchange of roots, bulbs, and clippings with kindly neighbors. The care of the garden gives "Father" plenty of exercise. He has no expenses of a country club or golf. The whole family is interested in the quality and quantity of vegetables and fruits produced. It is surprising how much truck can be raised in a small garden which is intelligently planned and cared for.

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The father of a family such as we have just described once said: "I don't believe Old Money Bags Smith (the local rich man) gets as much fun out of his big estate as I do out of my little garden and home. Why, I am sure," he added, "I have more fun planning to get the parlor papered or a couple of new rose-bushes than he does in buying a whole house and lot."

The children of the family attend a public school. Therefore school elections are only secondary in importance to presidential elections. The mother is an active member of the parent-teacher association and school questions are thrashed out in many a family discussion. This fellowship of interests binds the children to their parents with bonds that nothing can break.

During the winter the local Y. M. C. A., with its day a week for women and girls, fills all the requirements of club life. The father, as well as the boys, there gets his exercise in a social atmosphere. Men's forums, volley-ball, and bowling enliven the evenings. This family is well-to-do because they are blessed by having no Rich Relations.

Now turn to the family which has $20,000 a year and Rich Relations. This family is impoverished by the standards of living established by the Rich Relations. The annual budget has to take account of more rent, and a big increase in amount paid as wages. The children go to expensive preparatory schools. School bills and extras, travelling expenses and clothes, cost about $2,000 a year per child. If there are four children in the home, these school bills alone amount to $8,000 a year. The location of their house makes membership in a country club a necessity.

Observation and experience prove that the first family has a larger margin between its expense account and its income than the second has. Paradoxical as it may seem, those who have the smaller income are really the better off financially. They have money in the bank and less to worry about than the other family has.

A dinner with Rich Relations is an ordeal that makes the bravest heart tremble. The torture begins when Bolster, the English butler, takes possession of our ready-made overcoat. How Bolster knows by the touch of his aristocratic fingers that the coat is ready-made has always been a mystery to me. His well-developed sixth sense seems to be working overtime, and his eyebrows go up and the corners of his mouth go down. His countenance registers a respectful but unmistakable protest of such penury.

Then there is the dinner itself! Rich Relations always feed the body with the richest food obtainable. They tickle the palate with sweet flavors and enliven the conversation with trite remarks! The food and drink they furnish are intended to remove all bitterness from the banalities of their table-talk. Family ghosts are aired for the guests' benefit and the skeleton in the closet has to rattle his bones.

Over the coffee and cigars Rich Relations wax eloquent with wisdom. They repeat hackneyed proverbs and time-worn saws. "It is not the amount you earn, but the amount you save," is one of their favorite axioms. They are patronizing to our business prospects and doubtful of our financial judgments. They are mentally on guard against anything that places their guests in a favorable position.

When the evening is over and the ready-made overcoat has been rescued from the disdainful hands of the dig-

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nified Bolster, we go home to our modest dwelling to face the nightmares superinduced by too much rich food and too little mental exercise.

The whole question of riches or poverty depends on a person's idea of values. The finest minds in each generation find more satisfaction in scientific research, art, literature, or social work than in merely making money. Future generations rise up and call these scientists, artists, authors, and reformers genii and benefactors. These intellectual giants not infrequently despise mere money-makers. In the judgment of these people of outstanding intellect the ability to make money is only a low order of intelligence; it is good in a way, but it is not the best thing a man can do.

Riches and poverty are always measured by a sliding scale which never registers twice alike. In a large family there are sure to be some members who at one and the same time are living in a dual relationship. They have Rich Relations who are setting a financial pace that these individuals find it impossible to follow. They have other less prosperous family connections to whom their standard of living is a burdensome pacemaker. During the passing of the years one branch of a family is up and another down. To-day we are struggling to keep in step with our prosperous connections and to-morrow we are setting the pace for our less fortunate relations.

To meet these varying vicissitudes of life every one needs a well-developed sense of humor. Yesterday we smiled with Charles Lamb at the foibles of our Poor Relations. To-day let us laugh in all kindliness at the idiosyncrasies of our Rich Relations. A fortunate turn in the wheel of life may cast our lot among them before we know it!

The most comforting thought of all is that character, intelligence, and the joy of life cannot be measured in terms of money, and these are the things that mean the most for human happiness.

Notes for a Poem

By Martha Banning Thomas

The moon unravels ropes of green
Upon the sea, and all between
The stars are broken into bits
And run bright silver through the slits
Of melting water. Nearer shore
The foolish waves rush up to pour
Half-measures tumbled on the sand,
While farther back a wing of land
Curves out to hold a single tree,
Wind-shapen, poised expectantly
For greeting what the night has found
Of news from vessels outward bound.

Now, suddenly the lighthouse eye
Opens and looks at all the sky:
A ship moves softly through the dark,
Steering a course by that small spark;
The wind I feel upon my mouth
Is driving all the swallows south.

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William C. Brownell

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

THE most discerning literary critic of our day is dead.

I have carefully weighed this estimate, and see, on reflection, no reason to qualify it—unless by the elimination of "literary." Since M. Paul Bourget's early "Études de Psychologie Littéraire," since Henry James's "French Poets and Novelists," and his later "Notes on Novelists," I know of nothing in modern French or English literary criticism possessing the range, the substance, the quality of being at what Matthew Arnold called "the centre," to the same degree as William Brownell's three or four volumes. But his mind, though in all ways formed to compare and to choose, and above all to exercise that subtlest critical function of detecting differences where most observers see only a resemblance, was perhaps at its best in sounding the springs of human character. One need but open "French Traits," that masterpiece of forty years ago which is a masterpiece still, to understand why the art of criticism has been called creative.

The critic of society brings to the appreciation of letters all the added power acquired in the larger field; Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters" and "American Prose Masters" would scarcely have been the books they are had not his analysis of the French soul preceded them. America produces numerous critics of life who have found out that there is something wrong with Main Street, but do not know the remedy because they have never really studied the alternatives. Such intellectual uneasiness is the first step to good criticism, but it does not lead far unless supplemented by the intellectual range and detachment needful for the survey of culture "from the centre all round." This sense of perspective, this power to comprehend and relate to each other different traditions and alien ideals, was the beginning of William Brownell's art; and no great critic has ever been able to do with less.

II

"French Traits," published in 1888, was at once recognized by the few French readers who came across it as an astonishingly penetrating estimate of the national character. That it is not better known in France, that it has never been translated into French, is perhaps partly due to the difficulty of rendering the author's nervous and subtle language, but much more to the incuriousness of France as to foreign judgments on things French. Never was a race more impenetrably enclosed in its own great tradition than the French before 1914. "French Traits," if written to-day, would have been translated hot from the press, and have run into many editions. But though known only to the discerning few, by them it was appreciated from the outset. Several years before the war one of Brownell's greatest admirers, M. André

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Inscribed on the bust is

TO MY FRIEND WM. C. BROWNELL.

OLIN L. WARNER 1886.

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Chevrillon, spoke to me of the book's amazing vitality, and of his wish to make it known to his compatriots by an article accompanied by the translation of typical selections. I hope this may still be done, for a recent re-reading proves to me that the intervening world-upheaval has not diminished the vitality which had struck M. André Chevrillon. As an attempt to define the fundamentals of French character the book is the truest ever written by a foreigner; and only those who have lived long in France can know how little of real importance it leaves unsaid, and how little of what it says requires to be modified in the light of conditions which look, on the surface, so new.

What most struck Brownell about the French was the stability of character which seems formed to sustain the shock of the revolutions and catastrophes provoked by that indefatigable engine, the French intellect. Twenty years before Mr. Kipling sang of France that she was "first to follow Truth, and last to leave old truths behind," Brownell had said: "France has most conspicuously of all nations changed with the epoch; in those successive readjustments which we call progress she has almost invariably been in the lead. She was the star of the ages of faith as she is the light of the age of fellowship. The contrast between her actual self and her monuments [*i. e.,* the symbols of her past] is, therefore, most striking; but at the same time it is superficial only and perfectly explicable. And its explanation gives the key to the French character; for there is one instinct of human nature, one aspiration of the mind, which France has incarnated with unbroken continuity—since there was a France at all France has embodied the *social instinct.*"

I should like to quote the whole development which follows, and, wandering from page to page, to cite fresh proofs of the dexterity with which our traveller from the new world takes apart the machinery of the old. But space permits only a few examples. "Society [in France] takes moral errors much more lightly than it does with us. . . . The main consideration is to have the heart right; until it is corrupt nothing occurs which can be called irreparable." . . . "Temperance is the most universal rule in speech, demeanor, taste, and habits. Nothing is less French than eccentricity. . . . The normal attitude is equipoise. . . . Their gaiety itself is consciously hygienic. Pleasure is their constant occupation mainly because they can extract out of it everything, and make it such an avowed motive. . . ." "Frugality is noticeable everywhere. It is the source of the self-respect of the poor. . . ." "It never occurs to a Frenchwoman to regret her sex. . . ." "Their rarer quality for dealing with subjects whose native realm is the borderland between the positive and the metaphysical. . . . Here their touch is invariably delicate and intuitively just. . . . They show immense tact . . . in treating of that entire range of topics the truth concerning which seems so accessible and is yet . . . so elusive—the nebulæ lying, as it were, within the penumbra of perception, neither quite outside its range in the clear light nor wholly within the shadow . . . where logical conclusion is divined to be incomplete and misleading . . . where scores of practical questions concerning love, marriage, manners, morals, criticism, are to be discussed without dogmatism, and the clearest view of them is seen to have qualifications. . . . This field they

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never mistake for the positive. They are no more unconsciously vague here than in the positive. . . ."

The sight which could probe so deeply into another race's characteristics has left little for later analysts to amend.

III

In 1902 came "Victorian Prose Masters." Among lovers of letters it excited an immediate interest; and I well remember the stimulus it was to my own imagination. Now, on re-reading it, I find that it "dates" more than the companion volume, perhaps because it is mainly concerned with figures still too august for clear discernment. Certainly, with much that is admirable, it contains judgments which time might have modified—doubtless did—and on the whole is less spontaneous and original than "American Prose Masters," which appeared in 1909. I thought at first that the diminished interest of the Victorian volume might be due to the fact that, dealing mainly with fiction, it omits all reference to the great Russian portent which was already filling the heavens. How situate Thackeray or even Balzac in those heavens without reference to the pole-star of Tolstoy's genius? But this argument falls, because—to my mind at least—the "George Eliot" and the "Meredith" contain the book's best pages. The "Thackeray," strangely enough, though the most "convinced" is the least convincing. I am impressed neither by the defense of Thackeray's buttonholing manner, nor by the curious depreciation of Balzac which is employed to throw the English novelist's genius into stronger relief. I agree in the estimate of Thackeray's almost unique natural endowment, but not with the proofs adduced.

But this, apropos of George Eliot: "It is the temperament, not the thinking, of men and women, that is permanently and rewardingly interesting in . . . fiction" . . . this, of George Meredith: "He is often heavy-handed, but always in the pursuit of deftness" —what beautiful foreshortenings they are, and how "modern," as we so oddly say in praise of things unaffected by time!

Such treasures, not rare in the Victorian volume, abound on every page of its successor. The writer's critical faculty had matured, and with it his sense of relative values. The firmness with which he situates his authors, without fear or favour, exactly where each belongs, makes the book unique in American criticism. My one quarrel with it is that a boy's happy memories of Leatherstocking perhaps give too rosy a glow to the appreciation of Cooper. But the "Hawthorne" and the "Poe" are models of serene impartiality, and yet those two were the authors most difficult for an American to judge objectively twenty-five years ago—Hawthorne because, for some mysterious reason, every old literary *cliché* still sprang full-armed to his defense whenever his name was mentioned, Poe because of the factitious prestige lent him by the genius of Baudelaire in the very country whose intellectual judgments were the source of Brownell's.

Of "The Marble Faun" he says: "Probably its admirers considered that the treatment poetized the moral. But a truth is not poetized by being devitalized." . . . Of "The House of the Seven Gables": "There is detail enough, but of singular thinness and an almost gaseous expansion"; and of the novels in general: "Hitherto, at all events among ourselves, their lack of substance has

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been deemed a quality instead of a defect." And of Hawthorne himself: "He unquestionably dwelt apart, and partly, perhaps, for this reason his soul was believed to be like a star. . . . His genius was a reflective one. . . . Revery was a state of mind which he indulged and applauded, and there can hardly be a more barren one for the production of anything more significant than conceits and fancies" . . . and he adds that all this is "not convincing to those who believe *that the artistic synthesis of nature should be more rather than less definite than its material.*" (I italicize this as a singularly happy summary of a central principle of creative art.)

The "Poe" is equally remarkable. "Foreign recognition sets such traps for our naïveté that it is prudent to be on our guard. . . . The theory that the foreign estimate previsages posterity's is open to some question" . . . and this: "He had no sense of awe. The sense of awe was a plaything with him. . . . He used it as one of the tools of his trade—to create his effects, to harrow his reader's nerves." . . . "Crime undoubtedly furnishes apposite material to the novelist of character as well as to the portraitist of manners, and is a personal as well as a social factor in human life. But this aspect of it Poe, *whose criminals are only criminals,* completely ignores. . . ."

Though I have quoted only depreciatory passages from these two chapters it must not be thought that Brownell felt the qualities less than the defects of the authors he dealt with. But Hawthorne and Poe had been mummified by undiscerning admiration; their cult was in danger of becoming a superstition, and Brownell's fearless hand merely swept away the flummery accumulated about their images. I know of nothing as honest and independent as his criticism of these two writers since the young Emerson's reverent but lucid estimate of the Lake Poets.

From the chapter on Emerson much might be quoted which would show that Brownell could praise as delicately and discerningly as he criticised; that in praise and depreciation he remained equally fearless and impartial. But when a book forms a series of reasoned judgments, and not a mere string of detachable epigrams, the only way to do justice to it is to read it.

The same may be said of all Brownell's books, including the little volume entitled "Criticism" (1914), and the remarkable "Genius of Style" which appeared only four years ago. In all his writings he showed his essential quality: enthusiasm guided by acumen. He could not have been so great a critic had he not had so generous a nature.

IV

How can I end without one personal word of the friend who was even wiser than the critic? I wonder to how many beginners it happens to be met on the threshold by two such guides as Brownell and Edward Burlingame, his colleague in the house of Scribner? I do not think I have ever forgotten one word of the counsels they gave me. Edward Burlingame's were often lapidary; as when, in the attempt to stem the first outrush of my fiction, he said to me one day, with his exquisite gentleness: "And now, wait awhile. You mustn't run the risk of becoming *a magazine bore.*"

Mr. Brownell would not have needed to say that; he made me feel it. As in criticism he achieved the difficult feat of setting up a standard which was

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classical without being academic, so in his spoken counsels the eagerest open-mindedness was combined with an unwavering perception of final values. Rarely as I saw him—alas, too rarely!—the sense of his wisdom and sympathy was always with me, like a guiding touch on my shoulder. Even now that light hand remains, to stimulate and restrain—surely the two chief offices of friendship. In thinking of him to-day I again give thanks for them.

Business Men of Letters

BY GERALD CARSON

It is not surprising, at a time when so many able and wilful critics are searching for flaws in the established order, that they should have glanced sharply to the left and found advertising.

This is, on the whole, fortunate. The little journals of discontent which speak with such admirable vigor and point of the deficiencies of our civilization have been in considerable need lately of new materials for their economic criticism.

Things have been going swimmingly in America. Changes in the public mind—or the development of scar tissue in the public conscience—have shut off several fields where the radical economists formerly operated. National prosperity has ushered in a new era of good feeling. For the first time in history the railroads are our friends. The public utilities, no longer robbers, have been herded into their reservations by a watchful government, and we now buy their blankets and basketwork with composure and a certain pleasant feeling, indeed, that they probably need the money more than we do. The maleficent "trusts" of twenty years ago have become public - spirited "mergers" which have at heart the good of the public and their competitors. The American people, by and large, have extended the right hand of fellowship to big business. Everybody seems to be reasonably happy except the farmer. And even his troubles are not as exciting now as they once were, because it has become a national tradition that the farmer should be discontented. We expect him, like the Petrarchian lover, to be inconsolable and slightly dishevelled.

This blood-brotherhood between manufacturer and consumer will last at least as long as the present prosperity follows its pleasant trajectory. Meanwhile the showy sins of advertising have been discovered. The public has been told of the economic waste of advertising, the high prices it causes, its fradulent claims, the sinful fortunes it has built. No longer may one turn the pages of one's magazine in blissful ignorance of economic evil. The fruit of the tree of knowledge now has national distribution.

II

In this contingency the advertising writer becomes, for the first time, an object of general interest and curiosity.

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Who is he? What is it that he does, and what is his attitude toward it? Has he, perchance, any social or intellectual significance?

These questions are being asked oftener than they are answered. Advertising as we know it to-day is only about one generation old. Its pioneers are still alive, in many instances, gazing upon the modern complexity and subtlety of their simple art with mild-eyed wonder. Too close to us for proper perspective, advertising still waits for its historians, its biographers, and the curiosity of the general reader about "the man who writes the ads" grows apace.

A few years ago the Chicago office of the Associated Press sent out an amusing story which bears upon this point. The students of Northwestern University, feeling the need for a richer and more appealing background, announced that a committee of leading undergraduates had been formed to "revise" Northwestern's sacred traditions. While the method was somewhat abrupt, the intention was indubitably imaginative.

The position of advertising in our economic system parallels the position of the large midland universities in our educational structure. Advertising is beginning to acquire a sense of its own significance. It is beginning to feel its background and history. With some three hundred thousand people in the United States engaged in work related to advertising, the advertisement writer is about to emerge as the professional type evolved by our industrial civilization.

The history of all pioneering in America has been the repetition of this pattern. First, a few adventurous spirits bid good-by to their relatives and cross the mountains into the trackless forest. The trees are felled, corn planted between the stumps, families raised, the pioneers laid away in their last resting-place. Later come better houses, a new population, industrial cities. Then, with prosperity and leisure established, the older families begin to take an interest in their social standing, in the arts, in heirlooms, and the three brothers who came to North Carolina or Virginia or Massachusetts in 1720.

Like the native American family, every occupation too has had its early days when it was engaged in struggling up from obscure beginnings. In the eighteenth century the occupation of the investment banker was called "jobbing in stocks," and it was not intended to be a pretty or a complimentary term. The lawyer was long regarded as a noxious and parasitical growth, and it is only since the industrial revolution—indeed, only since the American Civil War, really—that manufacturing and "trade" have been considered honorable and respectable.

Advertising has been no exception, but its rise has followed a sharper arc, for the reason that it grew up as a part of our present economic order and because our civilization had already become definitely industrial by the time it appeared. But its origin was humble enough.

Before 1900, to take an arbitrary date, the advertising man was closely related to the medical gentleman with the checkered vest and wide-brimmed hat who ran travelling shows, offering the rural districts homœopathic medicine combined with entertainment. I have not been unfair in associating advertising with quack medicine; the association was even closer than I have indicated; it was an actual business arrangement. Advertising and patent medicines rose together.

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Happily that partnership has been dissolved, the efficacy of advertising having been more clearly demonstrated than that of snake-oil. And with the passing of the patent-medicine era the showman and the stagy inspirationalist were gradually crowded out of the ranks of advertising by men whose creative gifts were of a considerably different order. Advertising began to be written by writers, intellectual workers, men who in another age—the eighteenth century, say—would have hired their pen to satire and become great political pamphleteers, or have slaved as booksellers' hacks at biographies of British worthies, or, as poets and playwrights, have secured food and shelter by the adroit use of dedicatory epistles directed to wealthy peers.

But now business is the patron of the arts, and we have a new order of men of letters who produce advertising—the first cultural development clearly assignable to our industrial society. It *is* a new order, fundamentally marked off from all other forms of creative writing by this characteristic: advertising is not a form of self-expression.

Although the art of advertisement writing is highly conscious art, its substance lies beyond the writer's control, and his own idiosyncrasy of style or manner must be rigorously excluded. Impersonality, unobtrusiveness, utter clarity—these are the mark of craftsmanlike advertising writing. Self-effacement, cruel and complete, is the certain lot of the writer. His sole task is to be persuasive and understood. Yet, like an early Christian martyr, he has his philosophy and his consolation; for in this immolation of self lies the very quintessence of professional triumph.

If advertising is different from the practice of explicitly literary craft in its suppression of the individual, it does have points where it touches closely on literature. The advertising writer belongs in the company of the artists; he *is* an artist, concerned with conveying both æsthetic and intellectual material. Like the poet and painter he gives an imaginative illusion of truth and reality. But, like the book-reviewer, he cannot command the *substance* of his discourse, because for that he is at the mercy of chance and what it brings him. This is the bed of Procrustes upon which the copywriter is stretched. He is cut to fit the subject and the space.

In addition to the limitations of subject-matter imposed upon the advertising writer are those of technic, too, for the very style and method of advertising presentation have been developed in ways which the novelist or essayist, when he attempts them, finds strange and difficult of assimilation. Advertising, like all literature, has its conventions; some sound, some as transitory and inexplicable as Helen Wills's eyeshades.

Much has been made of the dicta of H. L. Mencken, Stuart Sherman, and other men with a weather-eye to the future, that the new American writers are going to come out of the advertising agencies instead of the newspaper offices.

If there is anything in this, advertising style should be of considerable interest to those who feel responsible for the future of our national letters. Advertising writing is of the sparest sort—sketchy, lean, quick, frequently deficient in color and emotional content; not because the writer is, but because the manufacturer whose name signs the advertisement holds such qualities under suspicion. Since the ideas and information to be conveyed are often com-

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plicated and the space short, the copywriter must have enough dagger and go to plunge boldly *in medias res,* turn about dexterously, and come to an end with all the force and climactic emphasis of a sonneteer.

Does this recital of limitations make advertising writing seem repellent? It should not, for the people who write the advertisements are indubitably of the tribe which Mr. Sherwood Anderson likes to call, somewhat preciously, "writing fellows." Most of the advertising copywriters did not start out, of course, to be advertising writers. They started out to be what may be without disparagement called "real" writers; but, finding advertising instead, they became successful practitioners of a new craft or victims of a commercial age, according to one's point of view.

Copywriters in most cases are "real" writers who have uncovered a flair for selling, or men with merchandising instincts who have become skilled in the craft of writing. These are matters of temperament, of training, of accident. But all good advertising writers have this characteristic: they possess an overwhelming sensitiveness to the color and feeling of contemporary American life. Like social philosophers and non-stop flyers, they are concerned with what weather lies ahead, and for the same reason—self-preservation. Like poets, philosophers, and the really good novelists, they are professionally interested in observing acutely, living actively and fully in the high noon of our current year of grace.

A sharp difference enters at this point, however, between advertising and critical work. The copywriter makes no "criticism of life." He reflects life, but has no concern with its ends. New needs arise, new markets open, new commodities replace old ones. The advertising man helps to sell oil-heaters, electric ice-boxes, soap in newly contrived forms, because factories produce and people are willing to buy. And all of the impulses of pride, comfort, convenience, health, happiness, *impel* people to buy—new things. This sequence would develop if there were no advertising. Advertising merely facilitates the process. Whether it is good that our civilization should grow more complex, that our happiness should depend upon the possession of more and more things, whether we should allow science and invention to multiply our needs and desires as they undoubtedly do—these questions remain still the province of the creative writer. But the advertising man, *ex curia,* can be and often is, poet, philosopher, and novelist.

III

There is already a considerable literature upon the subject of advertising—profound books, statistical books, "how to" books, inspirational books; and schools of business and commerce offer courses in the technical aspects of advertising work. These are all evidences of the growing popularity and respectability of advertising, as well as pathetic indications of how human beings grasp for formulæ and rules of thumb to help them in the race for happiness and success.

To those who have examined advertising work in the light of books and courses the abstruse science of psychology looms up formidably. This somewhat mystical subject seems to be something you either possess or you don't; but, properly understood, it makes all easy and plain for the advertising writer. It is commonly thought that the advertising writer places great store by

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psychology, meaning thereby book psychology, the rules which professors have worked out to cover human motivation as they have observed it in their laboratories. But is it not clear that this function is simply one of analyzing, codifying, describing? Scientific method never explains anything. It offers nothing to the man engaged in creative tasks. No; the short-story writer knows, without a book, where to start and when to stop. Looking into his heart of hearts the master of fiction—writes. And if he writes well he stirs millions to laughter or tears and sends regiments of Ph.D.s scurrying to their cubicles to excogitate, after their peculiar and inchoate fashion.

The advertising writer, like the expressly creative writer, knows no psychology, unless it be—to speak emphatically but earnestly—something of the psychology of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, of Hawthorne, and Whitman, and all the goodly crew which lie between, who knew the range and character of human feeling and aspiration and were well content to leave it to those who creep closer to the ground to "transcribe, collect, translate, and quote."

IV

Nature produces few pure types. The advertising man is, in divers ways, a conservative and a radical. His observation and his interests incline him to a conservative attitude toward politics and our economic order. But almost always he is a literary radical. It is a part of his passion for the blood and tears of actual life as it has been caught by those authors who are especially significant for our generation.

There is little room here, you see, for the historical imagination. The books which have meant much to other generations are not primary to those possessed and enamoured of the life which flows about them. "What do they mean *now?*" is the axe with which the classics are slain. But Anatole France, George Moore, Frank Harris, Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Glenway Westcott, H. G. Wells, Gertrude Stein, and E. E. Cummings—names identified, you see, either with recent aspects of mind, or with original and heretical ideas of literary technic—these are writers to conjure with among the men who write of little tubes and cartons, of shoes and roofing-paper and beans and tires and salad-oil.

Sensitive to ideas and emotion as the advertising writer should be, he requires the balance of certain practical qualities to make his writing vital and effective. He must be merchant-minded. He must have a lively sense of the dependence of human life upon materials. To him the activities of commerce, which other ages have found sordid, acquire beauty because they have meaning. The grocery-store, with its rows and rows of cheerful tins and squat bottles, its mingled smell of oranges, greens, and butter, becomes beautiful, as a bridge or a watch or a locomotive, to a certain type of consciousness, is beautiful, and for the same reason; because it represents human skill and ingenuity adjusting the material world to human needs.

The flow of goods from factory to distributer, to retailer, to you and me, can thus present a pageant which becomes very real to one and filled with imaginative suggestion. Of course this poetry of groceries, if I may so term it, casts no universal spell. Writers who do not find business vital to human life or

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interesting in its relation to human nature often become cynics and eventually make a reputation for satire.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson, who has been a copywriter, failed to discover in himself this response to the subject-matter of advertising. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is not an advertising man, and Mr. Hergesheimer have written passages which were neither more nor less than first-rate advertising for boots and hats and delectable foods, because boots and hats and haberdashers and the occult activities of accomplished chefs struck them as being interesting and important.

"How can an intelligent man spend his life thinking about things that come in tin cans and paper cartons?" is a question often posed by those who seem to breathe easily in the realm of pure idea.

The reason, as I have been trying to indicate, is that the little jiggers in the tubes and cans and cartons—beans and shaving-cream and all—are symbols, shadows of ideas which lie at the base of all human activity. This is Platonic but true. And, once the things we use in living are grasped imaginatively, what could be a happier business than to spend one's day inviting thoughts about paints and wall-board, about motor-cars, or the feel of finely balanced tools, about tinned foods which make women happier and creams which make them prettier?

If you respond to the emotional content of this paragraph, you know what advertising means to the copywriter. Unobtrusively he stands in the wings and lets the show go on. And if it is good he is content, because he has gained the highest reward which work can give—the satisfaction which accrues from the confident and effective exercise of one's natural faculties.

Everlasting

By John Frazier Vance

"When they fold
My hands," I said,
"Upon my breast
And call me dead,

You have seen
The end of me.
There is no
Eternity."

But I know
The fallow field
That covers me
Will come to yield.

Some man's swine
Will be the fatter—
But that will not
End the matter.

Man to grass
To swine to man
It has been
Since time began.

So, dig me deep
And raise a cheer:
Everlasting Life
Is here!

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

The ocean was calm all the way, and the ship *Rotterdam* very steady; but we had sunshine only one day out of eight, and the last four days were continuous fog, with frequent drizzles. Except for their sleeping-quarters, the third-class tourists probably had the best time; and their quarters did not bother them much, for, so far as I could make out, none of them ever went to bed. There were among them several hundred college boys and girls, and they were as fine specimens of young America as one could hope to see. Lorado Taft, the distinguished sculptor, was travelling with them as lecturer, teacher, and guide. I imagine that very few creative artists of his caliber would be willing to undertake such a task as that. But Lorado Taft is just as much interested in preaching the Gospel of Beauty as he is in his own creative work; furthermore, his skill in teaching—he is an exceedingly adroit lecturer—and his perennial cheerfulness and inexhaustible kindness of heart make him an ideal companion for young or old. As he expressed it: "You and I are evangelists."

He gave lectures to his eager, high-hearted throng every day, and I had the pleasure of giving one myself. I could not ask for a more inspiring audience.

We never saw a vestige of land from the ship. The fog was too dense. We disembarked at Plymouth, and, as I looked back from the tender, the big ship disappeared from view in fifty yards. Land appeared a few minutes before we reached it. The narrow streets of Plymouth were thick with fog, and the evening was dank and dirty.

Next morning the sky was pale, but the weather-wise hotel waiter said it was going to be "very decent." Bidding farewell to the hotel cat,—an aged, tawny creature, with the devil in his old eyes,—we advanced into the pleasant land of Devonshire, the fairest county in England. There are distinct advantages for people of my age in travelling in Europe by train. I have been in every county in England, in most of them on a bicycle, and I still recommend for the young and the middle-aged the humble, silent wheel. It has not "gone out" in England as in America. The busy streets of Oxford and Cambridge are choked with bicycles. One is independent, one has constant and healthful exercise. The only drawback—and this applies to the far more expensive method of travelling by motor—is that the roads everywhere are lined with hedgerows. These beautiful blooming fences are indeed charming, but they often hide the view of the country, so that one might almost as well be in a green tunnel.

At luncheon in a London club one day I exclaimed: "I like the English trains!" The men around me sprang to their feet in amazement. Now it is not always easy to produce demonstrations of wonder in Englishmen. "Why, everybody here curses them. You ought to write to the railway companies. They would get the most agreeable shock of their lives."

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Well, the English trains are fast, much faster than the average American express. For short distances, and most distances in England are short, they are incomparably superior to our "cars." The fact that the compartments all have doors opening on the station platform means that every train can be emptied of passengers and baggage in a few minutes, and you step from the platform into the compartment on the same level, and do not have either to hoist your travelling-bag, or fight your way with it down a long aisle. You do not have to wait at every station till every person and his luggage have left the train before you can enter it.

Furthermore, you do not have to smoke in a lavatory, an abomination that is taken as a matter of course on American Pullmans. Outside of the worst city slums there are few more odious spectacles than the lavatory of an American sleeping-car; especially when the men are dressing, shaving, and performing other necessities in the morning.

Then, English trains, being lighter than ours, and perhaps having engine-drivers who are more considerate of the passengers than some of ours are, start as gently and as silently as a bicycle; whereas ours, starting in the night rend your soul and body asunder, and if you are in the dining-car you have to be an expert food-dodger. St. John Ervine said that he crossed the ocean in very rough weather, yet saw no food spilled. But on the first American dining-car he entered, the contents of a plate of soup were deposited on his trousers.

The new express-trains from London to Edinburgh, about four hundred miles, run the entire distance without a single stop, the longest non-stop trains in the world. One of their cars is fitted up as a lounge, equipped with large revolving easy chairs, and has extra-large windows. There is a dining-car, with seats of special design. Half of this car is fitted with three small compartments, in which meals can be served; and, if there are four passengers travelling together, they can enjoy their food in peaceful isolation. The three compartments have been differently designed, and are called respectively the Jacobean, the Grey, and the Chippendale rooms. Beneath the carpet is a heavy layer of felt to deaden outside sounds. They have full-length mirrors.

For a person travelling alone for eight or ten hours, I still believe that an American first-class train is the best in the world. I call no train first-class unless it has both a club-car and an observation-car. The individual is sure of his own Pullman chair by a window, and if he wants a table the porter will bring him one. The so-called "Golden Arrow," the most luxurious train running between London and Paris, is not so good. The tables are fixed and you are forced to watch a stranger eat.

But in England, especially for those of advanced years, the best way to see the country is to go to a city hotel, make that your base of operations, travel by train in baggageless delight whithersoever you wish to go, and return to your city hotel in the afternoon or evening. While travelling you sit in a compartment, and have a perfect, uninterrupted view of the incomparable English countryside from the car-window.

For example. We wished to visit Somersby in Lincolnshire, the microscopic village where Tennyson was born. We left London in the morning and travelled to the city of Lincoln in three hours, the train running smooth-

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ly at tremendous speed. At Lincoln we hired a motor-car, which took us forty miles to Somersby. We visited the church where Tennyson's father preached and where the poet was baptized. The church, when crowded, would hold about thirty-seven people. The grave of the Rev. Mr. Tennyson is in the churchyard, which is in a sad state, with uncut grass. The rectory, where Tennyson was born, is almost directly opposite; a family is living there, and we could not enter. The famous brook —is anything so inexplicably immortal as a river?—goes bickering along, even as the poet described it. The seven elms (see Tennyson's "Ode to Memory") are near the front door of the rectory, and one can hear the church-bells of four other villages, as Tennyson told us in "In Memoriam." When the poet lived there the entire population of Somersby was sixty-two. And as Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson had, in addition to Alfred, eleven children, the Tennysonian proportion was considerable. When Alfred's college friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, came there on a visit in the summer vacation from Cambridge, he said that one hundred years hence pilgrims would come from all over the world to see Tennyson's birthplace. That sounded like a monstrous hyperbole, but time has made it true.

We motored back to Lincoln, had lunch at the White Hart, spent an hour and a half looking over the giant cathedral—my favorite English church—took the train, and were back in London at half past five in the afternoon. That is the most comfortable way to see England.

Well, in Devonshire we visited the beautiful country estate of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Granville-Barker. They live in a noble old house, built in 1607. Nothing has been added to it except modern conveniences, so one enjoys the architecture of the seventeenth century and the comfort of the twentieth, an excellent combination. Every one in London interested in the drama is calling on Mr. Granville-Barker to return, as he is one of the ablest producers in the world, and London needs him badly. But he now prefers to stay in the country and write plays of his own rather than to produce those of others. I found him in the midst of composition, and at my urgent entreaty he read to me the manuscript of a new play, which I hope to see on the stage. It is good, very good indeed. Mrs. Granville-Barker is a novelist, and I strongly recommend Scribnerians to read her book "Wives and Celebrities." It is full of cerebration.

Through the kindness of Mr. Granville-Barker we were introduced to Mr. Walter Payne, the "Head Man" of the metropolitan theatres and one of the most interesting and attractive men in London. At a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Payne we met Sir Nigel and Lady Playfair. Sir Nigel is a famous actor-manager, and the table-conversation turned on the active question of the censorship. Noel Coward has recently attacked it, but Cyril Maude told me that he thoroughly believed in it, and that it would be well in America if we could have it, provided it were directed as it is in England. Mr. Payne and Sir Nigel gave me a good reason for it that was new to me: "If we did not have a Censor, the difficulties of production would be greatly increased, and the most speculative business in the world would become even more risky. Any irresponsible person

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with an imagined talent for reform could bring suit against any performance, and entail possible loss and certainly much expense and worry. But now, when the Censor has given his permission, the thing is settled, and nobody can interfere with it." If there is to be a Censor at all, he should be, as he is in London, absolutely autocratic, the final court of appeal.

If our dramatic critics must publish their reviews the morning after the first night, and I await with keen interest the experiment that *The World* will try with St. John Ervine, I wish that New York would follow the example of the London theatres. On every first night the performance begins earlier—at eight instead of eight-thirty. This is done solely to give the critics more time.

If one wishes to behold actors and actresses in mufti, a good plan is to take lunch at the small but excellent Ivy Restaurant in West Street, directly opposite the Ambassadors Theatre. We lunched there with Mr. and Mrs. St. John Ervine. They are building a house in Devonshire, and are naturally loath to leave it, but they could not resist the invitation of *The World,* and are looking forward with interest to the winter season in New York. Mr. Ervine will also continue to write his weekly article on the drama for the London Sunday *Observer,* one of the best columns in that excellent paper. He will certainly be kept busy in New York going to first nights, for, outside of the motion-pictures, New York has seventy-five theatres, whilst London has thirty-nine.

A few days later I lunched at the Ivy with Mr. Leon M. Lion, the actor-manager, who has just celebrated his tenth year of managerial service. He loves the theatre with all his heart, and spoke of his work with tremendous gusto. We were joined at the table by Humbert Wolfe the poet, by Leslie Howard the brilliant young actor who appeared last season in America in Galsworthy's "Escape," and by James Agate the famous London dramatic critic. At a table near by Noel Coward was entertaining a party of friends, and the rooms were filled with interesting people.

American plays are popular in London. They are still talking about "The Silver Cord," which had a great and well-deserved success. "Show Boat" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" are playing to packed houses, and while I was in London came the first night of Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." It was received by the audience with tumultuous applause, but to many of the critics it seemed sentimental and melodramatic. But, as nothing is so sentimental and melodramatic as war, Mr. Pollock chose to attack it with its own emphatic methods. The idea of the play is wholly good, and the people of all nations need its impact.

I do not see that England has any new or young playwrights able to fill the places of the three veterans who are among the foremost dramatists of the world—Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy. And no new play in London is equal to "Mrs. Dane's Defence," by Henry Arthur Jones, and "His House in Order," by Sir Arthur Pinero. Nothing by Barrie or Shaw was visible this summer; but Mr. Lion revived Galsworthy's play "Justice," and it was so successful that he was forced to extend the announced number of performances. His own interpretation of the leading part, Falder, is magnificent. Some of the critics felt that the play "dated." But it is so superior to anything else in Lon-

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don that it stands in a class by itself. So long as there exists cruelty, callous indifference to suffering, plays like "Justice" will always be pertinent. In this great play the public is on trial. The audience is the villain. "Thou art the man."

Mr. Lion will follow this tragedy with a revival of Galsworthy's "Loyalties," and I only wish it might be accompanied, as it was on its original appearance, with Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?"

I attended the first night of "Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffe; it is the best new play of the season. Furthermore, it was beautifully acted. The author had many personal friends in the audience, who gave him an ovation when he himself appeared in a small part. I hope this play may be seen in America.

"The Return of the Soldier," dramatized by Mr. Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," from the novel by Rebecca West, failed because the last act was a sad anticlimax. I saw it just before it was taken off, and the first two acts were immensely affecting. I do not know when I have been so shaken. Mary Clare seemed to bloom like a madonna. Her tenderness and sincerity were so appealing that I could not stop crying all through the intermission, something I have never done before.

Sir Nigel Playfair, who made such a success of "The Beggar's Opera," produced a somewhat similar eighteenth-century light opera by Bickerstaffe, called "Love in a Village." It was beautifully done. He is about to revive "She Stoops to Conquer," and will himself take the part of Tony Lumpkin. Another play that has what I call chronological charm is "Marigold," a Scotch comedy that has something of the humor of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

London is fortunate in having two admirable comedians who hunt in couples, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn. They are not so well known in America as they deserve to be. They appear in a side-splitting spoof-crime play, called "Plunder." Every night after the theatre Tom Walls motors to his place near Epsom Downs, rises early in the morning, and takes a long gallop over the turf. Horses are his passion, and he gives no Saturday matinées, because the races call him.

A young French actress, Yvonne Arnaud, who speaks English with an amusing accent, has made a sensation in London. She is full of temperament, and has single-handed made the success of a new play, "Mischief," which is so slight that it could hardly stand on its own feet.

I must add a word of commendation on the London theatres. During three weeks of extreme heat they were absolutely comfortable, the coolest places in the town. The air is cooled in some strange fashion without any drafts. London theatres are also clean, the seats in general roomy, and the prices of the stalls lower than in New York. Furthermore, every play I attended began at the time advertised!

A considerable number of the London theatres now permit smoking in the auditorium and during the performance. I must confess I do not like this. Little ash-trays are provided on the back of every chair; but not every spectator makes use of them. I have never heard of any accident caused by smoking in the theatre; but an American lady told me that she was in such alarm that it was impossible for her to give her attention to the play. She was

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in chiffon evening dress; the man sitting next to her smoked cigarettes incessantly and dropped them, still burning, on the floor. Apart from the danger, it is not always pleasant to be jammed against a stranger who is constantly smoking.

At the Savoy Hotel, where I stayed in London, there is a memorial tablet to Charles Frohman. A certain table in the grill-room was always reserved for him, and on the wall close by a brass plaque commemorates the fact. Sir James Barrie spoke to me of his warm friendship with Mr. Frohman, and of his admiration for his character.

A few persons among the millions who have walked on Fleet Street during recent years may remember that back from the street on the north side at St. Dunstan's church stood a grimy old statue of Queen Elizabeth. This summer, thanks to the enterprise and generosity of Dame Millicent Fawcett and some other ladies, the statue has been cleaned and repainted; it was ceremoniously unveiled during the latter part of August, so do not miss it on your next visit to London. *The Times* had an interesting editorial, called "Gloriana in Fleet-street."

It was made in 1586, when the Queen was fifty-three (but no artist nor courtier would dare to remember her age) and had been not far from thirty years on the throne; and it was made for Lud Gate, which in that year was rebuilt. Gloriana, ever fair and ever young, faced westward; and back to back with her, looking up Ludgate-hill to Paul's church, stood King Lud (who, as every one knows, had built the first gate long before the Christian era began) and his two sons. They wore Roman dress; and lucky is Fleet-street to-day that the sculptor, whoever he was, did not put the Queen in Roman dress too. When the inhabitants of the two Farringdons insisted that, Lud or no and Gloriana or no, Lud Gate must come down, the poor King and the princes were left in the parish bone-house. The masterful Tudor woman, clinging to existence as firmly as ever, came westward to old St. Dunstan's Church, and survived yet another move to the new St. Dunstan's Church which men see to-day. And, all these years after, this statue, the only known contemporary statue of the great Queen, the only known relic of any of the City of London's gates (for Temple Bar was not technically a City gate), has been by generous women cleaned, painted, restored to notice and to respect. Painted she was originally; and very likely in colours much stronger than those which make her look so fresh and dapper to-day. Elizabethans, like men of the Middle Ages, could not think of a statue unpainted. "The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's not dry," cries Paulina in alarm when Perdita is in too great a hurry to kiss the hand of her mother. To-day Gloriana is new painted, a delightful spot of purity in a grubby region. Fleet-street will be proud of her; and the ghosts of old Templars and courtiers with whom she danced and jested will steal out to look upon her. Let us hope that among them will be some profitable ghost who will make it his business to keep the statue as clean as it is to-day.

On the south side of the river, near the Elephant and Castle, stands the old York Street Chapel, where Robert Browning was christened. Together with some adjoining buildings it is now used as the Robert Browning Settlement; the warden is the Rev. J. W. Graves, a graduate of the Yale Divinity School. I do not know of any more useful and important work among the poor than is being done here under the devoted leadership of Mr. Graves, who is "on the job" from seven in the morning until midnight. The children receive instruction in books, games, and general behavior, free legal service is provided, an Old Man's Club has been formed—the place, in the heart of a district crowded with very poor people, is a centre of wise, efficient charity. I

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wish Americans might visit this institution on the Walworth Road and see for themselves the splendid work that is going on, and also realize the desperate need of it. You cannot give money to a better cause, though you will never be asked to give anything. Mr. Graves would seem to be working beyond human endurance; but he says he is in perfect health, and he is always in high spirits. He reminds me of a famous sonnet by Matthew Arnold describing his conversation with a preacher in the slums.

Not content with charitable work alone, Mr. Graves keeps an upper room as a Browning museum. It is filled with interesting memorials of the poet, his manuscripts, account-books, and other precious things, which are gladly shown to visitors. Mr. Graves told me a remarkable story of an incident that happened during his American journey, when he was exhibiting the Browning memorials in a large city. Some one stole the most valuable manuscript he had. In despair he went to the chief of police. The chief asked him if he had tried every possible means to recover the treasure, and, receiving an affirmative reply, the officer of the law asked: "Have you prayed about it?" Mr. Graves is a devout clergyman, but he confessed that he had not yet prayed for this particular thing. "Well," said the American chief of police, "whenever I have a particularly perplexing problem, I go home, and my wife and I pray earnestly for help and guidance. I advise you to do the same." Mr. Graves immediately took this advice, and the next day the treasure was found; the thief confessed.

One night in July I gave a lecture on "The Life of Browning" at this settlement, in the old chapel; and the gentleman who presided was none other than Browning's personal friend, Mr. W. G. Kingsland, now well past eighty, but sound in body and mind. Mr. Kingsland was a printer who, over fifty years ago, became inspired by Browning's poetry and wrote a little book called "Browning the Chief Poet of the Age." Browning wrote him a remarkable letter; the original is on exhibition among famous letters, in a public room at the British Museum.

Speaking of Browning, I received an interesting note last June from Professor Waldo H. Dunn, of Wooster, Ohio.

> This morning, as I was turning through a bound volume of *Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book* for 1852, I chanced upon the following lines written by a Robert Browning. They are in the June number on page 514. The Browning Concordance does not include them. If I have ever before seen them in print I do not recall them at the moment. The form does not seem to be that of "our" Browning, and yet there is the unusual word "aromite"; I observe that Webster's International does not contain the word. Do you happen to know of an American Robert Browning of that period? This bit of verse is preceded by one signed the "Hon. Mrs. Morton." Let me know what you think about the lines, or, better still, know about them.

EDUCATION

BY ROBERT BROWNING

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man: a soil that breeds
Or sweetest flowers or wildest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aromite:
Just as the heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or floweret fair."

I have never seen any reference to this alleged work of the poet, and I cannot believe that he wrote it. Some

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one may have handed it in as a joke. My colleague, Professor Frederick Pottle, was kind enough to go through many numbers of *Godey,* and he could find nothing else signed by Robert Browning, though in the number for July, 1852, there is a poem called "Beauty," by Mrs. Browning. The word "aromite" does not occur in the New English Dictionary. Mr. Dunn thinks the poem may have been "lifted" from some periodical, and incorrectly ascribed to Browning. The poet did occasionally, either consciously or unconsciously, invent a word. I remember the word "gadge" in "A Soul's Tragedy," which has baffled all the dictionary-makers as it did Elizabeth Barrett, when Browning sent her the poem in manuscript.

Fifteen minutes after our arrival in London I called on my friend the novelist Mrs. W. K. Clifford, at her hospitable home on Chilworth Street, where some sixteen years ago I had a memorable conversation with Henry James and May Sinclair. I have always greatly admired Mrs. Clifford's novel "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," and I hope it may soon be republished in America. She has written many stories and plays, and is a valued contributor to this magazine. Her novel "Miss Fingal" had a wide circulation both in Europe and in America. She is a charming conversationist, and every Sunday afternoon she is at home to her friends. There I met Dean Inge and his family, Lady Cromer, Sir Frederick Pollock and Lady Pollock, May Sinclair, Mr. Collier the painter, Augustine Birrell, Lady Prothero, Dame Millicent Fawcett, Mr. Walbrook the literary critic, Mr. Charles Morgan the dramatic critic of the London *Times,* and many other interesting people. Dean Inge was anything but "gloomy." His talk sparkled with humorous observations, and then, as the conversation turned on religion, he made an impressive comment on the Quakers. He spoke of them with high admiration, and, when I remarked on the absence of ritual and said that, although I thought they had the finest record of any religious sect, they perhaps in their neglect of forms missed something of the beauty of holiness, he replied: "They all have that in their faces." He rightly regards Rufus Jones as one of the spiritual leaders of America. May Sinclair talked with me of the work of Willa Cather, for which she has very great respect.

One day we went out to Hampstead to call on my friend the veteran dramatist Henry Arthur Jones. He is in poor health, weakened by several major operations, but his mind is as alert and keen as ever, and he is deeply interested in contemporary life and letters. He lives with his daughter Mrs. Doris Thorne, who is full of energy and vivacity, and with his granddaughter Dorinda Thorne, who is keeping up the family traditions as an actress and is very happy in her work. Mr. Jones showed me over his house, which had many interesting things. All the furniture in the front room—chairs, tables, tapestry, etc.—was designed and made by William Morris, and the pottery came from the hands of William De Morgan. Mr. Jones inquired with solicitude after the health of his intimate friend Brander Matthews, whom we all love and admire.

Mr. Jones spoke affectionately of America and the Americans, and is proud of the honorary degree he received from Harvard. He spoke mod-

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estly of his own work, saying that, if he had to write an estimate of it, he could not give it so much praise as he had received from the public and from the critics. But he really should view his long career with pride and satisfaction. When he was a young man he was publicly congratulated by Matthew Arnold on having produced not only plays but dramatic literature; and it is certainly owing more to Mr. Jones than to any other man that there is now a vast reading public for English plays. Many years ago, when the publication of contemporary English plays was practically unknown, Mr. Jones insisted that dramatists must not be content merely with success on the stage. They must challenge not only the verdict of the pit but the cool judgment of literary critics. All his active life, filled as it has been with successes in the theatre, he has lectured on the platform and written many books, in the endeavor to make the public realize that there is a difference between the theatre and the drama. He sees the travail of his soul and should be satisfied. It is inspiring to talk with him, and on the 20th of September I shall be with him again to help celebrate his seventy-seventh birthday.

On a brilliant day in July we saw the great cricket-match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's. This is the English equivalent of a Yale-Harvard football game. Only as it is played in the midst of summer, the thousands of men and women, dressed in their absolute best, make a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. As we wandered about among the throng there was only one element of tragedy to mar the gay scene. This was the almost complete absence of men between the ages of thirty and forty. Any number of old and middle-aged men, any number of boys and girls. But an entire generation was missing—the war had taken them.

We were fortunate in being accompanied by the novelist Archibald Marshall and by Gerald Campbell, editorial writer for the London *Times* and an old cricketer. They explained to me the mysteries of the game and the significance of the occasion. I could not have had better guides or better company.

Over a hundred years ago, when Eton beat Harrow as she did on this day also, an Eton schoolboy-poet produced the following poem, not knowing of the budding genius in the enemy's camp.

"Ye silly boys of Harrow School,
Of cricket ye've no knowledge.
It was not cricket, but the fool,
Ye played with Eton College."

Alas, there was a boy at Harrow named George Gordon, later Lord Byron. He instantly replied:

"If as you say we played the fool,
No wonder we were beaten;
For at that game no other School
Could e'er compete with Eton."

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Dante Gabriel Rossetti

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

One of the things that made Stanford White a delight to his friends was the varied play of his enthusiasm for works of beauty. You never knew what was going to excite him next. All that you could be sure of was that, whether building or book, picture or musical composition, it would be vitally interesting. Thinking of Pre-Raphaelitism, my mind goes back to a typical discovery of the architect's, years ago. He had got hold of the Moxon "Tennyson," the famous edition of 1857 for which some of the leading artists of the day made illustrations, and of course he battened on the best thing in the book, Holman Hunt's design for these lines:

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

Hunt enmeshed the stately figure in linear swirls, a triumph of romantic grace—and of good drawing. White had the little woodcut enlarged in a photograph to a height of three or four feet, on white paper, and then proceeded to touch it up with pastel. The result took my breath away. It was one of the loveliest pictures I had ever seen. A few years later, walking down a London street, I was attracted by a placard in an art-dealer's window, announcing that Holman Hunt's *painting* of The Lady of Shalott might be seen within. I paid my shilling and looked upon the tall canvas he had based, after I do not know how many years, upon the drawing of 1857. Speaking quite temperately, and with due remembrance of this artist's distinction, I must say that I found his newer Lady of Shalott one of the *un*loveliest pictures I had ever seen. The huge scale had robbed the subject of a good deal of its light, fairy-like charm, and, quite apart from that, the drawing had lost elasticity and the harsh, glaring color was merely repellent. The designer had survived, but his inadequacy as a painter had come nigh to ruining a beautiful conception.

I set forth these two incidents as forming, together, a parable, one indicative of the strength and weakness of the whole Pre-Raphaelite school. They were all like that—Hunt, Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones. They were fertile, interesting designers and capable draftsmen. None of them was an absolute master of the art of painting. It is not altogether fanciful to assert that their fame would be well served if their works were to be made known exclusively in photographs, in such grayish prints, say, as the English Hollyer made so popular. In monochrome you think only of their ideas. Questions of painted surface disappear. Those return in the most disconcerting manner when

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you see the originals. They, the Pre-Raphaelites, knew all about the pleasures of the imagination. The joys of sheer brushwork and the loving manipulation of pigment for its own sake they ignored, if they were not, indeed, entirely unaware of them. In Millais alone were there any stirrings of the modern feeling for technique as such, and the reader may have observed that I did not name him with the others just cited, though he was in at the birth of the Pre-Raphaelite hypothesis and at first seemed likely to prove one of its most steadfast adherents. As a matter of fact, he soon left the group, being, by a happy stroke, very much concerned with painting as painting, a clever man of his hands. Yet Millais, as is well known, was but dubiously rewarded for his defection, disclosing a marked inferiority to his old comrades in the creative stuff of art and building up much of his subsequent prestige on Academic banality.

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It all makes an intensely exciting problem, this conflict of the English Pre-Raphaelites between ideas and execution. In a short-sighted view of the matter that painter is badly handicapped who dips his brush, as they did, in the tints of a "literary" subject. That is the not unfamiliar opinion of the latter-day type who balks at anything human or dramatic. Nothing could be wider of the mark. The good painter, by which I mean simply the man who knows his trade, can handle any subject, no matter how spiritually or dramatically it may appeal to mankind. Rembrandt drew upon the Scriptures. Rubens dealt as freely with mythology as with realistic episodes. Velasquez turned historian when he painted The Surrender of Breda. In modern times Delacroix saturated his art in the genius of a Dante or a Shakespeare, and, long after him, the Belgian Alfred Stevens not infrequently justified himself, through consummate technique, in the commemoration of mawkish sentimentality. No, there is nothing in the least fearsome about the "literary" bogie. It can scare only the unthoughtful. Moreover, the literary motive, or, as I would prefer to put it, imaginative inspiration, has a wonderful way of sometimes pulling an artist through, regardless of his imperfect technique. Arnold Boecklin was not a great painter, but a certain glamour still hangs about his strange compositions. Gustave Moreau and Odilon Redon were better poets than they were painters. As much may be said for our own Albert P. Ryder. The man of ideas always manages, somehow, to carry conviction.

It is so with Rossetti. I have been struck by the potency of his name in 1928, a year of potent anniversaries. These have been chiefly of a high artistic significance. Germany remembered, on April 6, that Albrecht Dürer, a great draftsman, had died four hundred years before. On April 16 Spain marked the centenary of the death of a great painter, Goya. The French paid tribute on July 15 to a great sculptor, Houdon, dead a hundred years on that date. Was it a great artist that England recalled on May 12, the centenary of Rossetti's birth? Hardly. But an artist nevertheless who brought things of beauty into the world and whose place, of its kind, remains secure. In my mind's eye I can see in the National Gallery, as I first saw it long ago, his Ecce Ancilla Domini. Technically it left no very deep impression, but as the embodiment of an idea this picture,

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The Loving Cup.

From the painting by Rossetti.

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Rosa Triplex.

From the drawing by Rossetti.

Borgia.

From the painting by Rossetti.

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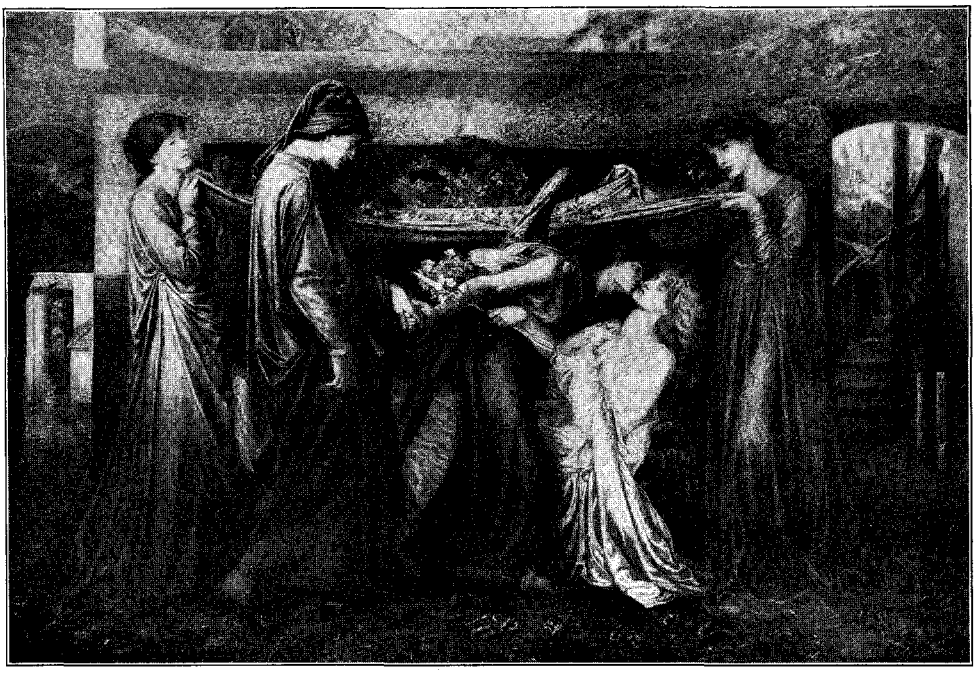
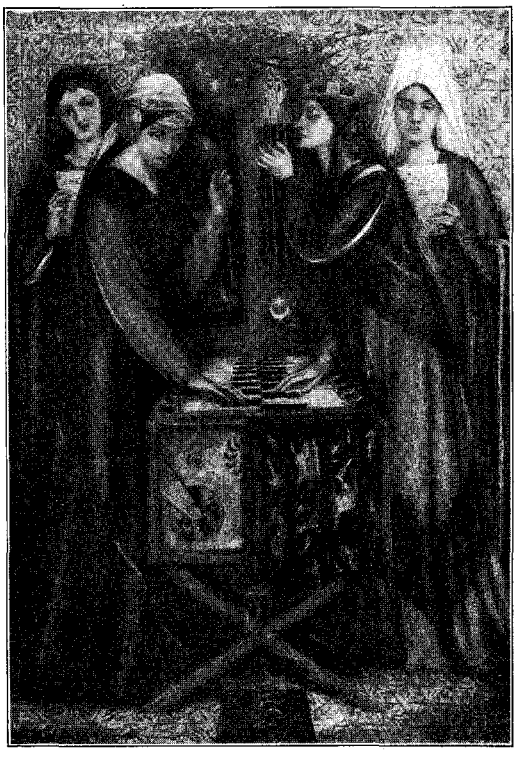


Dante's Dream.

From the painting by Rossetti.



The Blue Closet.

From the painting by Rossetti.

Proserpine.

From the painting by Rossetti.

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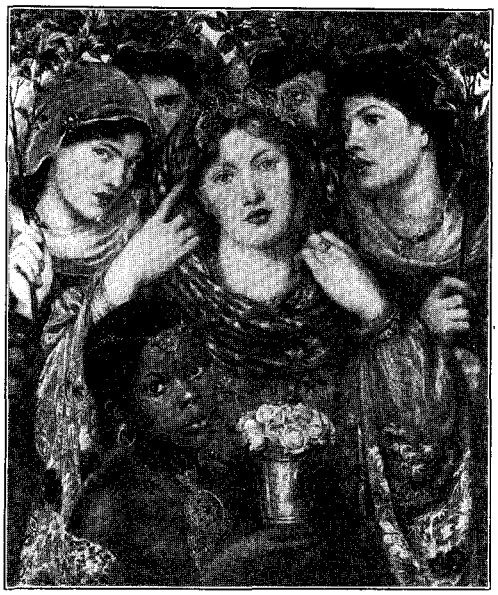

The Beloved.

From the painting by Rossetti.

Veronica Veronese.

From the painting by Rossetti.

Miss Siddal.

From the drawing by Rossetti.

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painted when Rossetti was hardly more than a youth, confidently took its place in an extraordinarily exacting environment. It preserved the finer spirit of an older day. There hung about it the atmosphere of a noble historic tradition; it was unmistakably the work of a lofty spirit. Even at that early age a high-erected purpose was in the painter's blood, and it ran constructively through his life's work.

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His parentage and upbringing had something to do with it. The expatriated Italian, Gabriele Rossetti, his father, was a professor in King's College, a devoted student of Dante, and this scholar's wife was a woman of kindred tastes. In their household all the elements were favorable to poetic and æsthetic activity. How else could the delicate genius of Christina Rossetti have developed? It seems the most natural thing in the world that Dante Gabriel should have been in the hands of a drawing-teacher by the time he was fourteen, and that despite his addiction to the writing of poetry he was almost at once—with every circumstance of family good-will—clearly headed for the career of a painter. On the other hand, why did he never really fit himself for that career? He sought and obtained admission to the antique class at the Royal Academy, but Mr. Marillier, the best historian of his purely artistic development, says bluntly that "he proved a failure" there, and as candidly admits that "he wanted to paint before he could properly draw." When he turned from the academic training that he found unsympathetic and persuaded Madox Brown to take him into his studio he still rebelled against what he evidently considered soulless drudgery. His master set him a problem in still life—it is said the painting of a row of pickle-jars—and forthwith Rossetti edged off into the company of Holman Hunt. That affair of the pickle-jars calls up an attractive "might-have-been." The discipline might have proved his salvation. But I don't think his aversion from the mint and cummin of training was alone responsible for his weakness in technique.

He suffered to a certain extent from the fact that that subject was not precisely in the air in the London of his formative period. It hadn't then been any too widely liberated even in Paris, the great experimental laboratory of modern art, the processes of change inaugurated by the men of 1830 making but slow headway against the prevailing tide. Rossetti and Manet were contemporaries, but only according to dates in the calendar. I do not know that the Englishman ever had any contact with the works of his French colleague or that he ever had the smallest interest in the sort of direct painting in which Manet carried on the tradition of Velasquez and Goya. For a clinching exposition of his detachment from the mysteries of mere handling, go to the Tate —where it now is—and observe the differences between the whites—good as they are—in the Ecce Ancilla Domini and those in, say, the Little White Girl of Whistler, another contemporary, and, by the way, ultimately a friend. One more "might-have-been." If he had known Whistler earlier, and had had him for an oracle instead of Ruskin, he might have been moved to closer traffic with tonal issues. But enough of vain regrets. What we need rather to dwell upon is his creative passion, his mastery in the evocation of enchanting figures, his rich contribution

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to the world's store of pictorial romance.

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You get a good clew to the pure gold at the core of his work in a saying of Hunt's about Rossetti in the days when they were all young together and absorbed in the interests of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Rossetti, he says, "with his spirit alike subtle and fiery, was essentially a proselytizer, sometimes to an almost absurd degree, but possessed, alike in his poetry and painting, with *an appreciation of beauty of the most intense quality*." The italics are mine. They are to stress the burning life that glows in Rossetti's art, counterbalancing every weakness of turgid painting, too fervid color, insensitive tone, or nerveless drawing. What he lacks in technique he makes up in vision. All the Pre-Raphaelites were dedicated to the interpretation of great subjects in terms of primitive simplicity and truth, but none of them could match him in opulence of poetic feeling and beauty. Where the charm of Burne-Jones, for example, is exquisite, and connotes a kind of emotional placidity, that of Rossetti is boldly impassioned, sumptuous, and implies power. I say this for all that Rossetti had tenderness and in pictures like his famous Beata Beatrix could plumb far depths of elegiac sentiment. The broad drift of his outpourings, however, denotes a genius of ebullient energy, full-textured, as dense, warm, and shadowy as some mediæval tapestry. He was fortunate in his models, in having beautiful friends like Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Stillman to sit for him, but it is a mistake to ascribe to their noble presences a preponderant share in the ample, Venetian gorgeousness of his pictures. That sprang primarily from his instinctive Italianate largeness of imagination. He is a kind of Palma turned meditative and even, perhaps, a little morbid; a delineator of sensuous beauty whose images are freighted with the same half-earthy, half-mystical moods he could put so subtly into verse. In him, to be sure, the painter and the poet were one and an apparition that he arrests upon canvas, endowed with the curving lips, the deep brows, and the massy hair of sorcery, takes hold of the imagination with the intoxicating lure of a romantic dramatist's incantation.

There were traces of earthiness in him, as I have said. He had an artist's appreciation of such regal bodily beauty as you see in his Lady Lilith, a liking for luxurious stuffs and ornate accessories. But all this was governed by a habit of mind incapable of grossness. I know of nothing about him more characteristic than the repugnance which Rubens roused in him on his first visit to the Louvre, made with Holman Hunt early in life. He burst out into verse denunciatory of nudes made "uncouth, with stagnant grouts of paint." The nude, as it happens, is almost imperceptible in his *œuvre*. His preoccupation was with other things, with the gravely garmented Proserpine, with the richly bedight lady of The Loving Cup, with plaintive Mariana, with Veronica Veronese in her flowing velvet, and, above all, with the melancholy shade of Dante. From his youth up he lived as it were under the constant influence of the poet. The elaborate composition, Dante's Dream, which is perhaps the most important of his pictures, is not by any means the sole testimony to his ardor for the "Divine Comedy." Over and over again Dante gave him a subject, and even when he found one else-

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where he carried over into his treatment of it an emotion of sad Dantesque revery, sad sometimes to the point of gloom.

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He was a very human creature. It has been said of him that, poet and idealist as he was, he nevertheless "had business qualities of a high order and the eye of a trained financier for anything that had money in it." A practical trait comes out in the fact that a good part of his life was spent in the painting of replicas of pictures of his that had found favor. Hard-headed industry waited on his poetic fervor. He knew how to drive a bargain. He was human also in his moodiness, a natural, quick-tempered, gusty individual. A sterling sincerity underlay his exotic picturesqueness, and he must have had some lovable ingredients in his nature, to judge from the loyal friendships that broke in upon his more or less cloistered existence. He struggled with ill health in his later years. Insomnia drove him to chloral and, in the upshot, that proved a more than doubtful resource. He seems a sorrowful, broken, very mortal type when death comes for him in 1882, untimely, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. But there is nothing so linked with immortal things as is the breath of the poet. Rossetti had it. It exhales from his paintings as from his verse. Though he was not a great artist in the technical sense, his art endures.

I do not know why it has not been more appreciated by American collectors. One or two of them have responded to its appeal. Mr. Samuel Bancroft, of Wilmington, was early in the field, and time has not dimmed my memory of the exhibition at the Century Club in which he once assembled his Pre-Raphaelite treasures. Rossetti has figured conspicuously also in the collection of Mr. Grenville Winthrop, in New York. But I know of no other connoisseurs here who have given as much attention to the subject. Possibly the reason is to be found in the spread in the United States of that very cult for technical brilliance to which, as I have shown, Rossetti was disinclined to pay tribute. An American generation predisposed by circumstances to foster a taste for a Manet or a Sargent could hardly be expected to turn very readily toward a painter like Rossetti. It has read him willingly enough, but it has not looked at him much. Sooner or later, I believe, the omission will be repaired. For to look at him in a friendly spirit is presently to be drawn to him as by a spell.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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Borgia

(Continued from page 562 of this number.)

Luna's look, the chill, the ugliness, the night that they had spent, which brought from Marfa that which she believed to be the truth.

"I'm thinking about Lawrence," she said, "I couldn't bear to bring Lawrence something terrible."

"That's not thinking about Lawrence," Luna said brutally. "That's thinking about yourself."

Marfa looked indignant. "I love him too well to face life if I were responsible. . . ."

Luna's gentle laughter came, the red east rounding her face to childishness. Sometimes Marfa hated her, sometimes she loved her. Hate and love from that one stimulus; and yet there was Luna herself, deep within her image, that thin column of amber light in the sunrise.

"Tell me what to do!" Marfa cried angrily —shouted it, as to some one deep within that amber column.

When Luna answered that nobody on earth could tell her that, Marfa wheeled and ran down the slope alone. Her complacence was pricked, she imagined that she loathed herself and wanted to die. A man alighting from a bug-like bus looked like Lawrence. It was not he, but she lost the entire situation —Effie, Luna's words, herself—in a memory of the delicious fulness of his mouth when he kissed her.

Marfa found that Lawrence had been calling from town. His high voice came hesitating over the wire, he said that he was wretched, lonely, that he must see her. She asked him to come down to Old Town, and as her body sat there at the telephone and asked him to come down to Old Town the next day, she was aware that her body was really her instrument, that the I watching within wanted him also. She thought: "I have been leaving *her* to speak as best she could." In the passage stood her mother saying, "Only two days more till he'll get here." Marfa asked stupidly "Who?" and saw her mother's small black eyes open and her mouth pucker and her head lift as she explained scornfully: "Your father." At this look Marfa found herself trembling, and thought: "People throw out something that poisons you when they're no more than disapproving. I must have been poisoning people right and left with every word I've said." She cried penitently: "Oh, yes . . . father! But Lawrence Brand is coming to-morrow." Her mother asked gravely: "Does that mean that this young man's intentions . . ." Instead of a withering word, Marfa laughed and answered: "Darling, you'd much better ask my intentions. No, mine are not serious." With naiveté Mrs. Manchester observed: "Then to-day's roast warmed over will be all right for dinner, won't it?"

Lawrence came down next day, and there being no porters at Old Town, advanced alone on the platform, his wrist looking long as he tugged at his suitcase. From the motor Marfa watched him with a current of understanding. At their meeting he seemed so exhausted, so like a runner who has reached his goal, that she was drawn to him, though she whispered: "Don't kiss me. They don't do that in Old Town, unless they want the engagement in *Supper Table Jottings.*" This he seemed not to hear, but sat looking at her mutely. She thought: "His eyes are heavenly. What is back of them to make him look heavenly like that?" When they reached the house, she delighted in his clear-cut cultivated speech, echoing in those rooms dedicated to the slurred and the overemphatic; but when he talked with Luna, he twisted his fingers in a fashion which disconcerted and alienated Marfa. Of her scrutiny he seemed wretchedly aware. He dropped his hands and flushed, and suddenly she gave him that smile for which he had hungered, and he became another being, all gauzed with an inexpressible air.

They sat alone on the porch, and he said: "It's terrific to have the power of happiness or unhappiness that you have over me." She said, "The power of life and death," and suddenly felt: "Have I then the power of life over him only if I try—if I try? . . ." She looked about the dim porch, at the simple objects, the swing, the chairs, the rugs. They stood out in incredible clarity as she said:

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"Lawrence, I have never tried. Never have tried to give life to any situation. I have only felt my will in me and have followed that." She continued to stare about as if she had something original and tremendous. But because of his love for her, he missed the moment and said only: "Please, then, feel the will to marry me quickly, and follow that!" He stooped to her hand, and sat kissing it, but Marfa looked over his head, into the darkness beyond the copper netting. And there were the bulk of tree-trunks, the vague façades of familiar houses, the invisible hollow of the sky. But these abruptly demanded that she see them differently. She looked down at his head, at its close dark hair springing beautifully, at the tense hands clinging to hers. "Lawrence!" she cried, "if I'm like that, bringing misfortune and death to every one, maybe it's because I've never tried—I mean, do you see, *tried* . . ." He held her, saying: "Your lips are soft. Your face is like velvet." So she sat silent, shading within her some light that she saw in there, shining; and now she was talking with him, the personal talk that he wanted from her.

There was a thickening of the darkness on the step without, and Luna came in. She carried a basket; her eyes were soft and reasonable and acquainted. She seemed not to be vague or distraught, but to be aware of what she was doing and what she was thinking. She paused and said: "Mr. Garvin said to say 'hello' to you, Marfa." Her face was serene in its new pink light, a light made golden as it rested on her amber face. As soon as Marfa saw her, she knew that she had persuaded Max Garvin to marry her. The inner door opened on a rectangle of light, and Mrs. Manchester stood there, looking out and saying intensely: "To-morrow night at this time he'll be here." Lawrence, standing slim and white against the black street, waited a little too obviously, Marfa thought, for these two to be gone. The bright veil of Luna's compassion and of her sacrifice were round Luna. A great and passionate impatience clothed Mrs. Manchester—yes, and a passionate irritability. (Wouldn't she tell her husband what she thought of his traipsing off when she got hold of him again!) Three women.

Marfa thought: "It makes no difference. Papa, Max Garvin, Lawrence. Any man. Any woman. They give life or death to one another, life if they will, death if they don't know that. . . ."

Only it was not so simple. Over years, Luna had made herself fine, resonant, flexible, singing, ready to receive currents of life. And it was so of Malvina Beach. But she herself . . . she saw the years stretch out, dry, expressionless, waiting for her to walk among them, waiting for her to take Lawrence and give him life, not death and misfortune. She thought: "It makes no difference. Luna gives life to Max Garvin. She doesn't love him—her pink light is because she loves to give life. I suppose mama and papa had passion, but that went, and now they give each other death only because they don't know how to give life."

She walked to the screen door, looked at the street, smoky with dusk, cloudy with pale light from the low moon. The homes smouldered, eyes like soft coals, all the flame hidden. As if the homes were crouching creatures. She thought: "All those men and women might have married another or another, and it would have been just the same." She thought: "What a fuss we make over choosing!" Some tide, light and joyous, swept her and left her tingling. "It's more than choosing. It's to bring life and not death."

When the house was still, Marfa not yet having fallen asleep heard Luna's door open, and saw her go out into the cloudy blackness of the garden. Marfa went down and followed her, and they sat together on a garden-bench, two black figures, in the warm southwest wind. "You're going to marry Max Garvin, Luna," Marfa whispered. And Luna said yes, as if it had always been so, accepted and sacrificial. Marfa asked quickly, "What do you think of Lawrence?"—eager for the fellowship of experience. Luna answered, "I like him. I hope you love him," and tried to see her sister's face in the milky gloom.

"It's a great thing to make another person happy," Luna said, and in her breath were the rise and dip of a discovery.

Marfa stood up beside a dark tree, below netted boughs whose tips were chalked with moonlight. She said: "Who's to measure that? Luna, I'm afraid. What is there left when love goes? Look at papa and mama, giving death to each other till papa runs away from it and yet can't escape from us,

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and has to come back—because he's waited too long. Love must be more—it must be something more. . . . You and I are in for that, Luna, surely. . . ."

Luna came and stood beside her. They stood slim and dark, murmuring under the tree down which the moonlight crept. A neighbor was working in his garage and whistling softly. On the street motors passed, bearing people talking, singing. The switch-engine breathed at the station.

"Yes," Luna said raptly, "we're in for that." In the darkness Marfa knew that Luna's pink light was burning in her face.

"But you're marvellous, Luna," Marfa said. "A cripple—and your whole life spent for him. It's I who ought—Luna! I feel as if you're making up to him for what I took away from him. . . ."

There was a moment's silence and then Luna said:

"Well, you certainly weren't the cause of his accident on purpose, Marfa."

Marfa looked at the creamy blur of her sister's face, and said slowly:

"I'm glad you see at last that it was *I* who was to blame for his accident, and not you."

Luna said low: "I think I have come to see just to-day that it really wasn't I—that just *not* saying something to you, when you were at the telephone that night, couldn't have made me responsible."

Marfa said thoughtfully: "It would take from your sacrifice if you thought you were making up to him for something you did."

"No," Luna said, "but I've come to see it wasn't I who was responsible, really! And, Marfa, I think papa would have started for China just the same, even if I hadn't been there to go into the store. He was bound to go. He'd have managed some way."

Marfa looked at her sister intently.

"How about Ben and The Dells?" she said. "You see now, don't you, that I was the one to blame there too—that you had nothing to do with it? Nothing to do, either, with my taking Paul Barker to Sally's house?"

Luna said: "I don't know. I don't feel as certain as I did, Marfa. . . . Those things . . ." Her voice trailed away. She stood erect, her clear dark face revealed now by the moonlight. "I'd be willing to take every bit of the blame," she said, "but I just don't feel so sure, any more, that it was I."

With a movement fluid and groping, Marfa reached out for the back of the bench, passed her hand along that, and sat down at the end, leaning forward, her wrists crossed on her breast.

"What is it, darling?" Luna asked anxiously. "Don't blame yourself—you mustn't blame yourself. Those things just happen—they happen to every one. . . ."

Marfa said one word. "Puppets," she said. "Puppets."

"What do you mean?" Luna asked blankly, and sat down beside her. But Marfa sprang away, and began walking up and down in the moonlight, under the tree.

"Marcus Bartholomew said," she cried, "that I *wanted* to blame myself for these things—that I insisted on blaming myself, because I must have some emotion. He said that I took that blame on myself instead of having hysterics or melancholia or going in for social service—that it answered the same purpose. Well—and look at me! Now that I have Lawrence, now that I have something to *do,* I could begin thinking that I can give life, instead of death and misfortune, if only I try hard enough. And look at *you!* As soon as you have Max Garvin, even that cripple, you're not so sure any more that you were responsible for Paul—or Ben . . . or Max himself. . . . That's to say, we don't any longer need the excitement of being responsible. Luna! Marcus Bartholomew was right!"

Luna said: "Nonsense. And don't speak so loud, dearest. There's somebody working in that garage."

"But he was right!"

"Well," Luna said comfortably, "suppose he was. If one goes on and does one's best . . ."

"No," said Marfa loudly, "it's not enough! It's not enough!"

She ran a bit away, up the length of the garden, through the darkness. The silence which fell on them both was abrupt and dominant, a tremendous positive. The silence, lying upon the garden. Silence, darkness, the faint wash of leaves. The sliding of the garage-door beyond the hedge, the neighbor's footsteps, the closing of his house-door. Silence and vacancy, night and its powerful energy, arrested motion . . . silence. All that had been motion shown suddenly as the play of puppets. Marfa, hidden in the darkness

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and the silence, and seeing Marcus Bartholomew's face laughing at her.

She was under the tree where she had played as a little girl. With no sense of wonder, she stood in the dark light and abruptly saw the procession of her manifest selves, as they had looked. Her little self, staring and staggering, in pink rompers; the eight-year-old child, wearing its second body, the first octave of the years sloughed off and gone and the second body assumed; then the adolescent, shy and awkward and agonized; then the lovely dreaming vessel of the early twenties, so sure, so crystallized, so confidently its own. Four of them, facing her, and here she was, distinct from them all. Here she stood, watching those four in whom she had lived and moved and whom she had involuntarily exchanged and never once chosen. Every one of them had said "I," and had meant the same "I," identified with those four bodies in turn. And now here she was, Marfa, the "I" indeed, looking at the four shells, discovered to have been never vital, never personal, never she at all. She felt homeless and unclaimed. Where in all those units had she herself ever rested or moved? She stared at the four, the mazed baby, the squirming child, the silent adolescent, the confident girl. And what, in God's name, were they? Husks of what? Of that I, who now beat so comfortably in her own breast and was unaware of any change? She felt herself as some fluid, passing in and out of these bodies at will, no more to them than to the moonlit tree, the southwest wind, the stars.

But why, then, wasn't it perfect, that self, that I—as perfect as tree and star? Like a flash of pure light, tearing its way through her brain, she now felt that it was perfect, that its only earthly concern was to perfect a body and a physical brain through which it could express its own perfection. Through the years something hard and bright and pure, like a meteor, had blazed within those bodies, had taken on one and another, patiently trying, by forcing upon the body choice after choice, to make an instrument through which to speak, to act, to impart, to receive, to be aware, to be. She looked on these four instruments in an extremity of distaste—the blob of sensation which was the baby's body, the rank fertility of the growing child, the overspecialization and the underspecialization of those next two husks. Every one of them crude and untended, the baby no more so than the body of twenty. And three of them coarse of cell, rotten, diseased, packed with the flesh of beasts, poisoned by their own evil or stupid or brutal emanations, by anger or malice or vanity or cruelty. Four instruments of the I—and not one of them more than a cracked and tortured shred of flesh and nerve and bone, its functions deflected and undiscovered . . . and all this true of the body in which she now stood. Five of them—and that hard, bright core of the life wandering in and out of them like a spirit straying among dark stars. Five of them—and every one formed of that which drew to itself evil, and spread evil to others. And when for one moment had she set herself to make of her body an instrument for the word of the I? She had meant to be so right and had done nothing whatever about it. She saw the innumerable hard bright cores of the spirit sweeping down the world, every one patiently trying to fashion its terrible body to express its own brightness. And all the bodies doing nothing about it.

When she did not return, Luna made her way slowly up the path, saying softly: "Marfa. Don't be so . . ." Marfa faced her sister and spoke passionately:

"You must think what you like," she said; "I know very well that you're finer than I am—that you're an angel, as Max Garvin said. Things do happen beautifully and wonderfully for you, because you're that kind of person. It may be that you blamed yourself only because you were bored, just as Marcus said I did. All that is nothing so long as you don't mind. But I do mind. I won't be danced about like a doll on a string by a lot of things in me that I never even saw. I tell you, Luna—I'm going to get out of this in some other way."

Luna patted her arm. "Well, darling," she said, "we'd better go in now."

"You're good, Luna—you're good!" Marfa cried. "I can see that. But I'm different—I'm made of hell and devils—I've got to begin and do me all over again, so the decent things'll follow me instead of the devilish ones. And I'll not begin by fooling myself and Lawrence too."

"You'll not throw him over?" Luna said sharply.

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"I'm not talking about marrying," Marfa said. "I'm talking about something more."

"But what?" Luna demanded.

"Oh, God," said Marfa. "I don't know the name of it. But if we gave it half the pains we put on marrying, we should know."

She remembered that small, dark, cell-like room, that unvisited "chapel," and when Luna had gone to her room, Marfa slipped in there and lit the broken tipsy candles. "A church where none cometh to pray." There was dust on the floor, on the table and the sill, and a cobweb swung from the picture-frame. Her mother had talked of renting the den and turning the chapel into a kitchenette. Mrs. Manchester was deeply religious, but "a chapel in the home is affectation, *I* think," she said. She had left it undisturbed from a vague filial feeling, less piety than a habitized and associative emotion for her own childhood.

What *was* there?

Marfa tried to lay hold on something, on one single thing that she could hold to. Certainly they had tried to educate her, tried to give her religion, led her to expect relationships. But she had little education that seemed related to life, no religion at all, and in all her relationships she had failed. Her mind reached for one solitary reality which she could touch and say: "There is that, at least." And there was nothing. Even she herself was no more than that fluid parade of colorless bodies, aged one, aged five, aged fourteen, aged twenty, and now aged twenty-three—bodies which lapped round her and disappeared into darkness. . . .

"Bodies which lapped round me. . . ."

Clear, like glass, like water, like air, that *me* hung for her momentarily, changeless in its procession of dissolving bodies.

Without a trace of humor she thought: "My God, *I'm* real."

Untrained in any aspect of philosophic thinking, she confronted as might a savage the naked fact of her consciousness. As a primitive rising from some depth, full-bodied and aware, she was seated in the flux of her world and suddenly knew herself to be a positive point within the flow of her forms.

"I'm something," she said in extreme astonishment.

She rose, stood before the picture of the Light of the World, which had meant nothing to her; walked through the rooms of her home, which bored her; felt in her body the familiar weight of oppression, of the shock of recent death and disaster and pain. She entered her own room and stood where so many times her violent being had asserted itself, struggled, expressed pride, purpose, and vanity. But never before had it been aware of its own simple identity nor had it named itself. "I'm *I*," Marfa thought, with the amazement of the Cro-Magnon had he been told by a mirror the truth about himself.

She stood at her window, looking down on the quiet lawn, with its small shuttles of moonlight. She said over her discovery, that first personal pronoun acquiring by repetition a dazzling intensity. Then a further thought smote her, with colloquial simplicity. "What on earth *is* that?" she wondered, for the first time in her twenty-three years.

She woke with a sense of excitement and tension, and hurried down-stairs, looking about with expectation; but not for Lawrence, whom she dreaded to see alone. She was filled by some agitation which was like premonition and like the breath of some emotion never before known to her.

Mrs. Manchester was beset by outward stresses not less violent. The things which her husband liked to eat were baking in the kitchen, the house had been swept and ordered as if for a funeral. Luna, too, came back from the hospital, her light beaming vigorously through her, and hurried down to clear the office desk.

In all this movement Marfa moved and held her secret. What secret? She wondered if all the people knew, and if they didn't talk about it because the words one knew weren't suited to that being within one, but only to one's body—one's bodies, going about. She looked at the others covertly—Lawrence, Luna, her mother. Had *they* any idea of this powerful thing, this quiet anonymous I, waiting to take charge? She felt double, felt light, and quick. She tried to fit her feeling into the little that she knew of the unconscious, and dismissed all with the certainty that this was other, this was more, this was so simple that it was overlooked by the wise. She felt freedom, resolution, purpose, interest. She threw herself into her tasks, sang, was good-hu-

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mored, revealed to Lawrence some influence which expressed for him all of heaven; and she looked at her mother with immense understanding. She thought: "Why has this occurred to nobody before?" She was the Cro-Magnon seeing himself for the first time in a mirror, and thus discovering himself to be there at all. She thought: "I'll wait till after father comes before I talk with Lawrence."

Lawrence slipped away for a tramp just before her father was to arrive. "He might wonder," he explained, ". . . and so do I," he added. Marfa and her mother sat on the screened porch and waited for Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew, whom Luna had driven to the station to meet. The hollow porch, curved in its hollow of leaves, of lawn, of calm afternoon air, looked outward upon a border of pavement whereon the neighbors passed faithfully. Marfa wondered how many of them went a little mad, went spiritually naked to sharp blasts, and how many of their fellows they had delicately and discreetly killed. Mis' Armes and Mis' Mears went along, eyebrows protestingly arched as they chattered; and the bakery-wagon moved lazily by, its bay horse apparently bearing his motor in his striving head. Over all arched the encompassing hollow of silken sky, beautiful wilds of light.

Mr. Manchester, Mr. Bartholomew, and Luna came up the steps. Except for the bags, they looked as if they had come home from golf, from the shop, from the post-office. It had been expected that Mr. Manchester would droop, would lean, would be pallid; but he alighted flexibly, and came at a smart pace up the walk and the steps. Marcus Bartholomew trundled after, his square figure proceeding with the lateral movement of a fowl feeding. "Well!" cried Mrs. Manchester, her welcome brilliantly edged with "I told you so's," like a bright fringe—too discreet to appear, in this first moment, as a sober fabric. "Well, darling," Marfa said, as if she were his mother. To Marcus Bartholomew she exclaimed prettily: "To give up your trip! You can't know how we appreciate this . . ." but he must have missed something in her tone, for he glanced at her sharply, and away, as if he missed something, too, in her face. They all talked at once.

Sitting with his knees extending well beyond the seat of his chair, his feet retreating, a hand on a leg, the other hand thrusting capably back through his hair, Mr. Manchester affirmed that it had been great, great.

"But papa, darling, you were ill!" Marfa cried.

"A nothing—a mere digestive upset. The moment the boat sailed, I was feeling all right again."

Marfa glanced at Luna, as one who says: "The darling. He hated the idea, at the last."

"But you could have taken the next boat—with the South Americans," his wife amazingly cried, and added: "After the neighbors all thought you'd . . . But I'm glad you didn't," she added quickly.

At this Mr. Manchester looked stricken. And Marfa glanced at Luna as one who says: "That's how mama kills him, bit by bit."

"I had a nice little outing," he claimed, looking about. "A nice little outing. I'm glad to get back to work. How's business been, Luna?" he asked.

He began opening a small worn bag, in which he had long kept and had carried away certain specimens whose period he wanted the experts to place. These specimens he was painstakingly ranging on the porch table as Luna told him about the fortnight's sale of bathtubs and lavatories. Mercifully he did not hear his wife murmur: "That's a clean table-spread. . . ." When he had the precious things laid out, Luna said brightly: "I expect you'll go next year, papa—to China." But at this he looked suddenly old and dry, and said: "No, no, I shan't go . . . now."

Marcus Bartholomew sat with his arms folded across his square chest, his head bent forward on his thick neck. When the others had gone indoors, Marfa said to him:

"Why did papa come back?"

Bartholomew said: "I think he funked it. I think he'd waited too long, d'you see." He added: "It aged him. He'd tried and couldn't bring it off—it aged him. Of course just now he's putting on. . . ."

Marfa did not turn away her eyes, whose lids dropped as she seemed to look through and beyond Marcus Bartholomew.

"You mean, if he'd stayed at home," she said slowly, "he'd have kept on having something to look forward to. Now he thinks he's old—knows he'll never have anything more. . . ." She added: "I could have kept him at

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home if I had said the word. He told me so. . . ."

Bartholomew said: "You could have kept me too, you remember. And I didn't mind coming back. Did you miss me, Marfa?"

She said crisply: "Not in the least."

He kept on looking at her. "I wanted to tell you," he said. "When I got away from you, I found that I love you—more than I'd made out to you. And I find that knowing you has rather precipitated things for me. Mrs. Bartholomew is in Paris. I shall go there and arrange for the divorce—and then go on around to China. Unless you'll let me come back."

She began to say, "Not to me, my friend . . ." and then crumpled down in her chair and stared at him. "I've pushed you toward this . . . done I don't know what to your wife. I've taken away from papa his hope and his confidence—made him disappointed and old. . . ."

Bartholomew said: "Oh, rot. Aren't you ready to give up your made-up emotions for some real ones?"

She went on: "I've spoiled Luna's life—married her to a cripple. . . ."

Luna came out with the tea-things. Marfa stumbled away to the kitchen. There in a corner Erralee stood, her great black hands over her face, her squat body swaying. She wailed.

"My sister's got her in their parlor . . . Effie's done it this time. Just as soon as she got out of the hospital she done it—and she's good and dead now. Seems lak my whole fif' dollars wasn't enough for nothin'. . . . She's laid her out in their parlor. . . ." It was Luna who broke into exclamation and clamor. Marfa's hands went on making the tea.

Marfa went back to the porch and handed the cakes. In the slanting afternoon light the copper screens shone, thin walls of webbing separating a trial eternity from eternity. Green running from plant to plant, yellow in a cage, measures of color and song risen elsewhere and not created there on that porch; light reed furniture, hollowed in expectation of the human body; shaded tile, latticed ceiling—all these in indifference to the beings who had thus seized upon pure surface, pure direction, and made them their own, for earthly uses.

For what uses? Marfa handed the cakes, looked at Luna in her pink light; at their father in his gray light; at their mother, bland or comatose; at Marcus Bartholomew, about to sail for Paris, to arrange. She thought of Maude Brand, Paul Barker, Ben, looking tall in their coffins; of Effie, laid in some parlor; of Mona and her children; of Lina, blind; of that forgotten *chef*, that forgotten child, with its scar; of Max Garvin, in his wheel-chair; of Luna and of what her life would be, of the squirrel in the road. She handed the tea, heard the talk, was aware of the passers in the street. She thought: "Now papa—and Mrs. Bartholomew—and Effie. After all, there's no help for me. I'm like that, and I'm nothing more."

When she was free, she ran out of the house alone, and went to the hospital. It was after visiting-hours, but they let her go up to Max Garvin's room. When she tapped, his voice sounded queer to her, and when she went in she was overpowered to discern that the man had been crying.

"Don't mind me," he said, "there's a tradition that men don't do that sort of thing. They do, though."

She said: "I know. Every woman knows. We keep on pretending. . . . But you! This kills me. It kills me."

She sat before him and told him about her own wretchedness in having made him wretched. It was her own wretchedness, really, of which she was talking. He listened patiently until she said:

"And now I've hurt my father—broken his confidence in his own power, and I've failed to help a girl and she is dead, and I've made a woman more miserable than she was. Tell me—wouldn't I better kill myself and stop the rest?"

He seemed ill and old and his bathrobe was ugly. And he looked at her unsympathetically, as if she were another man. She thought: "I don't believe he knows about this." But he answered sharply: "If you kill yourself, you're likely to make things worse. I'd stick it and start the job now." When she asked him what job, he cried irritably: "Doesn't it get to you that you are actually an inharmonious person? That you've got to do yourself over. . . ." He stopped. "Cer-

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tainly it gets to me," she said sharply. "But what on earth shall I do?" He hitched the ugly bathrobe about and said that she wasn't to ask him.

"But you know!" she cried desperately. "Look here, Mr. Garvin. I've had a sense of something in me, hard and bright, that *is* me, really. Can you give me the least idea how to be that thing?"

"If you know that," said Max Garvin, "that's all you need. You've started back. I mean—there's a long time when the cells of the body are as dense as rock. But when the inside begins to be lit up, then you'll come along."

She thought: "Is this man delirious?" But at once she found some divination of his words—quite as if she had lost and then regained some musical ear.

"I wondered the other day if you'd ever get it," he said. "There's no doubt about you. Your body has been floundering like a fish in air. Now you're in the current—I can see that by what you tell me."

"But what have I told you?" she cried. "I don't know myself—only that thing in me that I call *I*. . . ."

"It's enough," he answered, and looked at the door as if he wished that she would go. She rose, but she cried again:

"But what shall I *do?*"

He said nothing. She saw that this matter was her own despair.

Lawrence found her on her way home, and they climbed a slope to a field, the flat summit of a low cone whose shallow sides were still smoothly feathered with green. This field had been harvested, and its black loam under pallid stubble, lying luxurious and relaxed, its labor ended, was in itself no avowal of anything, no end at all, but merely the vessel through which life had moved and now was gone again.

"You see," she finished what she had to tell him, "I shall not marry you. I must save you from myself, Lawrence."

"Rot, dearest," he said.

"You've seen what I bring to people. It may take me years. . . ."

"You'll bring me disaster if you don't marry me. I'd choose the death you might bring, if it came to that."

At this glare of his feeling she cried: "Would you want me to marry you if I brought you disaster?" But this he seemed to take as a mere supposititious question, one of those tangents in which love delights, the better to find itself safe. So she began laboriously, recounted to him all that train of tribulation of which she had found herself the author—all that she had told him on their ride, all that she had remembered since that day. He said that every one brought pain as well as joy, that the job was to get the balance on the right side, but at his bookkeeping metaphor she felt injured and observed that not every one seemed to understand the universe so well. He cried in surprise: "But from the cradle every one knows these things!"

She examined his face as if it were strange to her, now that he was speaking without the urge of the personal to which she was accustomed in him. Moreover he had shown none of the impulse to take her in his arms which the blue publicity of the sky and the green privacy of the hill suggested. She thought: "Perhaps he doesn't love me." Now as she saw him standing black against the far fields, remote from her, not looking at her, not sharply aware of her, she began to discern in him a nobility which she had never before detected. This perception she did not question, did not relate; she was merely held by it. She thought: "Lawrence seems more."

Still in that preoccupation in which she appeared to have no part, he said: "Maybe you mean that a higher power than either pain or happiness governs love." And this she did not wholly understand. She felt nettled and respectful. She said stiffly: "I have to be different. I have to be more." When he answered in manifest surprise, "All right, dearest," she thought that she hadn't been clear, and tried to explain about that inner *I* which was to be there, all the time. At this he seemed not so much puzzled as patient, but as she talked on, he looked at her, his pointed eyes tender, and cried:

"I wonder if there is anybody like you. You're the most modern girl on earth. You're ultramodern. You *care* about being good. It's revolutionary!"

But this she disclaimed furiously. "I am not. I care about not making people wretched, that's all."

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"You know, Marfa," he said then, "one sees them already in Europe—young French people I've seen, who *want* to be right—who are bored by all the old stuff. And here you are in America, talking the same way."

But she said that being right wasn't enough, for she had meant that too, and it got you nowhere, and that all she wanted now was to get out of the way of that *I* that she had discovered. She said:

"My body is Borgia—but I am not she. I am I. I have only to act instead of her. . . ." She spoke of her body as a tool, a clay.

He stood before her and exclaimed: "Well, let's not talk about that any more. I love you."

Now abruptly she was aware of herself, that bright core, that *I* of her discovery, motionless there beside that *I* which was Lawrence. No more than that. She stared at him against a flashing sky, and they standing in the field through which life many times had surged and withdrawn. Two cores of being, alone, in the long procession of their bodies. Being, trying to be manifest.

And the isolation of her evil fell from her and she felt herself with all the people, and they all in the same case, winged but bound; and with that identical anxious *I*, netted in the flesh, striving to deal in life and not in death.

"Right, Marfa?" he asked.

"Right, Lawrence," she said only.

They began to talk as lovers talk, and moved across the lit fields.

THE END.

BEGINNING IN THE JANUARY

NEW SCRIBNER'S

A NEW NOVEL

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

This young Canadian writer sprang into instant prominence as a result of his short stories in the July and August SCRIBNER's and his first novel "Strange Fugitive." It is with a great deal of pleasure that we present Mr. Callaghan's new novel, just completed, to run through the January, February, and March numbers.

"No one interested in what is really alive and vital in the writing of the younger generation of novelists can afford to be ignorant of Mr. Callaghan's work. . . ."—*New York Times Book Review.*

(Next month—the brilliant Christmas number of the New SCRIBNER's)

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Ten Years After the Ending of the War

The Present Economic Picture—Prosperity in American Trade Continues, Despite High Money—The Part Played by the Federal Reserve

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THAT the tenth anniversary of the ending of the war should be observed this autumn, an occasion of historical importance, indicates less the particular significance of a completed decade than the human mind's habit of reckoning its chronology in round numbers. There is a certain fitness, however, in emphasizing the ten-year retrospect at the present moment, because, whatever economic and political changes may yet be ahead of us, existing circumstances throughout the world are such as to mark out very distinctly completion of the most important stage of reconstruction. History has been made so fast since November, 1918, that even the two or three years which followed the ending of the war have already taken their place as a bygone era.

To the public mind of to-day, the events of 1919 and 1920 are almost as far away as the events of 1913. It was inevitable that the era of reconstruction should be marked by momentous changes, but the course of events was so confused and contradictory in the immediate post-war period that the actual direction of affairs was impossible to determine. As recently as 1923, with Germany plunging into economic chaos, France seizing German provinces as a penalty for defaulted reparations payments, the public finances of the Continental belligerents of 1918 conducted through meeting budget deficits with issue of irredeemable paper money in appalling quantities, and the value of their currencies falling progressively toward worthlessness, Europe's recovery had begun to be regarded with a sense of hopelessness. The change in the picture, as it presents itself at the end of the post-war decade, is so complete as to mark in Europe, and perhaps in the world as a whole, the beginning of a new political and economic era. Problems of home finance and politics, whose complexity was such that governments had shrunk in seeming helplessness from even grappling with them, have been met and for the most part solved; the statesmen are now addressing themselves with a new spirit of courage and confidence to the guarantee that international disputes will hereafter be adjusted without resort to war.

THE ECONOMIC CHANGES

If the reversal of economic relationships since 1918 has not occurred with the dramatic suddenness which marked

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the war-time shift of financial supremacy from London to New York, the changes have none the less been so sweeping as to separate the Europe of to-day completely from the Europe of 1923 or 1918. Some of them are of a character which even the hopeful prophets could not have conceived, five or ten years ago. Germany, whose public finances had reached a state of bankruptcy five years ago, with industry demoralized, public and private credit virtually non-existent and its economic power seemingly crippled, has nearly regained its pre-war status as industrial producer and exporter, placing on foreign markets whatever new securities it sees fit to issue. Production of steel has always been Germany's measure of economic power; its output this year has averaged more than 150 per cent above 1923, and in one month has actually exceeded the 1913 average, although that included the returns from Alsace-Lorraine. At the moment, a subject of serious discussion, in the highest circles of international finance, is the ultimate purchase by foreign investors of the $4,000,000,000 German railway and industrial obligations which at present, under the provisions of the Dawes agreement, are held in pledge as guarantee for reparations payments. France, for whose public finances insolvency was freely predicted only three years ago, has so completely regained its economic strength that its bank and government hold larger available credits on important foreign markets than have perhaps ever before been possessed by a single country.

No less than thirty nations, which had been struggling with depreciated paper money and hopelessly fluctuating prices since the end of the war, have balanced their public budgets, made their currencies redeemable in gold, and entered an era of stable values. During this period, the general course of financial and economic affairs in the United States had not changed at all. The "deflation crisis" of 1920 was proved by the event to have been only an interlude, in which the disorder consequent on war inflation was drastically but quickly removed; after which the forward movement of prosperity and economic strength that had marked the years of our neutrality in war was resumed with unabated vigor. The new position of the United States as international creditor and central world-market, which financial London discussed in war-time as a purely temporary ascendancy, has been progressively reinforced in the succeeding decade. The American investment market's loan of $1,000,000,000 to Europe in our two years of neutrality was ascribed at the time to the wholly abnormal circumstance of some $2,000,000,000 worth of war munitions sold by our manufacturers to Europe during that period. But the subscription to new European securities by American investors in 1927 alone was $1,300,000,000, with an amount of other American capital, perhaps one-third as large, invested during the same year in Europe's open market.

END OF THE EASY-MONEY PERIOD

As was to be expected in a country where accumulation of capital had proceeded with so unprecedented rapidity, it was a period of easy money in the United States after the brief "inflation period"; barely a year ago this aspect of the situation was strikingly illustrated by a rediscount rate of 3½ per cent at the Federal Reserve and the conversion of 4¼ per cent United States

(Financial Situation continued on page 94)

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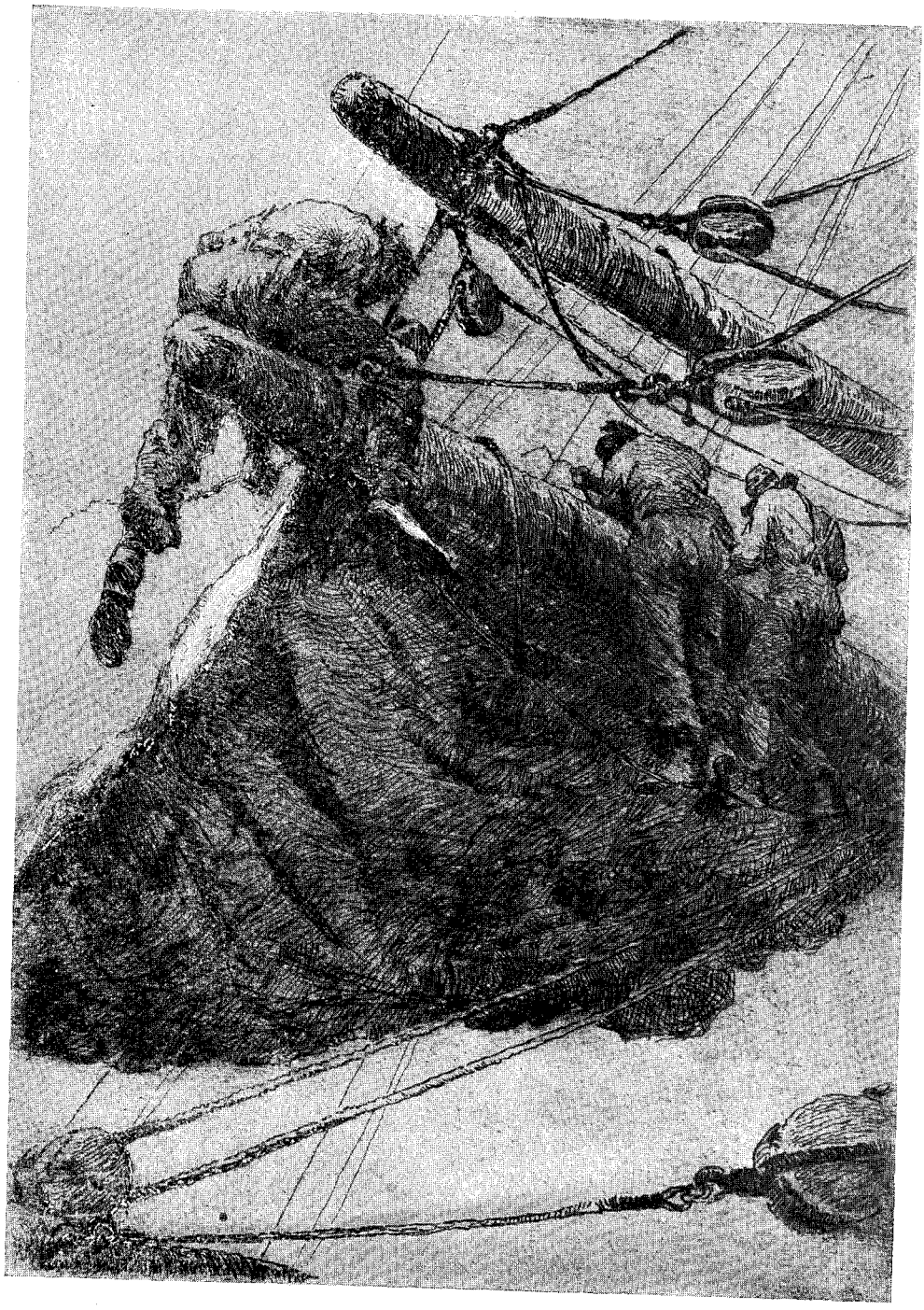

Bending the Lower Tops'l.

From an etching by George Gale.

—See "Whalers and Whaling," page 667.

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